Liberty

AUGUST 7, 1943

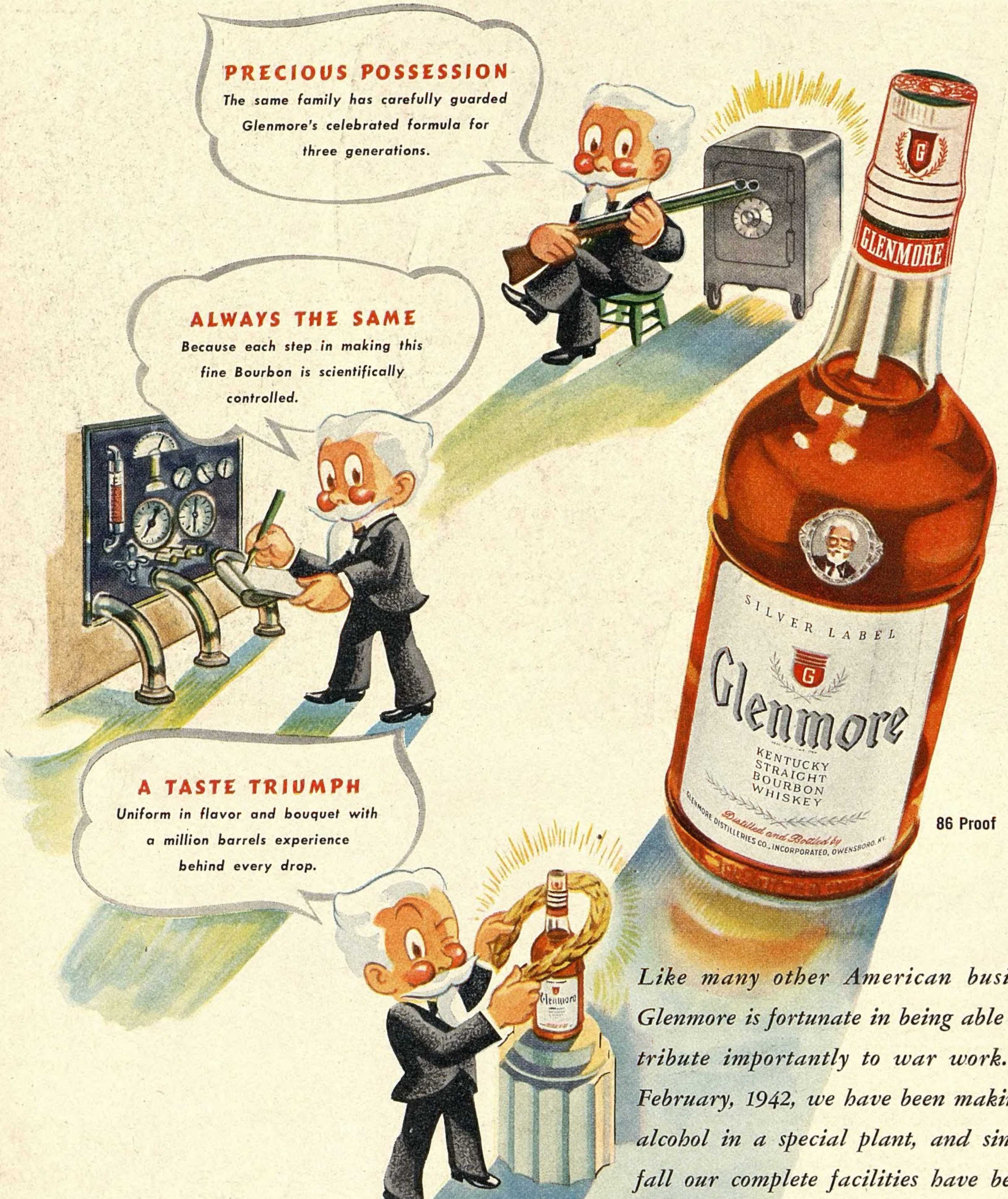
10c

Book: EVE CURIE'S Journey Among Warriors

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR JAP CAMPS

WHAT WILL YOUR BABY INHERIT FROM YOU? By Gretta Palmer

GLENMORE'S *famous formula...* *the secret of* GLENMORE'S *famous flavor*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HOW FORTUNATE she is, this little American girl! How rich is her dowry of freedom and health and education. For her and millions of our youngsters every effort is made so they can inherit a better, more hopeful world tomorrow.

Devoted parents and teachers are helping to shape that world—are preparing our children to face their future serene and confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling.* For even the smiles of America's children have the best of care. Today, in thousands of classrooms our youth is being taught a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that today's soft foods rob our gums of needed work and exercise. They know that sensitive gums often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush —*see your dentist.* He may tell you your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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COVER BY PHIL BERRY

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Nine MEN Fight for One GIRL

--in a Jungle "Garden of Evil"!

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He begged THAIS to renounce her life of sin—only to sin himself!

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

TOM SAWYER IN EMBRYO

NORFOLK, VA.—It seems that every magazine has a trade-mark of some description, and I think Liberty's trade-mark is the Hardtack cartoon.

My first glance at each new issue is this kid inventing or invading another type of mischief. It is typically "boyish," so true to life, and carries a lasting humor.—*Mrs. B. E. Owens.*

O. K., ONE OSCAR COMING UP

ORLANDO, FLA.—How about an Oscar for me? Al Wharple just sat through White Savage (June 19 Vox Pop) twice, and I sat through it three times and would have sat through it again if I had had the time. I'll admit the story wasn't much, but who is cold-blooded enough to think about a story when a scantily clad Maria Montez is making seductive gestures from the screen? From now on she's my one and only pin-up girl. I only wish I had more pictures of her.—*George Hughes, Jr., Pfc.*

We understand Universal Pictures is having a special Oscar—Maria, in gold—cast for Pfc. Hughes, Jr. We think he deserves it.

NERTS TO R. C. WINSTON

AT SEA—This letter is censored, therefore the lack of suitable language to tell you what I (and 100,000 other seagoing fighting sailors) think of R. C. Winston's letter (man, woman, or Jap?) in the May 8 Vox Pop.

Myself and my shipmates are on carriers, and have been for the past four years. It so happens that the date on the magazine, May 8, was the anniversary of the sinking of the Lexington, on which we happened to be serving at the time it was sunk. We wish to God R. C. Winston had been sunk instead.—*James B. Madden.*

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA, VIA V MAIL—In reply to R. C. Winston's letter: First, he says that he sees the officers and enlisted men at night clubs, drinking and watching floor shows, and he doesn't approve. Who has a better right to be there, spending a few hours of leisure, when they don't know whether they will see another good time for many months to come? Think this over, bud. The night clubs in Africa are not so hot.—*S/Sgt. Errico S. La Sala and the Boys in North Africa.*

We have received nearly a thousand letters to date from civilians and men in all branches of the armed forces scoring R. C. Winston for his (or her) letter protesting the servicemen attending night clubs. We thought we had closed the subject, but now hundreds of V-mail letters are coming in from every theater of war, and we feel the men of the fighting fronts should have their say. For ourselves, we say heartily, "Nerts to R. C. Winston!"

ERSATZ—AMERICAN STYLE

SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.—I was so inspired by your New Warps and Strange Woofs (July 3 Liberty) article that I just had to write and thank you.

I make all my own clothes and my children's and it fairly made my fingers itch to get hold of some of the new cloth.—*Mrs. John B. Haig.*

FASHIONS ON THE FARM

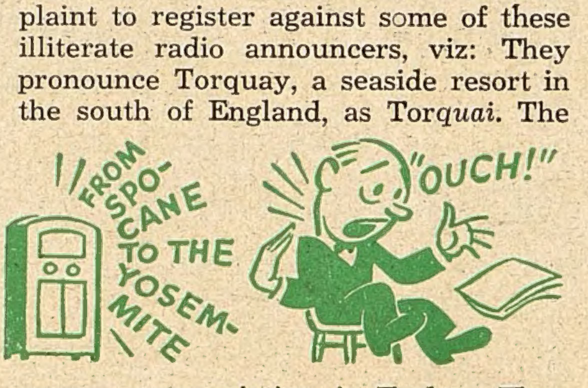
CHATSWORTH, GA.—The cover girl on June 19 Liberty shows poor taste in clothes to wear while farming.

Most of these city girls that pose as farmerettes have never done a lick of work in the field.

We are real farm girls who know what it is to work. We don't like city girls posing as farm girls only for publicity.—*Two Farmerettes.*

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have a complaint to register against some of these illiterate radio announcers, viz: They pronounce Torquay, a seaside resort in the south of England, as Tor*quai*. The proper pronunciation is Tor*kee*. Then again, take Edinburgh (pronounced Edinboro); they will say Edinburg. They say, too, Glas*cow*, when it is Glas*go*; the same in Mos*co*, not Mos*cow*. They give me a pain in the neck. —*A. D. E.*


FROM SPO-CANE TO THE YOSEM-MITE
"OUCH!"

SEND IN YOUR VOTES

MAGNOLIA, ARK.—Orchids to Earl Wilson for his article on Harry James (July 3 Liberty).

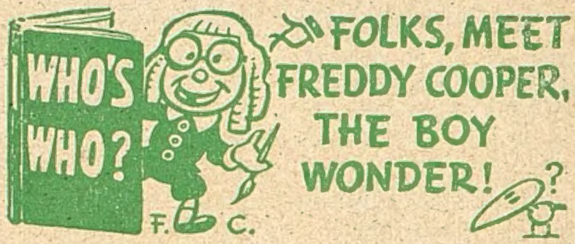
I am sure all the hepcats feel the same way as I, when I say how much I enjoyed reading this article on the No. 1 jive sender of today. How about more articles about stars of the music world?—*Charles B. Hendershot.*

O. K. Whom would you like to read about?

HE EDITED THE GIBSON GIRL

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Who is F. C. who draws the delightful thumbnail sketches for Vox Pop?—*A. Reed.*

Fred Cooper is his name and he has been prominent in American art circles for many years. He was art editor of Life, when it was America's leading humor magazine under Charles Dana Gibson, and has literally thousands of cartoons and drawings to his credit.


WHO'S WHO?
FOLKS, MEET FREDDY COOPER, THE BOY WONDER!
F. C.

A POINT OF LAW

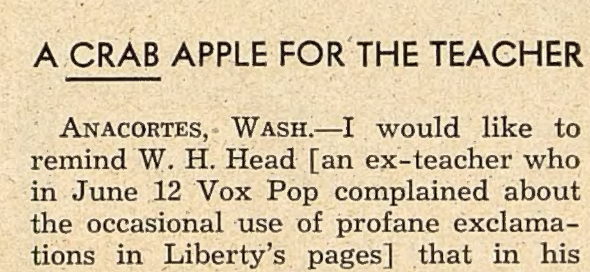
CHICAGO, ILL.—You might pass the information along to the author of There Was an Old Woman (July 3 Liberty) that a proxy is not legal at a directors' meeting.—*George J. Pope.*

NOT PHOTOGENIC

FORT PIERCE, FLA.—For the good of the servicemen, will you please publish one story a week which has no tangible connection with the war? It is refreshing to read about the world that was instead of the mess that is.

I would like to know if Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles are sufficiently photogenic to become V mail? I expect to need that kind before long.—*J. L. Fournier, SM1/c, USNR.*

We are flattered at your interest in Ted Shane's puzzles, but doubt if they would get by the censor. Too much like code.

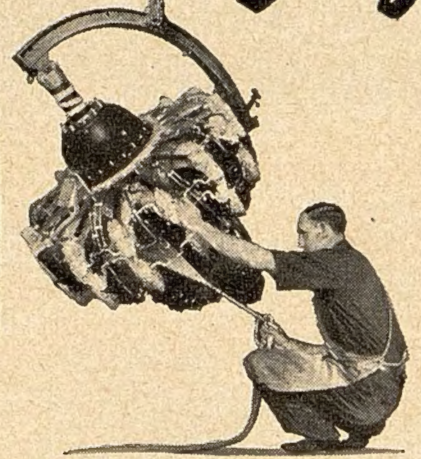


A CRAB APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

ANACORTES, WASH.—I would like to remind W. H. Head [an ex-teacher who in June 12 Vox Pop complained about the occasional use of profane exclamations in Liberty's pages] that in his classroom he used to recommend an occasional "damn" or "hell" as a safety valve.

What's the matter, prof? Think that pupils, once removed from that classroom, have no further need for a gentle blow-off?—*Mrs. C. V. Weekley, Ex-pupil.*

1200 horses get ready to fly!



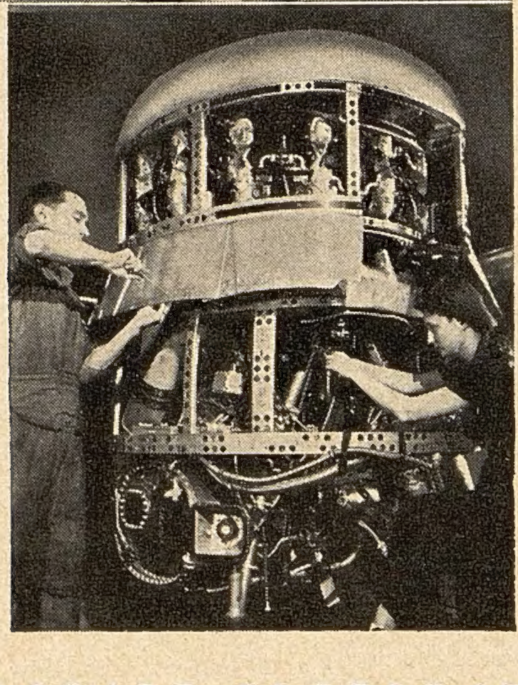
ROHR

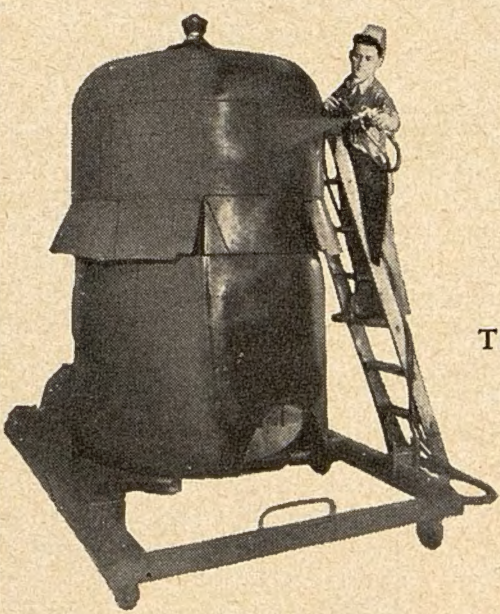
PARTS �About ASSEMBLIES

ROHR craftsmen bridge the gap between power plant and airplane with thousands of intricate operations which include both manufacture and assembly.

The painstaking precision of their work contributes to the stamina and reliability of many of America's famous bombers, cargo carriers and giant patrol planes.

Day and night on Rohr's production lines, huge motors move forward to meet the ever increasing tempo of the war's demands . . . a tempo matched by the high spirit of Rohr Production Fighters who know that speed in the factories saves lives at the front!

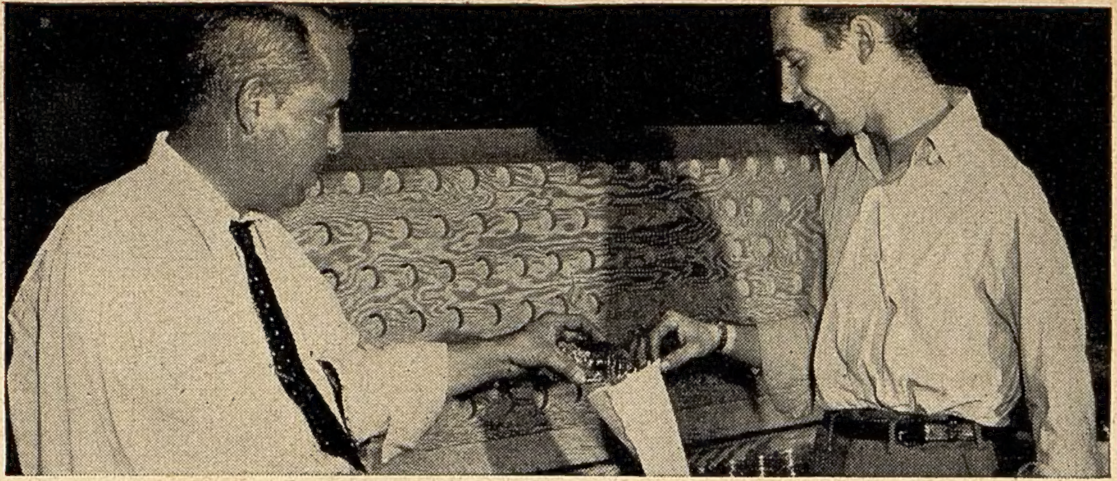




HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

Curtiss-Wright uses handicapped workers for "rivet control"—distributing the proper sizes and number of rivets. Skilled employees are thus released for other work.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview

During the year 1945 an estimated 13,000,000 aircraft movements will be handled by the Air Traffic Control Division of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. This is an all-time record. But the CAA experts predict an estimated 60,000,000 aircraft movements by 1950, which is simply too big a task to handle under the present system.

So the CAA is proposing that all "contact" flights (private flyers who fly chiefly by maps and not radio) below 3,500 feet be eliminated from the traffic-control system to the extent that they would not have to file flight plans and be dispatched from point to point. This is good news for private flyers and taxpayers alike. In a sense, it means dividing up the air by altitude levels, so that private flyers can do as they wish (with reservations) under 3,500 feet, while commercial and other instrument flights would use the air above that altitude.

At the present time all aircraft are supposed to file flight plans, that is, to report their routes, stops, and destinations, and this information is teletyped ahead so that all traffic is controlled. The burden is growing daily.

The CAA believes danger of collision will not be eliminated until each airplane in the United States has an instrument showing the pilot the position of all planes within a specified radius and distance above, below, and ahead. Such an instrument would be called a "separation indicator" and the engineers are at work on it.

Radar's Discoverer

Discovery of that very vital instrument of detection in the war, radar, was made in 1930 by a young Navy Department employee, L. A. Hyland. Today Mr. Hyland is executive engineer for Bendix Aviation Corporation and one of the top brains in aviation.

The discovery has an interesting origin.

Working for the Navy, Hyland was experimenting with ultra-high-frequency radio direction finders. He discovered that short-wave signals being transmitted from a distant spot were not only received directly from the transmitter but also were "bouncing" off airplanes in the vicinity and interfering with direct reception. He soon discovered that any moving metallic object—such as an airplane, ship, or automobile—would reflect a radio wave and thus make possible the detection of such objects even at considerable distances.

Hyland's first experiments were with the big Navy dirigible, the Akron. Later on he discovered that the distance separating the detection equipment and the moving object could be measured. It has taken many years to perfect radar, but few would deny that it is just about the most important invention and technical development of the war, especially in view of its peacetime possibilities.

Tactical Air Power

The secret of the success of the North African campaign, and especially the final break-through in Tunisia, was due in large part to the Army Air Forces division, the Tactical Air Force. Conceived some years ago by our own A. E. F., the Tactical Air Force was on an experimental and test basis in North Africa. So successful was it in destroying and demoralizing the enemy in the concentrated battle areas, that it has established a pattern for the European invasion. The British recently followed suit by creating a tactical division within the R. A. F.

Tactical air power is that which functions in the actual battle area. It is controlled by airmen but is interwoven closely with ground operations. It is not mere "support" to the ground forces, but is an actual battle force within itself. It not only blasts enemy air forces out of the skies but, once this is accomplished, it throws its full force against the strong points of the enemy army to aid the forward movement of our own army to destroy or capture the foe.

The actual Tunisian break-through was made possible by the most devastating aerial attack in history on a single concentrated area. In one day alone, on a small 6,000-yard front, our airmen conducted 2,146 individual sorties or strafing missions with bombers, fighter bombers, and strafing planes. This meant 2,146 deadly airplane attacks on one small area, which left the enemy dazed, crushed, and disorganized. Then the ground forces followed through.

Clip Joint

One of aviation's best success stories of the war, although not entirely attributed to the war boom, is that of thirty-five-year-old Ray Ellinwood, the hard-working founder and head of Adel Accessories Corporation in Los Angeles. From zero to $5,000,000 only tells the financial side of the Adel story. Beyond that is Ellinwood's inventive nature which has produced countless minute gadgets which go into airplane manufacturing. He makes millions of little clips for hydraulic and instrument lines and electric conduits, and has branched out to de-icing equipment, valves, hand pumps, fuel filters, and even synthetic-rubber products.

Known for his fourteen-to-eighteen-hour working days, Ellinwood believes in close relationship with his employees. From the start they have had free access to his office. When the business grew to large proportions, with a plant at Huntington, West Virginia, Ellinwood put red and green lights outside his office. When the red light is on, he's really tied up. When the green light shows, employees can walk in for a conference on any subject.

Odds and Ends

An arch-type steel-and-canvas combat-airplane hangar, which can be transported by air and erected in twelve to eighteen hours, has been developed by Butler Manufacturing Company of Kansas City, Mo. The hangar is 130 by 160 feet and the canvas top is flameproof.

Liberty
Book Condensation: THIS EXCITING AIR By Boone T. Guyton
RUSSIA AND JAPAN
NEXT WEEK

RUSSIA AND JAPAN *MUST* FIGHT

A monumental poker game has been going on between Russia and Japan for twenty-five years—and it's still being played. Will the game end peaceably, or will it break up in a fight? Erwin Lessner and James C. McMullin throw new light on Russo-Japanese relations in a forceful article in which they frankly face the much debated question: Will Russia fight Japan?

BEHIND THE 8-BALL

Aviation plants have expanded to turn out planes to win the war and are running at full speed. What will happen to the workers in these factories and to the factories themselves when the war is over? Will the government cancel its contracts, cutting down production by 90 per cent overnight, as it did after the last war? Or can some sane adjustment be made? On the solution of this problem may depend the future of aviation in America as well as the economic security of thousands of workers. In Aviation Is Behind the 8-Ball, Donald Wilhelm gives a clear picture of what must be faced when peace finally comes.

WHEN IS AN AMERICAN NOT AN AMERICAN?

The answer seems to be: When he or she is a Nisei (an American citizen of Japanese descent). Many Niseis have sons and brothers in our armed forces; some picketed the shipping of scrap iron to Japan long before Pearl Harbor. The younger generation calls the Japs "Boochies," chatters in jitterbug slang, is proud to be American. Yet thousands of these people were evacuated from their homes and put under guard in "centers" as though they were enemies. In My Only Crime Is My Face, one of them—Mary Oyama—reveals how their democratic ideals stood up under an acid test.

BOOK CONDENSATION: This Exciting Air—The Experiences of a Test Pilot, by Boone T. Guyton, gives a thrilling glimpse of a perilous profession and the daring young men who follow it.

MAGNATES WHO USED TO HAVE
MUCH SPORT FISHING FOR
MARLIN AND OTHER OVERGROWN
MINNOWS, MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT,
MANY OF THESE MEN NOW BUY
MATTINGLY & MOORE FOR IT'S
MELLOWER & MILDER THAN
MANY BRANDS THAT COST
MUCH MORE MONEY! TRY IT!

MATTINGLY & MOORE

The best of 'em is

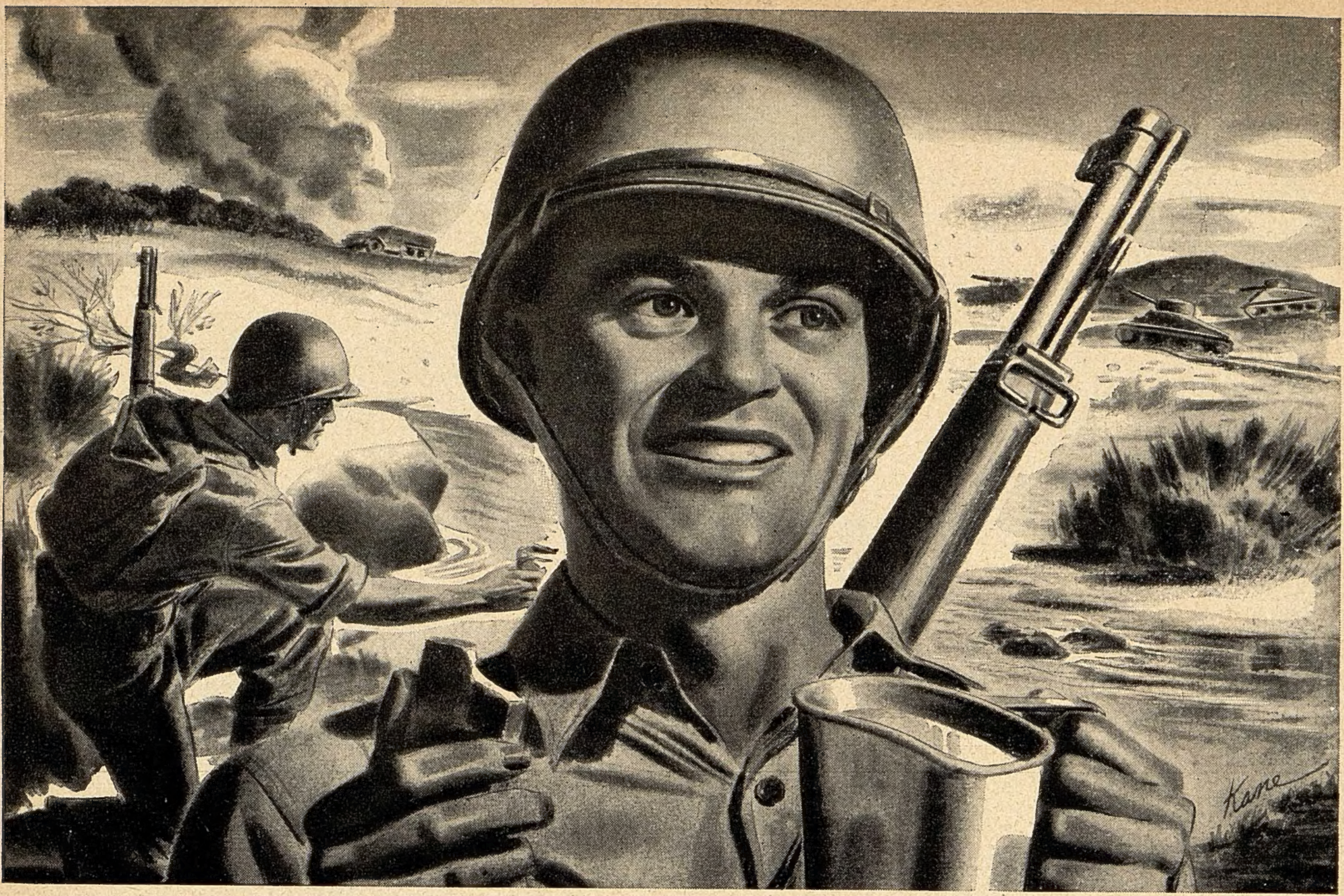
M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M&M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)



This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa. And what there is, is likely to be bad.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water except in safe, prepared drinks.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33 ounce pack.

Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, *but all we can in War Bonds.*

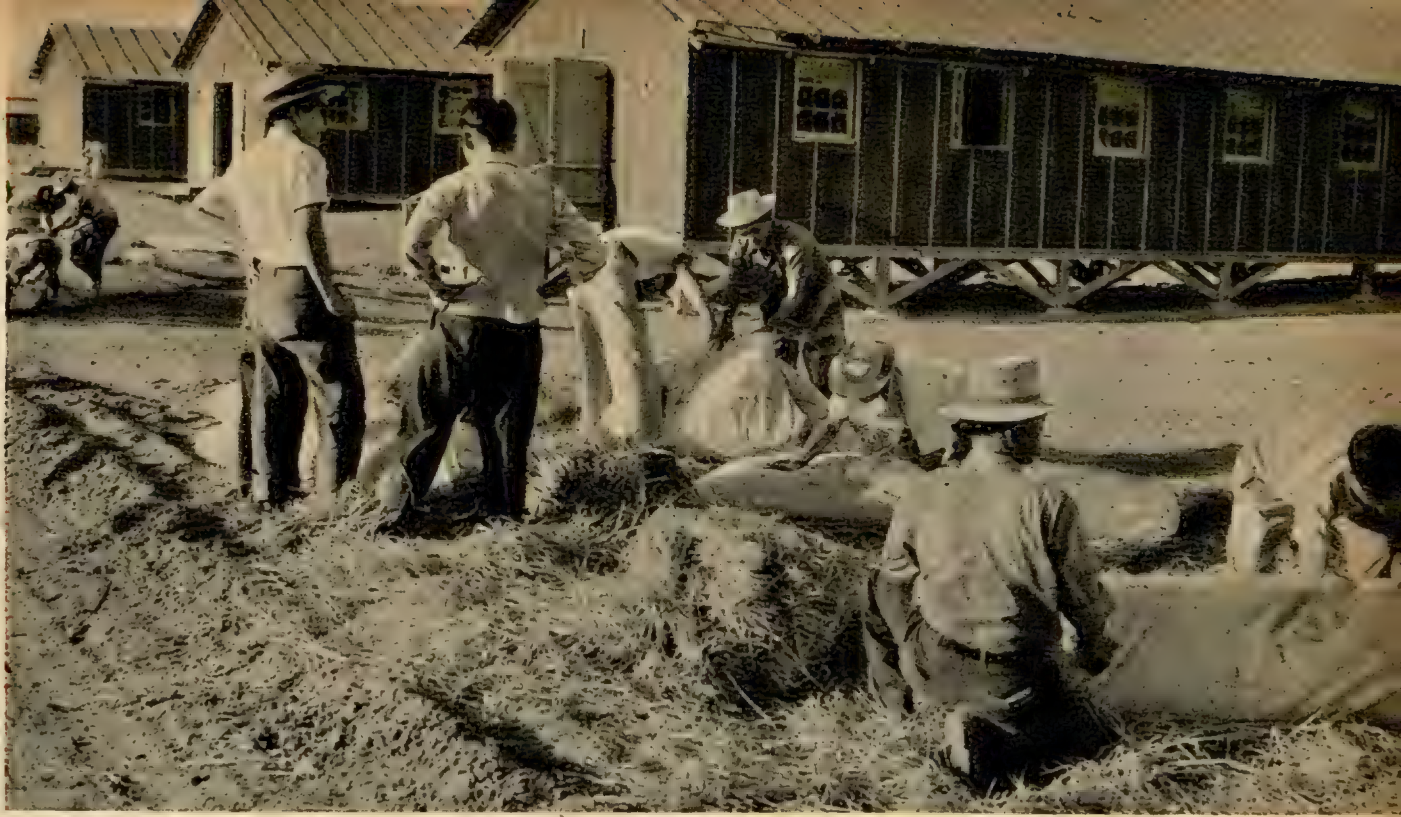
Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by Liberty Magazine

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



These barracks for evacuated Japanese at Poston, Arizona, were built and furnished hastily—they had to be. Upon arrival, the Japanese were given straw and ticks for mattresses.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JAP CAMPS

There has been much to-do about the treatment accorded Japanese Americans in our Relocation Centers. Here are some *facts*.

BY MAXINE DAVIS

THE constitutional rights of American citizens of Japanese parentage have been, of necessity, curtailed in this war. How we handle this situation presents one of the gravest tests of the democracy we are fighting to preserve.

Never before in this country have American citizens been deprived, with the sanction of our government, of the rights we hold to be inalienable. And two thirds of the Japanese in this country are citizens of the United States. They were born on our soil. They have been educated in American schools. They speak the language of America. They grew up instructed in the belief that they were Americans, just as boys and girls whose parents were born in Ireland or Italy or Sweden are Americans. Yet a little over a year ago, in company with Japanese aliens, they were forcibly evacuated from their homes and herded into "relocation centers" prepared for them by the Army.

After a year, what has happened to these people? How are they being treated? What are they doing? How do they feel about this experience?

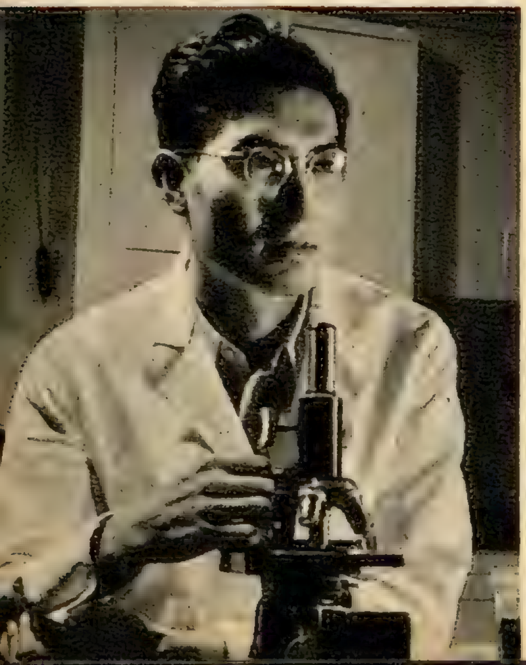
I went out to the relocation center at Poston, Arizona, to find the answers to these questions. I went with a bias; understand that at once. I went out with the American dream as a yardstick; with the conviction that America is a place where men may live in freedom, side by side without regard for race or color; with the belief in the traditional rights of minorities in this land. I kept in mind the fact that war inevitably infringes upon the rights of each and every one of us, but that the infringement is common to us all. These citizens have suffered special hardships because of their parentage. How we treat them is a test of our credo.

Poston is about seventy miles from Needles, California. It is located on an Indian reservation. You reach it through Arizona desert country, cold in winter, hot in spring and summer. The empty desert spaces reach toward the mountains that rim the horizon.

There are no fences around Poston, but there might as well be. Guards are posted on the roads, and you must have a pass to enter or leave. The Japanese may not leave, as a rule, until they go for good.

Once on the reservation, you pass some irrigated land with vegetables growing on it. Then you see the barracks where the évacuées live. You may think you have gotten into an

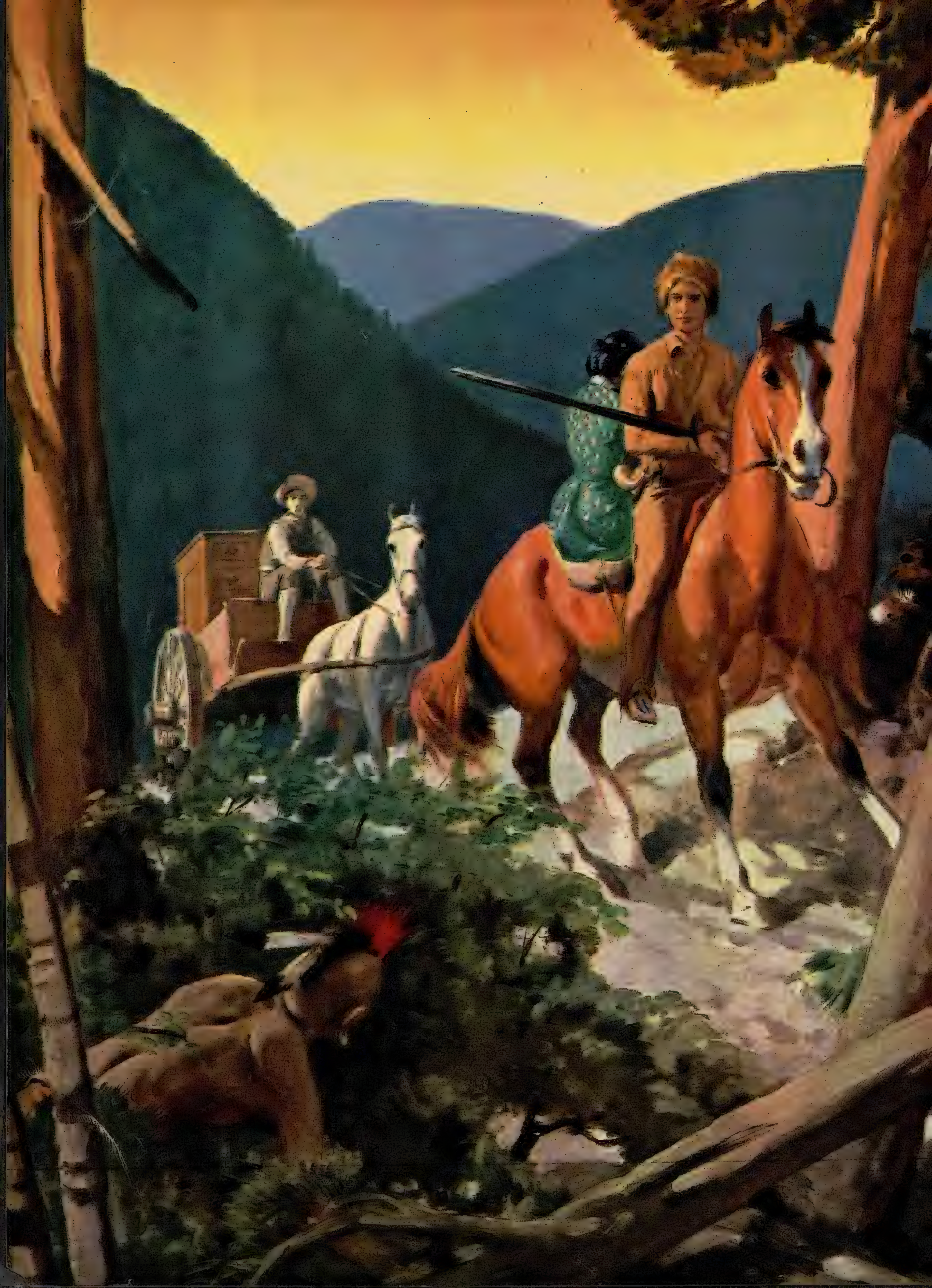
(*Continued on page 53*)



Dr. Kido, evacuated to Poston, has to his credit a device for control of mosquitoes that spread sleeping sickness.

Another American-born professional man at the Poston Center, Dr. Richard H. Iwata, is shown instructing a nurse's aide class in anatomy.

Of these young welders in the Center's machine shop, one was a U. of C. undergraduate. The other was in high school.



KING SOLOMON KNEW WOMEN

With a spirit strong enough to tame Indians, Elizabeth goes to make a new home in the wilderness, taking with her a curious dowry

BY MARJORIE CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

IT was dusk of a spring evening in 1749 when Jed Weare rode into Portsmouth, or the Bank, as it was called in the upper New Hampshire grants. He had paused at the north end of town to see the skeleton of the America, the ship of war which was building for the king, and now he rode slowly along the waterside, savoring the familiar odor of the salt black tide, a nostalgic odor after these years in the upland hills. Half unwillingly, he turned his horse up the slope toward the tavern, and the trees closed in a sedate canopy over his head. Jed smiled a little at the secure smugness of it all. The town must number at least four thousand inhabitants these days; a tiny colonial empire in itself, only rivaled by Boston.

In the tavern he found Thomas Wibird, his cousin, waiting for him. The mirror gave back their reflections as they gripped hands, and Jed noted ruefully the uncouth breadth of his own shoulders in contrast to Tom's slenderness; the weathered bronze of his own face in contrast to Tom's gentlemanly pallor. But once seated at the table, the years and the strangeness fell away from him, for Tom's smile was as warm as it had been on their parting so long ago.

WELL, Jed, so you've traveled all this way to see me safely married. But I'll wager it's not only *my* wedding that brings you here." He grinned. "Rumor comes to us that the acres are cleared, the cabin built, and that Jedadiah Weare himself rides forth for a wife! Is it true?"

Jed nodded defiantly, though he flushed. "The homestead is ready and now it needs a woman. I'm twenty-five and it's fast time I was begetting me sons. A man can't hold back the wilderness alone—and my bondsman has almost earned his freedom."

"How much of a dowry do you ask?"

Jed laughed aloud. He said, "None. Well, linens of course, perhaps a quilt or two. Seedlings and slips from her garden."

Tom removed his face hastily from his mug of perry. "No pounds and pence?"

Jed shook his head. "I can't hope for that. No moneyed father would send his daughter to the heart of the Indian country, even though it's safe enough, now the peace is made. Rasle's Indians are wiped out, and the Kennebecs and Penobscots keep well to the north of us. There at Winnepiseogee we have only a village of Pennacooks. Harmless as old women they are, though thievish enough, God knows. I pay them a peck of corn rental a year, just to keep the peace, and they steal that much more. But"—he shrugged—"it's worth it. Even so, I've nothing to offer a woman but the roof over her head and two hands to work for her. So I can't be squeamish. A stout wench, one who can milk a cow and do a good day's spinning—that's the one for me."

"The Weares have always married gentlewomen," Tom observed mildly, but Jed scowled.

"I'm a countryman now, I tell you. I had thought perhaps one of the Larrimore girls—or the Winton eldest?"

Tom gibed: "The one with the mustache? Lord, Jed, the Harvard years have slid from you like water from a duck! Why not take a squaw and be done with it?"

"I have considered it," Jed's voice was calm, "but I can't abide their uncleanliness. Moreover, I must take thought for my sons—"

"—who unfortunately cannot spring full-fledged, like Minerva, from their father's brow!"

The two men laughed hilariously, and Jed felt years of solitude fall away from him. "But we should be talking of your affairs, not mine," he protested. "Do you realize I don't even know which of the Keniston sisters you're marrying? I assume it's Dulcy, of course, and not the long-legged one with black hair flying about her face—Elizabeth, that was her name." His smile was comfortable. "Lord, I can still remember the day her father's cupboard was landed on the wharf and we all stood gawping at it. And how she dug her little elbows into me and piped so fiercely, 'This is the *Keniston* cupboard! You lads are not to lay finger on it!'"

Tom's face did not reflect Jed's amusement. He said, "It's Elizabeth who does me the honor of becoming my wife. As for the Keniston cupboard, I wish it were at the bottom of the sea!" He stood up and paid the reckoning over Jed's protest. Then, taking his cousin by the arm, led him out into the softness of early evening.

"The cupboard is making bad blood between the girls," he went on as they sauntered toward Pleasant Street. "It was all very well for their father to treasure it above his house and shipyard. Or pretend to. Who cared for an old man's silly notion? But he's reaping trouble enough now for it. Both Dulcy and Elizabeth claim it as part of their dowries. Elizabeth's dowry contract is even being held up until the dispute is settled. I have begged her to let it go, but she will not."

"IT'S a notable cupboard," Jed said soberly. "Perhaps you shouldn't blame your maid for her greediness." He hadn't seen the cupboard for many years, but he could still visualize it plainly in his mind's eye. It was of oak, he remembered, well over four feet high and nearly as long, and the wood was velvet with age.

"If it were mere greediness it would simplify things"—Tom was rueful—"for one could settle the matter with money. As far as that goes, press cupboards aren't even fashionable these days. Everything is buffatts and dressoirs. The matter is deeper. You see, since they were born, their father has dinned it into their heads that the cupboard is *the* Keniston heirloom; that a hundred years ago it was standing in an ancestral hall in England when this colony was still a wilderness. I tell you, that cupboard is their coat of arms, their family tree. Bosh and fiddlesticks! Well, it has done me good to rant. I'm glad to have you with me tonight. Perhaps with a stranger present, the family may keep the peace."

For the first time in many years Jed walked into the front hall of the Keniston house. The walls were hung with plush now, instead of soft-hued paper, but the card rooms still stretched away to his right in the paneled emptiness that he remembered. The servant indicated the door on the left and then vanished, for Tom Wibird was privileged here. The two men entered the drawing room and stood there appalled.

The scene that Tom had hoped to avoid was in full progress.

Squire Keniston sat at the table facing them, and his countenance, framed in the light of the great candelabras, looked mottled and purple. He saw them as they entered, and his

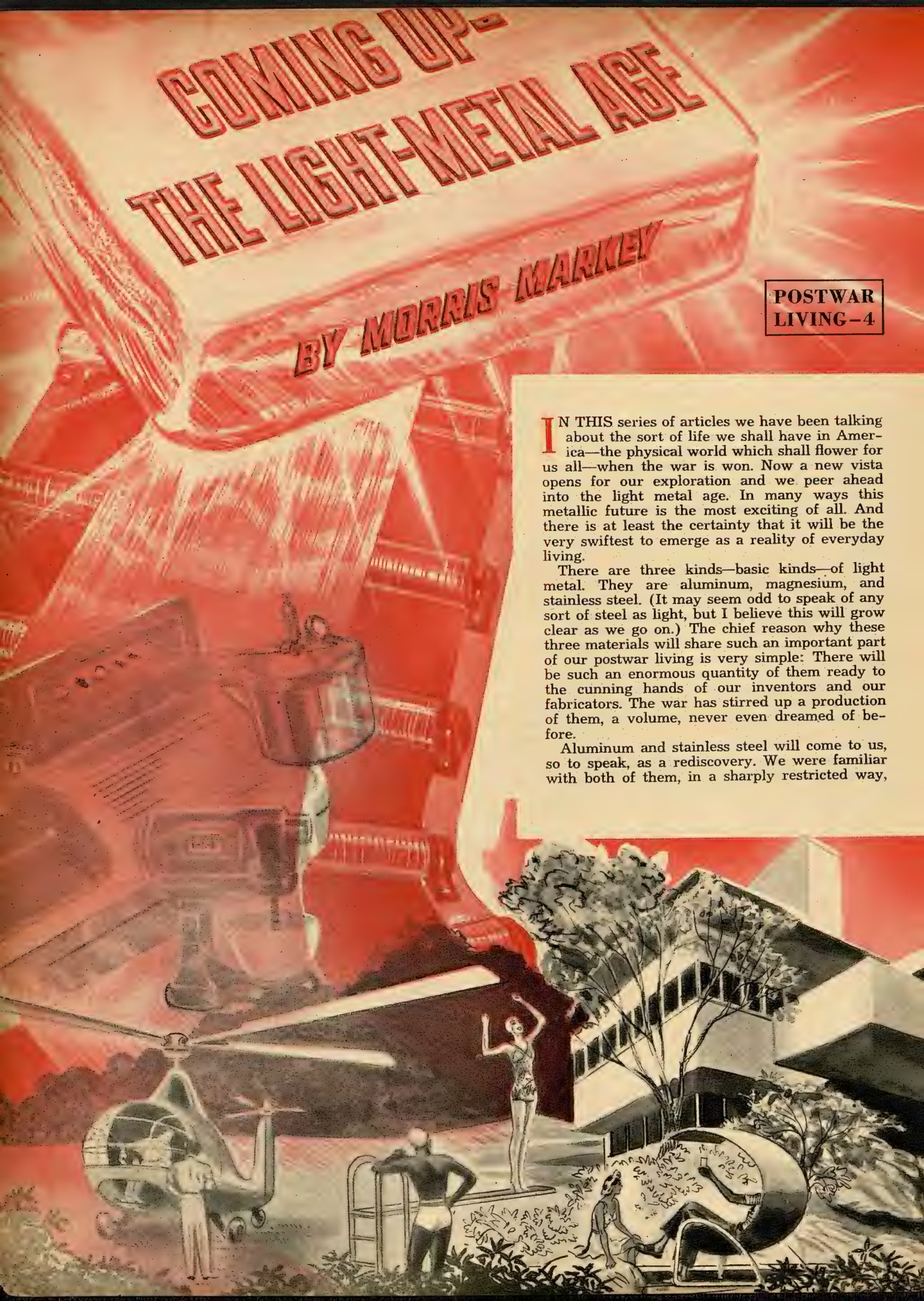
(*Continued on page 58*)

Then suddenly in the thicket he saw a bright flash of color.

COMING UP—THE LIGHT-METAL AGE

BY MORRIS MARKEY

POSTWAR LIVING—4



IN THIS series of articles we have been talking about the sort of life we shall have in America—the physical world which shall flower for us all—when the war is won. Now a new vista opens for our exploration and we peer ahead into the light metal age. In many ways this metallic future is the most exciting of all. And there is at least the certainty that it will be the very swiftest to emerge as a reality of everyday living.

There are three kinds—basic kinds—of light metal. They are aluminum, magnesium, and stainless steel. (It may seem odd to speak of any sort of steel as light, but I believe this will grow clear as we go on.) The chief reason why these three materials will share such an important part of our postwar living is very simple: There will be such an enormous quantity of them ready to the cunning hands of our inventors and our fabricators. The war has stirred up a production of them, a volume, never even dreamed of before.

Aluminum and stainless steel will come to us, so to speak, as a rediscovery. We were familiar with both of them, in a sharply restricted way,

What will we do after the war with the enormous quantities of light metal we will be able to turn out? An ace reporter tells how three of them—aluminum, stainless steel, and magnesium—will change the face of America

long before the war. Then they disappeared from the public markets. War needed them. Soon we shall rediscover them in all the little uses we were accustomed to, and we shall discover them all over again in myriads of uses which never occurred to any of us before.

Magnesium, on the other hand, is something brand new. It was never produced in any tangible quantity in this country before 1940, and by that time the Army and Navy were eager to get all of it they could lay their hands upon. It is being produced now, you may be sure—but we'll come back to that later.

In the meantime let us start with the familiar, with aluminum. The spurs of the war gods urged the Aluminum Company of America to a violent expansion of its productive capacity. Perhaps even more spectacular was the abrupt emergence of the Reynolds Metals Company. Starting from scratch not long before Pearl Harbor, the Reynolds people within two years became one of the major aluminum producers of the world. Before the war, aluminum was a specialty. Within this present year production in the United States will be well beyond two *billion* pounds. This is 60 per cent more than the whole world produced in 1938. It is enough aluminum to rebuild every railroad passenger car in the country once every four months. And it must be observed that such production is nowhere near the limit of our capacity—because there is no practical limit to the aluminum ore, or bauxite clay, deposited in our soil.

Such volume means, of course, a cheap price. Even now, in wartime, pure aluminum is selling for only fifteen cents a pound, and a pound of aluminum is a very considerable chunk. Prospects are that the price will go down to as little as ten cents a pound. What are we going to do with this great plenty when peace comes again?

The American housewife looks forward to the day when she can buy another aluminum saucepan or double boiler. Well, madam, you will get it all right. The only difference will be that it will cost you far less than the old ones you are nursing along. But the return of aluminum to the household will not be confined to new pots and pans. The metal will spread all through the house.

Stepladders and stools, lighter and handsomer than any you now possess, will be made of aluminum. Three pounds of stepladder will mean only thirty or forty cents' worth of raw material. Ironing boards and table frames and drying racks, cabinets and cupboards (insectproof and rustproof and nonwarping) will be made of aluminum. Washing machines and dishwashers, refrigerators and even kitchen ranges will be fashioned from the metal which only yesterday was a luxury material.

All over the house things that used to be "just too heavy for a woman to lift" will be made of featherweight stuff that even the youngsters can handle without strain. For, when all is said and done, the great utility of the light metals is their lightness plus their durability plus their low cost.

These metals will be employed in making doorknobs and handles, picture frames and ventilators and kitchen sinks and electric-light fixtures, floor lamps and table lamps. Chairs and beds and dressing tables will be made of them, to say nothing of office furniture. Venetian blinds of aluminum or magnesium will be cheap. They will not warp or scuff, nor will they need painting. Their metal surfaces will reflect both heat and light back to the open air. Even the house itself will be built largely of the light metals.

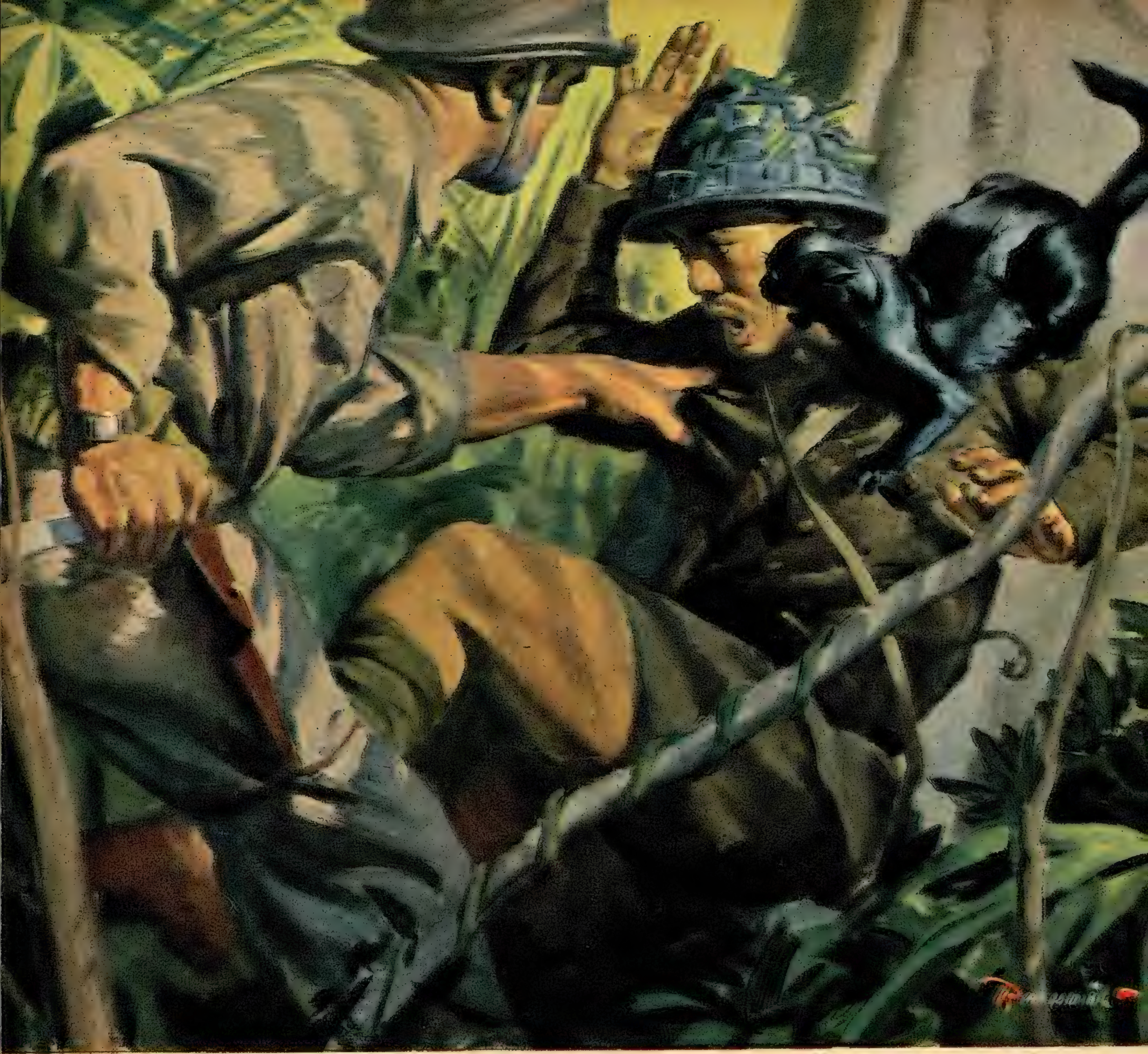
Aluminum has three particular properties which add enormously to its everyday usefulness. It can be rolled into sheets, or foils, of almost unbelievable thinness. It can be welded. And it can be colored. The last two properties are quite recent discoveries.

The coloring is not by paint. It is an electrolytic process which tints the metal itself to any one of a thousand hues, embedding the pigment into the metallic structure so that it cannot wash or chip or peel off.

THE foils and the coloring combined open up fascinating new fields. Wall coverings, for example. The aluminum is rolled to tissue thinness, then colored to any shade that strikes the fancy. It is laid upon a backing of plastic-bound fabric. And then it is embossed with designs. Panels of different shades may be alternated, with occasionally an uncolored panel to give a glimpse of the shining metal itself.

The same foils, colored or uncolored, may be processed into textiles or fabrics. I saw a single fifteen-cent pound of aluminum drawn into a thread, or filament, 11,500 yards long—about six and a half miles! This filament is wound about a cotton thread, spiralwise. And then it is woven into materials of astonishing variety and astonishing cheapness. I saw evening jackets (experimental models, to be sure) made of

(*Continued on page 68*)



It was a Jap, all right. And on its shoulder, clawing and clinging frenziedly, rode Buster, eyes brassy yellow.

SOO-FLAY

Take one Army cook, a cookbook, a native named Rochester. Add a cat and Jap snipers. Mix in a New Guinea jungle for an exciting dish

BY C. P. DONNEL, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

CORPORAL "GRAVY" JONES sat on a box of live grenades, reading a book. Across the tiny clearing a dozen men sat on ration cases and ate. As they ate they talked in low tones. The name of Corporal Jones was mentioned.

Corporal Jones preferred not to hear. He went on reading. His lips moved slightly as he read.

The clearing was the size of a corner drugstore, with walls of interwoven jungle. Into it the Papuan sun struck fiercely.

X miles south, invisible behind the jungle screen, steamed the Owen Stanley Mountains. X thousand yards north, over a ridge and also invisible, skulked the Jap mortar battery which Lieutenant MacCracken's unit had been sent to destroy.

Little luck so far, and that bad. The hard-bodied yellow men knew their racket. Two or three snipers, knowledgeably placed, commanded the lone trail. They represented defense in depth. Well back of them the mortars searched the jungle with dismaying accuracy.

Beyond and to the west of the Nips the main American column inched forward. It had its own troubles and no men to spare for flanking the mortar battery. The mortars were MacCracken's headache.

A headquarters optimist had allowed MacCracken five days to get the mortars. On the sixth he and his unit were to rejoin the main column. No optimist, MacCracken had foresightedly drawn rations for fourteen days. This was the eighth day.

The jungle has its own timetables. On the third day jungle fever had swept the boy MacCracken off his stubborn feet. Then there was the expertness of the snipers, which was why a dozen men were now eating instead of fifteen.

The pay-off had arrived in yesterday's camp at sundown. It was a mortar shell and it hit the small gasoline pressure stove they had borrowed from some Aussies. Too close to the stove were the rations. Under cover of darkness, the unit had picked up the delirious MacCracken and the shards of its rations and sought another clearing.

Corporal Jones looked up apprehensively at the sound of large feet trying to step softly. Sergeant Sweet was skirting the clearing. He was in command now—a large man with worried eyes.

CORPORAL JONES ducked his book, glanced down the clearing. Under a scrap of canvas hung between two giant mangrove roots, Corporal Dike Leary was ministering to the white-faced MacCracken.

Jones raised a round, earnest face, haloed with pinkish beard, to Sergeant Sweet.

"How'd'ja like the breakfast, sarge?" he inquired, not hopefully.

"So that's what it was!" Sergeant Sweet was heavily surprised. Corporal Jones sagged. "Hoist your fanny," ordered Sergeant Sweet wearily. "Gimme a couple dozen o' them eggs." He opened the heavy canvas bag slung from his shoulder.

Corporal Jones sighed. He opened the box of grenades and handed over the required number. Sergeant Sweet patted the full bag reflectively as his tired eyes swept the camp.

"Listen," he said, then hesitated. He was better at executing orders than originating them. But this was an emergency.

Corporal Jones snatched at the pause. "I got a theory about the lieutenant," he said. "If we could just get him to eat—kind of build up his stren'th—"

Sergeant Sweet glanced eloquently at the paraphernalia of cooking. The present stove was a gasoline tin, partly flattened lengthwise, with holes punched for drafts. On it two battered biscuit tins held the dregs of the morning's coffee. A shovel whose previous assignment had been for burial purposes was the griddle on which Corporal Jones, the cook, had burned some highly extemporaneous pancakes.

"You start a fire in that stove," said Sergeant Sweet, "and them snipers'll part your skull." His eyes fastened on Corporal Jones' eyes, and what he saw there did not satisfy him.

"Listen," said Sergeant Sweet. There was authority in his tone now. "Me and the boys are goin' after those mortars today. We're gonna work around them snipers. We gotta get the mortars before they turn 'em on the main column. We'll try to take them snipers on the way back."

Corporal Jones' wide blue eyes lighted up. "We are?" "*We* are," replied Sergeant Sweet emphatically. "You're gonna stay here with the lieutenant. Shut up!" he added, as Corporal Jones' mouth opened. "You and Leary'll stay. You're in command. Remember this, slumburner: them snipers don't always stay put; they move around." He drew a deep breath. "I know what you're figurin'. You're gonna wait till I get outa here and then you're gonna go after them snipers and try to be a hero. Well, get this: you stay here. You let anything happen to the lieutenant, and, so help me, there ain't gonna be room enough in this world for you and me! Got that?"

Corporal Jones nodded, swallowing hard.

The tide of Sergeant Sweet's wrath was still in flood. There was another matter on his mind. "When I get back here," he said, "I want Buster gone. You understand? Gone. For good. I don't want to see him no more, ever."

Undiluted horror spread across Corporal Jones' round face. "Buster!" he gasped. "You don't mean Buster!"

A rangy black tomcat uncoiled himself in a puddle of sunlight at the sound of his name. He strolled over and eyed Corporal Jones hungrily. His mouth opened, showing pink tongue. "Mrrrooow," he hinted.

"Buster's a good-luck mascot," argued Corporal Jones defensively. "Ever since he was a kitten on the transport we—"

"Good luck!" exploded Sergeant Sweet bitterly. "He clumb all over me last night while I was tryin' to sleep, diggin' around for my C ration. He makes noises scratchin' trees. He's got no patriotism. He even got to be friends with them Jap prisoners at the base—"

"They smell fishy," argued Corporal Jones. "Besides—"

"And one o' these days some sniper is gonna hear him beggin' for chow and—"

"Mrrrooow!" demanded Buster loudly, sinking his claws into the sergeant's leg.

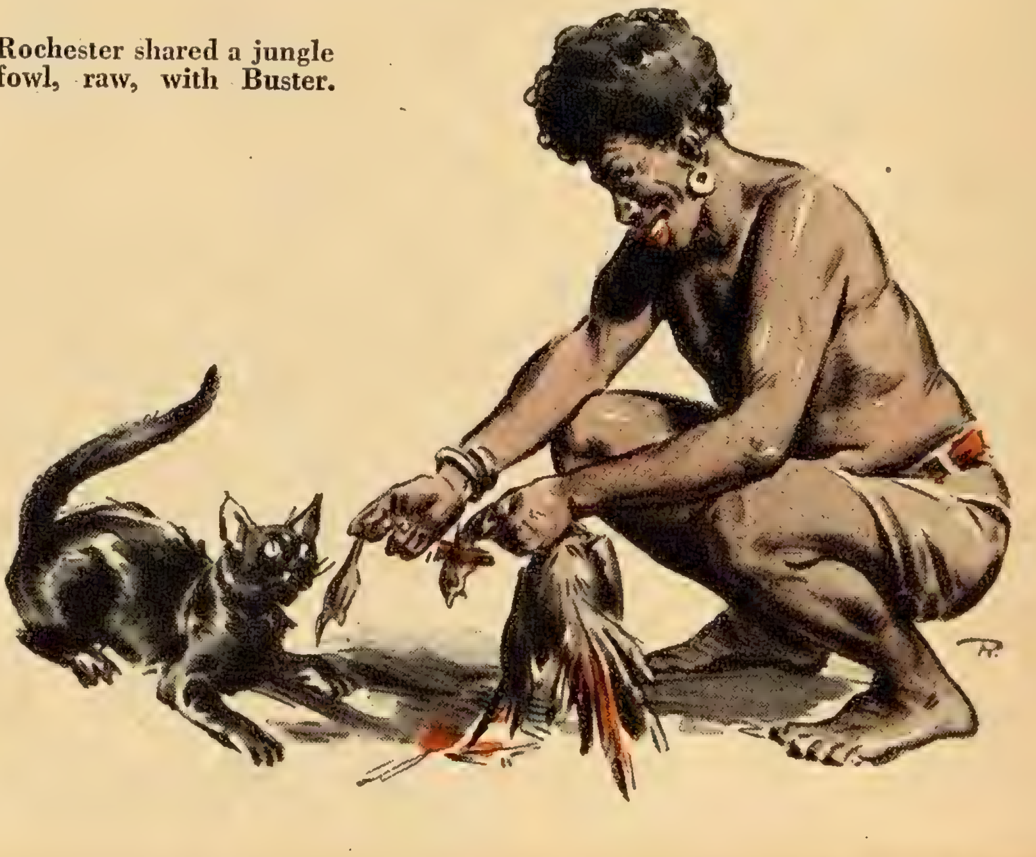
IT was pure coincidence, of course, that the peculiar flat crack of a sniper's rifle and the simultaneous whine of a high-velocity slug should clinch the sergeant's tirade. A dead silence followed the shot. For seconds no man moved.

Just a searching shot, Corporal Jones assured himself. No Nip was close enough to hear Buster.

"You get rid o' that cat," said Sergeant Sweet simply, "or"—he tapped the knife at his hip—"I will. All nine lives, too. And one more thing," he added. "If that Rochester shows up today, shoot him. I got an idea he's a spy."

"Rochester!" Corporal Jones stiffened. His world was collapsing. He was fond of Rochester, whose real name was something like Tomba. Rochester had attached himself to the outfit the second day out and had been with it, off and on, ever

(*Continued on page 40*)



Rochester shared a jungle fowl, raw, with Buster.

Congratulations from General Marshall! His telegram is read to the pilots of the 57th by Colonel Arthur Salisbury.

AMERICA'S FLYING CIRCUS

Every man an ace and a killer—that's the 57th Fighter Group, a bunch of fast-shooting, low-flying American veterans who don't like to stay put and won't. Learn what makes them tick and click

BY GRANT PARR

N. B. C. Correspondent

First of Two Articles

Cairo, by cable.

POISED at the tip of Tunisia to hop the straits of "Bomb Alley" is the 57th Fighter Group, U. S. Army Air Forces. Its future target is Italy, but at this writing its job is to help batter the Axis base of Sicily—a job which may have been completed by the time this is printed.

It would be something new in the 57th's history if it remained long in one spot. Ever since this American fighter outfit joined the British Eighth Army in Egypt, it has been playing short stands, then hopping forward—a veritable flying circus.

During the amphibian blitz of Pantelleria, flyers of the 57th played a vital role. Five days before the Italians capitulated, these flyers were escorting Flying Fortresses on repeated forays against the beleaguered Italian island. Ten Axis fighters went down that day and the 57th accounted for two of them. At dusk, Allied flyers watched dust and smoke from the bomb-smashed isle drift almost to the Sicilian coast.

For two more days our boys escorted big bombers and made offensive sweeps to keep off Axis fighters based on Sicily. Then, on the day before Pantelleria collapsed, the 57th mustered nearly 150 planes and ran twelve missions. That was its contribution to the supreme effort which put Allied planes over the stricken island at fifteen-minute intervals. The flying circus escorted bombers on their missions, then became a kind of bomber group itself. Its sturdy Warhawks, or P-40s, flew through the acrid smoke fumes over the island. They dodged enemy fighters and swooped down to a height of a few hundred feet to drop their 500-pound bombs. The 57th Fighter Group alone loosed 10,000 pounds of high explosives on that decisive day.

Pantelleria fell, they say, as a result of twenty-four hours of continuous air bombardment of unparalleled intensity. On the day of its surrender the 57th again ran twelve missions and, despite its bomb-dropping duties, found time to shoot down two Messerschmitts and probably a third.

The next day the target was Lampedusa. Here the Warhawk pilots managed four missions before the Italians threw in the sponge.

There was only one desert air force then, and only one U. S. Army fighter unit that was really part of that air force—the 57th Fighter Group. Its squadrons are the 64th, or Black Scorpions; 65th, or Fighter Cocks; 66th, or Exterminators. Other groups have shot down more enemy planes; others have perhaps had more spectacular battles; many others have flown better airplanes. But no other Americans lived and worked on the great African desert for so many months on end or fought so long in the skies above it as the men of the 57th. It's extremely doubtful, too, if any other American fighter pilots have dropped as many pounds of bombs or strafed as many roads. And it was these dangerous low-level operations which did much to break down German resistance as the Eighth Army put half the North African coast line behind it.

The first American pursuit man to fire at a German plane was a 57th pilot. The first American fighter plane to bring down a Nazi airman was flown by a Black Scorpion, Lieutenant William J. Mount of Osawatomie, Kansas, who was still flying the last time I saw him.

And the three squadrons of the 57th, together with the 314th, or Yellow Diamond Squadron, had a hand in the greatest single air victory of the African campaign. That fight actually took place well out over the Mediterranean. In fifteen blazing minutes, with R. A. F. Spitfires, which flew top cover, the Americans shot down seventy-four enemy planes. Of these, fifty-eight were big Junkers-52 transports not unlike Douglas DC-3s, and the rest were fighters, mostly the fast high-flying Messerschmitt 109s—machines with which Warhawks were never intended to tangle.

The afternoon sun was just nestling into the graying horizon of the Mediterranean. The Warhawk pilots had been out all day on one patrol after another, and they were dog-tired. But they swept on over the inland sea, headed for "Bomb Alley"—meaning the Sicilian straits. A tip-off about a huge convoy of German transport planes had kept them on this wearying vigil, and now it looked like a false alarm.

Then a pilot shouted in wonder over his radio: "Bogies!" (That means unidentified aircraft.) Or maybe he said "Geese," or just swore. It's doubtful if any one is sure now. Too much happened afterward. "When I first saw them," flight leader Captain John Curl of the Exterminators said, "they were right beneath me, about four thousand feet below. Camouflaged as they were with green coloring, it was rather difficult to distinguish them against the sea. When we got nearer they looked just like a huge formation of geese, for they were traveling in perfect Vs, tightly packed."

Captain Curl, a boyish twenty-five-year-old pilot from Columbus, Ohio, was a little bit amazed at what happened then. "There were plenty for everybody," he recounted afterward, "and the boys simply cut loose and shot the daylights out of those transports. It was a terrific sight. What most concerned our pilots was the danger of hitting our own planes, for the air was filled with twisting, turning machines. There were cases of pilots missing the transport they aimed at and hitting the one behind. It was as fantastic as that. You just couldn't miss."

THE 57th was having a field day for fair. Black Scorpions, Fighting Cocks, Exterminators—they all lived up to their names. And the comparatively inexperienced Yellow Diamonds almost gave their mentors lessons. They were all grateful, though, to the British boys in the R. A. F. Spitfires up above, who were raising Old Ned with the escorting Messerschmitt fighters, while the Warhawks gave almost undivided attention to the transports—big Junkers 52s—each of which probably had on board at least twenty Germans.

Second Lieutenant MacArthur Powers of Inwood, Long Island, and Second Lieutenant Richard Duffey of Walled Lake, Michigan, each got five. Lieutenant Arthur Cleaveland of Springville, Ohio, and Lieutenant Bruce Campbell of Blissfield, Michigan, shot down four apiece.

The Warhawks swerved this way

(*Continued on page 55*)

Meet Captain Roy Whittaker from Knoxville, Tennessee, a 57th Fighter Group pilot who's won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Over the Mediterranean, Lieutenants Powers and Duffey got five German planes each. They're telling the other boys about it.

SIXTY-SIXTH
FIGHTER SQUADRON

Lieutenants John Stefanik and Charles Leaf of the 57th's Exterminators display their squadron's Donald-Duckish emblem.

HIGH HOOK!

Thirty years had passed since old Mr. Whitlow last fished the lake. What he finds in it makes a poignant, moving story

BY HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

ALL the way up from Kingston in the car Mr. Whitlow sat silent. It was not that he was wishing he hadn't come. No, sirree. He was going to have his good time. But the long hot day's train trip, the crossing on the steamboat, the arrangings and the dickerings had tired him; and now, the more landmarks he recognized, the queerer it seemed that Wes Scott was not with him. At sundown he turned and sighed, "Here—stop here," and the car stopped at a mailbox by a pasture gate.

"The name on that," the driver from Kingston said, "ain't Monahan. It's Shayne." He had to say it twice, for the old American had become rapt, gazing down off the high ground at a blue lake and wooded islands in a bay.

Name? Mr. Whitlow blinked. Um. To be sure. "Can't help it," he said. "This is Monahan's. I'd know that view in Chiny." He must keep his wits about him or he would be calling this man Wes. "His house is down yonder, and— Look, there's his boy coming. I *thought* Willie'd be up after the cows!"

A boy really was coming, the driver was glad to see. The American was so old and so confused. Even though it was what he had bargained for, the driver had been doubtful about leaving him alone on a backwoods road like this.

"EVENING, Willie. I don't know as you'd remember me? You would Mr. Scott, but he isn't along this time. He's"—by an effort Mr. Whitlow recollected—"he's dead. Would your pa mind me camping where we used to, in the grove of maples? If"—he faltered—"if no one's camping there already?"

The boy's stare relaxed into a smile. "Why, no. Pa'd admire to have ye. There ain't no one there. Ain't no one come and camped there since this war begun."

Mr. Whitlow blinked hard. Once outside of Kingston, he had forgotten about the war. In a moment, more relieved than embarrassed, he said, "Well, that's dandy!" and held up a dollar. "After you're done milking, you come down there, Willie. I'll want straw and a hand with my tent."

How would he get his bags down? He would carry them, he said sturdily. But the driver made him stay in the car, and—assuring him "This won't cost ye additional" and saying not a word about wartime gas rationing—ran it as far down the slope as it could go, and then helped him.

Left alone, he waited contentedly for Willie. The same friendly Irish folks here, the same grove of maples. If only Wes . . . Let's see, now. Willie's dollar and one for boat rent would leave him three fifty-five. Enough, with his few dry groceries bought in Kingston, for a week, maybe. When it was gone—well, their poorhouse up here in Ontario could be no worse than the one at home, and it would be his own doing that he was sent to it. . . .

Getting back up to the road, the driver met the cows and their herder. "See," he said. "*Is* your name Monahan?"

The boy shook his head.

"How long since Monahans had this farm?"

"Pa's had it a good part of thirty year."

"Thought likely. You look after that old lad, now," the driver admonished, and he rattled away.

In the night Mr. Whitlow was wakeful. It was quite a time since he had done this. He couldn't get comfortable on his straw-filled tick or warm in his moth-eaten blankets. That ought to be Wes in his blankets over there, that dark heap of bags and provisions. Make believe it was? Shucks, no! . . . This once, just for company? . . . It did seem a comfort to speak to it.

"Hi, you old snoozer! Wake up and see the moon shine! We're here! We've made it! 'We're tent-ing tonight on'—I'd 'most begun to think we never would. Always were a-coming again next summer, sure; but something always happened in one family or t'other, and then you folks moved out to Californy, and—"

It certainly did seem natural. He could all but hear Wes breathe. He chuckled. "Hi, golly, you'd ought to been down there this morning to see me slip out on those females! Their 'aged, infirm, and destitute great-uncle' was too spry for 'em—when they had their plans all laid to have him snatched off to that 'Home for the Friendless'—that poorhouse! As if *I* wouldn't know what they were up to! I had my gold watch and chain and a mite of cash tucked away, and I had our tent—and so, here we are! This trip, for once, boy, you won't be high hook! *I'm* a-going to catch the old lunker this time . . ."

He was up before the sun was, stiff and shivery, low in his mind. Strong tea and crackers helped. So did all three Monahans—no, not Monahans, but no matter—when they came with milk and a flat-bottomed boat for him. The mother washed his dishes, the father gathered firewood, the boy hunted grass frogs for bait.

Did he want to start out alone, and could he manage?

"You bet you I can," he said. "You watch my smoke!"

They pushed him off, and he joggled the flat-bottom across the open water to the islands. Bright, cloudless, glassy; no fishing day. Might catch enough, though, to smell up the frying pan and—and make his tea and crackers go further. . . . Shesh, now! Thinking about that! When he had come for a good time!

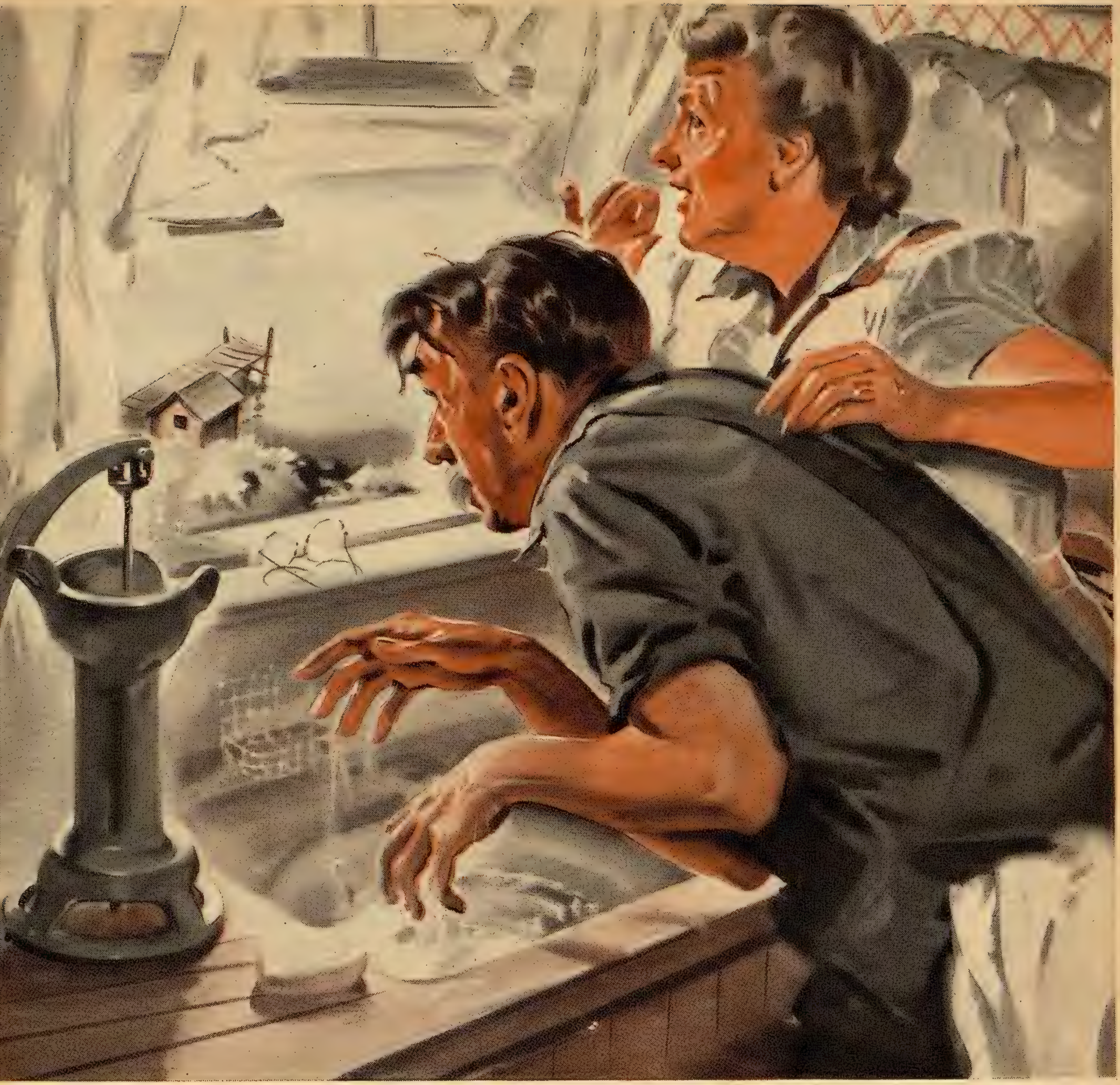
A MORNING like a dream, all soft rich gold. He baited up, cast clumsily, tangled his reel. How Wes would josh him! In the channels between the islands his line trailed astern. No war on—not here. Deep, deep peace. . . .

Something hit the bait and hooked itself. A half-pound pike. Better keep it; you could eat pike if you had to. He baited up afresh—put on his liveliest frog, and spit on it.

He was fumbling in his pockets for his corncob and a match when the loose line was pulled through his fingers. Bass? He trembled, waiting. It must have its full chance to get that frog in its mouth head first. Then he whipped his rod up and hooked—he knew it instantly—as big an old lunker of a bass as Wes had ever caught, if not bigger.

He had just time to nudge the boat toward the open bay before the battle took both his hands and all his strength.

That battle! The lunker's rushes strained his wrists until he groaned, until he had to clutch rod and reel to his shaking body. It chugga-chugga-chugged down to bottom and he prayed it might find no sunken snag. It tried to run under the boat. It raced off in crazy circles. It came up and out, thrashing and whirring. The size of it! Praise be, it was well hooked—and, by Godfrey, if it made him give it line fifty times, it was *not* going to make him give it slack and freedom. . . .



Watching from her kitchen window, Mrs. Shayne saw the flat-bottom drifting.

It fought on and on. All day? He had lost track of the hot sun. His head ached and his shirt was soaked with sweat.

How, if it ever weakened, was he to get it into the boat? For he had no landing net. They had always used Wes's. . . .

All day, if this was night falling—it must be—when at last the bronze lunker came up on its side. Row to shore with it? He knew he was too tired. Risk a snatch at its gills?

It saw the boat and plunged into the depths again. And again. *Oh, my Lordy! Can't hold out much longer! I'm—dizzy. . . . Getting dark so fast, too. . . .*

It came up and floated, gasping. He could scarcely keep the line taut. Couldn't even try to snatch. Couldn't move.

Wes, boy—oh, why aren't you here with that net?

Ear-splitting gongs rang, lights dazzled him, and Wes's voice said, "Net's ready, young feller. Bring your two-cent minnow over it. No, never mind—I'll get him anyways—"

The dimming lights showed Mr. Whitlow the backs of his own hands. They had ceased to be shrunken and moth-patched. They were young. Of course. Wes's voice was young.

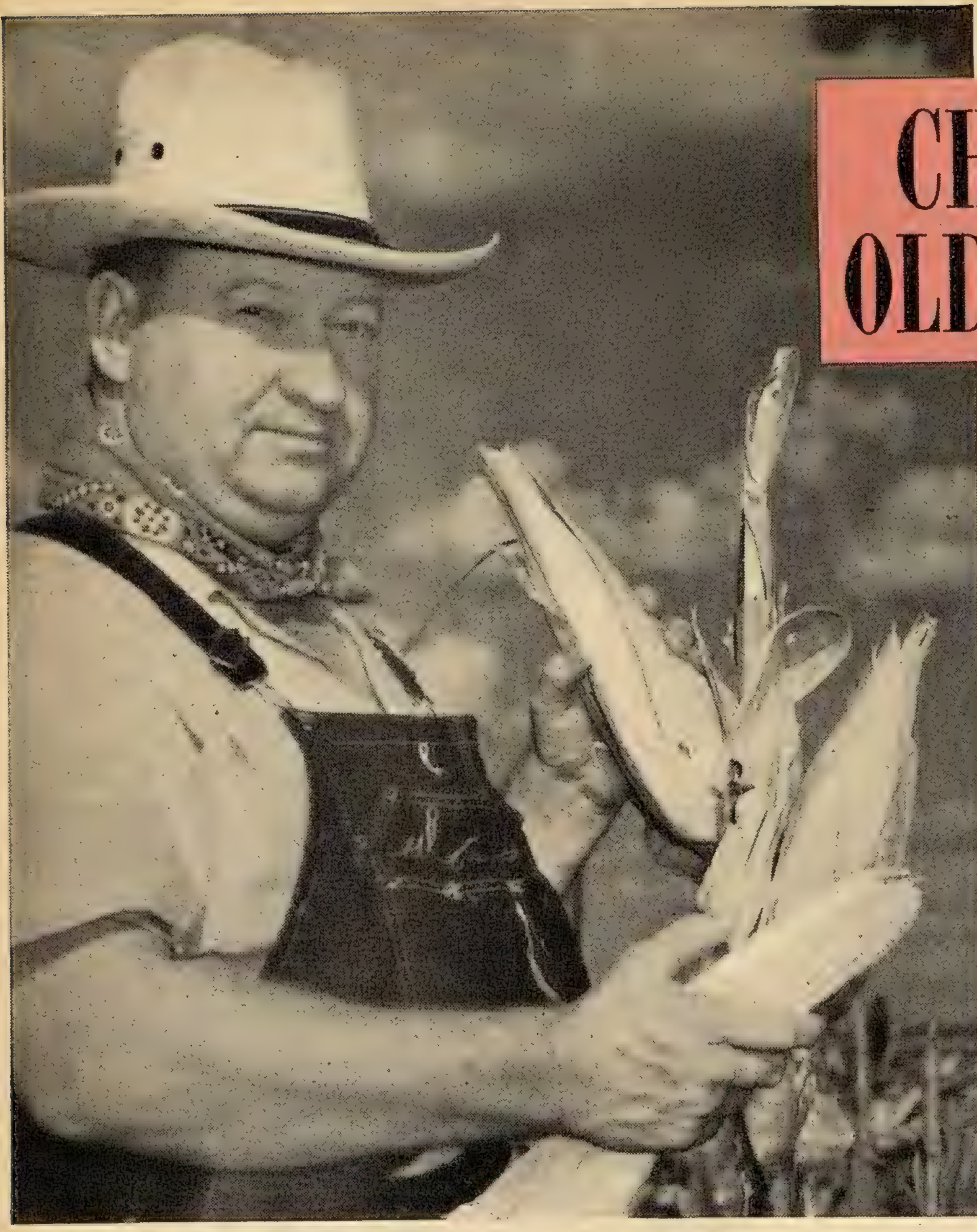
Got him, have you? Fine! Now you oar us back to camp while I just . . . take forty . . . winks. . . .

It was far from being nightfall, it was not yet noon when Mrs. Shayne, watching anxiously from her kitchen window, saw the flat-bottom drifting. Her husband hurried out in another boat and towed it in, bringing along a big bass he had found belly up—a five-pounder, fought to a finish though not landed.

Mrs. Shayne screamed, "Och, the poor old man!" She cried.

"Molly, now, this ain't sad," Shayne said earnestly. "Don't take on so. I hope I go as cheerful when my time comes. Look, he's smilin'."

THE END



CHIP OFF THE OLD FARM BLOC

Come behind the scenes in Washington and meet a man who pulls the strings—the master lobbyist who is a reason the farm bloc is seldom blocked

BY GERALD MOVIUS

THERE is a gentleman in Washington who has as much to say about the cost of what you eat and wear as the OPA, Claude Wickard, and Marvin Jones put together. He is Ralph Moore, the acknowledged, documented, unabashed and unregenerate one-man lobby behind the powerful farm bloc on Capitol Hill.

What Mr. Moore is thinking about today may have considerable influence on your household menus and budget next winter, and maybe sooner, and it is well to know that Mr. Moore is thinking all the time.

No farm legislation cooks on the Hill without Moore's meaty paw fanning the fire, and in the absence of legislation pleasing to him he is perfectly capable of thinking some up, and often does. He will never admit that he gives birth to bills and resolutions, because he wants the senators and congressmen who introduce them to get full credit; but the Hill knows it was Ralph who conceived the idea that all farm labor costs should be included in the calculation of parity prices—an item which has involved endless debate for a year. And that is just an example.

He prefers to appear as the farm bloc's cheer leader and muscle man; but Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, a member of the Committee on Agriculture, calls him "the finest friend the farmers have in Washington, and the ablest legislative representative on Capitol Hill."

"Legislative representative" is polite talk for lobbyist, but Ralph doesn't look like one. Lobbyists should be smooth-looking gents who throw orgies in mysterious haunts for playful Cabinet members and aging senators. Ralph's practices are about as mysterious as the private life of a canary bird, and he is not smooth-looking—not in that sense.

Looking at him, any one with any imagination could hardly fail to think of a noisy, robust, cheerful, hustling Duroc-Jersey, a pig of full habit and jovial mood. Ralph weighs 270 pounds and measures five feet ten and a half inches the longest way. The reason it is safe to say he looks like a pig is because he thought up the idea himself. The pig he had in mind was born in an inkwell, fathered by Scripps-Howard cartoonist H. M. Talburt. In 1942, when there were terrific goings-on over the so-called farm price-fixing bill, Talburt knocked off a sketch he called This Little Pig Went to Market. The central figure was a corpulent, chortling porker who carried under one arm a confused-looking elderly midget. The pig was labeled "Farm Bloc," and the midget "Congress." "Congress" was clad in a wrapping labeled "Bill to Promote Inflation." Ralph was entertaining at lunch the day the cartoon appeared —his guest-list par for lunch is six— and while he did not warm to the political sentiment of the sketch, he was captivated by the artistry. Passing the Washington Daily News around, he asked, "Don't y'all figure this guy Talburt must've seen me somewhere and used me for a model?"

The delighted jury instantly agreed the likeness was unmistakable, particularly with respect to the Moore grin, the Moore eyes, and the Moore middle.

Talburt insists it was coincidence, but he autographed the original for Ralph; then Ralph, in his turn, was busy for days autographing clippings from the paper for friends who wanted to frame them and did. He bought fifty copies of the paper and should have got more, because some were disappointed. Mr. Moore is by no means friendless.

His charm is as fatal as his methods are effective. Even sidewalk senators who have no wish to talk about jolly good times on the farm with anybody seldom if ever bolt for the hide-outs when Ralph roves in. Lesser lobbyists copy him or frankly implore his counsel. They think he has some secret method, when in fact there is nothing secret about it. He says himself, in his own ungrammatical way, "I don't believe there's no agricultural worker in Washington as close to as many members of Congress as I am."

How he got close to them is a story of persistence and suasion, with few tricks. He believes in the direct approach, and a little trick he tossed off in Texas back in 1938 is not typical of his campaigning in Washington. That year he organized the Texas Corn Carnival Association, with the slogan "Let's Make Corn First in Texas." Granger, his home town, was the seat of the photogenic Corn Carnivals at which thousands cheered and had their pictures taken with stalks and ears in great abundance.

Now, the truth of the matter is that Mr. Moore is about as interested in making Texas the number one corn state as he is in perpetuating the New Deal—which is to say, not at all. He is in love with cotton, and it seemed to him in 1938 that Northern farmers who didn't grow cotton were ignoring the woes of cotton growers when they should have been lending a helping hand to a noncompeting crop. So he decided Texas should scare hell out of Iowa and Illinois and Indiana by proclaiming that Texas was going all out of cotton and into corn. His decision had weight. He was Master of the Texas State Grange, and it was no trick at all for him to put on an elaborate show, complete with publicity which inevitably reached the horrified corn growers who, fearful of disastrous competition, almost immediately developed a solicitous interest in the woes of the cotton farmer.

Little more has been heard in Texas about being first in corn. Ralph could have argued with the corn growers, but argument is alien to his nature. He doesn't argue with legislators, either. He doesn't waste their time. He doesn't hand them long, dreary-looking documents or buttonhole them on their way to committee sessions. "They got confidence in me," he says, and they have, because there is no question about Ralph's sincerity. They all know he is really interested in the man in overalls.

"The farmers' friend," he's called around the haunts on Capitol Hill. His customary greetings as he wanders into a spot, kneading a shoulder lightly here, waving a huge hand there, and beaming on all and sundry, are "What d'ya say, senator?" "What d'ya know, congressman?" "How's everything coming?" It sounds like Sauk Centre, Minnesota, or Granger, Texas—which it is.

"How's the farmers' friend?" is the response in nine cases out of ten.

FOR Ralph an important part of his business day is now at hand. His calling demands that he work eighteen or more hours out of twenty-four, a good deal of it in bars and lounges. Nobody ever quite knows how it happens, but he has only to sit down at a table to have the talk swing away from the eighth race at Charles Town, to the problems of the food producer.

He carries on the tip of his tongue the answers to all of the questions that any one ever asks him on that subject.

His "method," in a word, is a consistent, persistent drumming of the farmer's story into the heads of nonbelievers or the uninformed.

As members of the farm bloc in Congress today, he counts fifty senators—a majority—and between 50 and 55 per cent of the House. This sledge-hammer power, held in check only by constant threats of veto from the White House, was not achieved without considerable work on the part of Moore & Co. prior to the November elections of 1942, and the results of that election make the "& Co." almost as interesting as Moore himself.

Operating around the Hill for some years without portfolio of record, Ralph has come into a title. It is not yet very well known, but it bids fair to be. He is secretary and Washington representative of the National Farm Committee, born only this year, so far as its name goes, but born "rotten rich," as they say here and there in Ralph's home country.

"We ah well heeled," he himself says with that Deep-Southern accent of his.

How well, he isn't saying, but he will say he estimates the National

REPRINTED FROM SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER ALLIANCE AND N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM
FARM BLOC
BILL TO PROMOTE INFLATION
CONGRESS
TALBURT

Which is which? Ralph Moore and the cartoon that tickled him into saying, "This guy must've used me for a model!"

Farm Committee's funds exceed those of any other organized farm group. Unlike other groups, the National Farm Committee had real *organization*, money, punch, and power before it had a name. The name is a mere convenience for a closely knit, determined, and skillful crew of operators who demonstrated their power in the 1942 elections.

They intend to raise blistering hell in the elections of 1944, probably for the benefit of the Republican candidate for President—unless it happens to be Wendell Willkie—and most certainly in opposition to any member of Congress who follows the New Deal line on farm policy. Mr. Willkie could find in the National Farm Committee many an old acquaintance from the days of the Democrats-for-Willkie club—but few friends. He said "Me too" to too many phases of the New Deal farm program, and the purse strings and heart strings of the boys from Texas who helped him out in 1940 are tightly tied. Most of the financing of the National Farm Committee comes from Texas, and most of the angels are Democrats by tradition, but not any more—at least not until control of the party is wrenched from the New Deal.

If anybody has any valid reason or legal right to know their names, Ralph will tell him—but, short of that, Ralph doesn't figure it's anybody's business.

"They ah just cotton farmers," he explains; "some of 'em right big cotton farmers, of course."

And he concedes that not all of them are, at the moment, personally chopping out the Johnson grass. Some have happened to strike a little oil on their land, for instance; but farming, Ralph says, is "still a way of life for them besides being a business, and it'll always be their first interest."

ONCE in a while he brings one of his angels to Washington. They all look alike, sort of. Success and wealth have not erased their calluses or bleached their hides. And they all talk alike: Regimentation of the farmer must cease; the way to a full pantry for the consumer, at reasonable prices, is to co-operate with the farmer and not look upon him as a foul fiend to blame for food shortages and high prices.

One thing the National Farm Committee must face, as Ralph admits, is the charge that it's a creature of "big" or "corporation" farmers—a sort of National Manufacturers Association for agriculture. Ralph denies this with a vehemence he usually employs only when discussing Leon Henderson or Henry A. Wallace. He can document his own record of opposing Triple A benefit payments to corporation and big farmers, and his friends were and still are with him on that score, he insists. Moreover, in his record is a lengthy fight for the small cotton merchants, whom he favors because they provide the competitive bids.

"We ah against buildin' monopolies in anythin', includin' farmin', especially when it's done with government money," he explains. "We ah for free enterprise."

He continues to support the lending features of the Farm Security Administration, which were entirely for the small farmer. When absolute liquidation of FSA was proposed early this year, he was against it. "You cain't liquidate FSA lendin' features without liquidatin' the little farmer," he said. "FSA had a real place, but it wouldn't stay in its place. It always seemed to me it was tryin' to socialize the whole farmin' industry." And his solemn opinion, shared by his backers and associates, is that the New Deal is bent on shifting agricultural production to South America and turning the United States into a completely industrial nation—which, says Ralph, is just as dangerous as shifting rubber production back to the Far East as soon as the war is over.

SUCH is the story which Ralph and his boys have been successful in selling. What they can do in an election was well demonstrated in 1942. The record shows that twelve senators were replaced. Eleven of them "had voted against the farmer," says Ralph, "and that's why they were beat." The boys, well equipped with arguments and folding money, were busy in practically all eleven states, and a few well known victims of their attentions were New Dealers Clyde Herring of Iowa, George Norris of Nebraska, and Josh Lee of Oklahoma. Some of the losers didn't know what was going on. Prentiss Brown did. When Brown was licked for re-election to the Senate in Michigan, he said, "The farmers went to work on me." He might not have known, however, that Ralph had personally rushed out to Michigan to ensure the kill.

Practically everywhere he goes Ralph has a personally known and powerful contact. In most states this is the commissioner, secretary, or director of agriculture. The job is the same in every state, but the titles vary. They have an organization, too—the National Association of Commissioners, Secretaries and Directors of Agriculture—who meet often in Washington, always with Ralph in attendance and usually as master of arrangements.

Boone T. Guyton

is one of those daring young men who risk their lives to make sure that our planes are safe for our fighting men to fly. His dramatic true story of his experiences as a test pilot both here and abroad is rightly called

THIS EXCITING AIR

Read Liberty's abridgment—to an evening's reading time—of this vivid chronicle of a dangerous life.

Coming Next Week

The National Farm Committee and the National Association interlock in singular fashion. Tom Linder, for instance, who is president and a director of the National Farm Committee, is also Georgia's commissioner. Math Dahl, a vice-president of the N. F. C., is agriculture commissioner for North Dakota. And the board chairman of the N. F. C. is J. E. McDonald, Texas commissioner, whose proxy Ralph carries when McDonald can't leave Austin.

Some of these state officials are appointed, but mostly they're elected. Their jobs depend on the accuracy of their reports and their knowledge of what's really going on at the grass roots. Ralph thinks they know more about the agricultural picture and the attendant food prospects than all of Washington knows—which may be one reason why he was very busy, a long time ago as events move these days, in stitching them into a working organization.

He recalls that a year ago, when Washington authorities were blithely predicting increased food production, the commissioners were gloomily predicting cuts as high as 30 per cent. When the word out of Washington was to the effect that a food shortage in America was a silly thing to think of, he remembers that he himself, as well as the commissioners, was arguing that price ceilings on farm commodities would lead to shortages.

"THE consumin' public just don't understand that farm prices and food prices ain't the same thing," says Ralph. "You take a city lady who buys a cut of meat. She squawks about the price, but she figures the farmer gets almost all of it. Well, of course he don't. He gets just a few cents out of it, and sometimes not that. But you cain't blame the lady. All she knows is what she reads in the Eastern papers."

He refers, on occasion, to the fact that the farm country looks upon John L. Lewis and his miners with cold and disapproving eyes, and he mentions, gently, that farmers neither are striking nor purpose to strike.

"But farmers," he says, "ain't goin' on farmin' if they're goin' to go broke—if they cain't make a livin'."

The Moore animosity to the editorial policy of metropolitan journals does not extend to the working press, which is always invited to gatherings of the National Association, where Ralph will be at the door, pointing the way to the bar. But one news story which he insists he's never yet seen printed is a concise statement of just exactly what it is that his farmers want. He says, "They"—meaning the publishers and editors—"are just kiddin' themselves. If they don't think those elections in 1942 meant

(*Continued on page 69*)

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

A Condensation of the Book by

EVE CURIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Eve Curie is the talented and famous daughter of the famous Marie Curie, whose biography she wrote. This book became an immediate best seller in America, and then the world over.

Now, in Journey Among Warriors, another great best seller, Miss Curie tells the story of one of the great reporting trips of this war — a trip which took her around the battlefields of the world — on which she spoke with many of the world's leaders.

It is an alert and perceptive report which deserves the heaping praise it has received from critics and readers.

At five thirty in the morning, on Monday, November 10, 1941, I was at the Pan American Airways base at LaGuardia Field, New York, inside a transatlantic Clipper, the Cape Town. I was leaving, for a few months, an America at peace. I would move toward the world's battlefields, toward the countries which were struggling against the Axis. I was aware that a lone traveler could only catch a glimpse of the general picture of the conflict. Yet I wanted to see at work the coalition of free men that was slowly being formed to fight the great War of Independence of the World.

After many hesitations I had taken an evening dress with me—but the only important things—so I thought at the time—were the strong low-heeled walking shoes, the whipcord suit, and the typewriter. Only later on was I to discover that when making a trip to the world's battlefields one must have evening clothes and visiting cards.

Aboard the Clipper were forty young American Pan American Airways mechanics, technicians, and pilots, the latter going to ferry warplanes across Africa under a civilian contract. This trip was an experimental one; a prelude to daily crossings of the Atlantic. Somehow it was very moving to have left New York on Monday and on Thursday morning to see our glittering and shiny four-motored Boeing, flying the Stars and Stripes, floating amid British military seaplanes on African waters, when we landed near Dakar at Bathurst, British Gambia.

We stayed there a day, and flew on down the coast to Lagos, Nigeria. There I was put up for the night by a civil servant in the Nigerian government. At the dinner table I found the compulsory five-gram grain of quinine (against malaria), all prepared, near my glass.

We put the radio on in the large quiet living room, while the crickets in the garden were making a loud noise. When the announcer said, "This is London calling . . ." my hostess (who in the daytime worked in the

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ciphering office) put her head in her hands to listen more intently. The Ark Royal had been sunk, the Russians were holding on all fronts, the Neutrality Act had been amended in Washington, and there were new strikes in American war factories.

My first calling place on the Gold Coast was a port, "somewhere in Africa," to which the planes built in the United States and England were being shipped. It was amazing to see the same natives who so gracefully maneuvered their slim mahogany canoes on the ocean breakers unload the crates and cases. I had a chance to see, on the same evening, elaborate English houses and primitive Negro huts, military camps and aviation hangars, the tidy dining room of an English air commodore, the cottage of the PAA Americans where a phonograph was loudly playing the Texas Shuffle, and the screened quarters which sheltered seventy-five Polish pilots operating the ferry line. When the British heard me address my half-compatriots in Polish (my mother was born in Poland), they asked if I knew of any way to stop a Pole from working twice as hard as his health could stand.

I spent the night in the R. A. F. hospital—the only building where a bed was to be found—and the next day I flew to the PAA base in Accra. A Clipper companion, Mr. Kevin Howard, who acted as housekeeper for all PAA flyers in twelve African air bases, took great pride in showing me the supplies in the warehouses. PAA had worked on the assumption that nothing—not a nail, not a piece of wood, not a chicken, not a pound of flour—could be found in Africa.

I paid a visit to the most important man in hundreds of miles around: Brigadier W. H. A. Bishop, commander of the British West African forces. He was quite young and had an interesting, lean face, with extremely intelligent and friendly blue eyes. He had acted as secretary to the War Cabinet in London at the time of the collapse of France. We spoke of the frightful days when Britain's equipment was at its lowest—but when her morale, nevertheless, had held: June, 1940. Brigadier Bishop described to us a meeting of the War Cabinet that he had witnessed, at which Winston Churchill, just returned from Tours, had announced that France was on the verge of asking Hitler for his terms. The Prime Minister had reviewed the desperate military outlook, the desperate political outlook. He had concluded in a low, firm voice, "We are now facing Germany completely isolated. We are alone."

"Then," said Brigadier Bishop, "there was a dead silence that I shall never forget. We saw Churchill proudly lifting his head. Looking defiantly at us all, he simply said, 'I find it rather inspiring.' "

I left on the Khartoum plane next day; but that did not mean a night's rest beforehand. To travel almost night and day, to write dispatches and retype them in several copies, to struggle with the censors, to make arrangements for further transportation, and, at the same time, to gather notes for a book—not to mention the constant packing and unpacking, the daily washing of stockings and clothes—was a program which could not be reconciled with the fact that the days had only twenty-four hours. And going east, I was all the time pushing my watch forward.

The next evening, in the walled city of Kano, one of the ancient, genuinely African towns on the continent, while I sat on the terrace of the Residency amid purple clematis, red hibiscus, and roses, the local Emir was announced. Night had fallen. As the man who ruled over two million Mohammedan Negroes came slowly forward, a lamp threw its golden light on his dark smiling face, on his turban and his majestically draped white robe. It was explained to the Emir that my parents had discovered a thing called radium which was "very important in science and medicine." The black ruler worded his courteous answer so that we should not gather whether he had, or had not, heard of radium before. With the English Resident as my mouthpiece, I described the Clipper voyage across the South Atlantic.

The Emir looked dreamily at the starry sky, then said, "When I was a small boy, I was told that in order to find wisdom we had to go to China and not to go any further. But with the American planes, there is no place, today, where to go and remain. They have made the whole world everywhere the same."

This statement often came back to me in the following days while I was crossing Africa.

I felt secretly very proud, while our Lockheed raced over the dried bushes of Chad from Fort Lamy to the border of Sudan, at the thought that without the Free French, neither the British nor the Americans would have found themselves at this time—1941—in a position to operate across Africa transport air lines and ferry lines supplying the war fronts. Mangin, one of the greatest French generals of the 1914 war, had once said, "Who holds Chad holds Africa." The first large geographical unit of the French Empire which had denounced the Bordeaux capitulation and proclaimed its determination to proceed with the war—Chad—had done so under the leadership of Governor Felix Eboué, a Martiniquan-born Negro, a French citizen from the West Indies who had become, under a French Republic, scornful of racial prejudice, a distinguished leader in our colonial service. Governor Eboué had refused to allow into Chad the Vichy emissaries sent to "appease" him. Unanimously supported by his troops, white officers and native men, he had declared Chad Free French.

WE reached Khartoum on Wednesday, and I had my first sleep in a real bed since I had left New York. On Friday I left by plane at dawn. All morning we flew over pale sand, entirely monotonous except for small dunes, rocks, or clefts. Suddenly we reached the lower valley of the Nile, descending majestically toward the Mediterranean like an immensely wide river of green vegetation and fecund black soil pressed between banks of yellow sand. When we looked down on the Pyramids it seemed that a giant child had been playing in the desert, making these triangular sand cakes.

Cairo was, from above, a huge beige-and-white city, with a few beautiful buildings sunk in an ocean of cheapness. A Free French officer, Captain Filliol, waited for me at the wharf and drove me to Michael Wright's house, where I was going to stay. Wright, one of the most intelligent, hard-working, and warmhearted Englishmen I knew, had been for several years at the British Embassy in Paris, and was now secretary at the Embassy in Cairo.

No woman, foreign or British, had been allowed in the Western Desert so far; and the military men to whom I spoke about getting to the Libyan front did not seem to think that to send me at the beginning of a major offensive was an urgent war measure. But at 7 P.M. I learned that Major Randolph Churchill (Winston Churchill's son) was leaving for the front the next day at dawn and would take me along. The Minister of State said to me, "Now, remember, I have *not heard* that you are going to the desert tomorrow. I know *nothing about it*. I have *not* authorized you, *not* encouraged you to go."

When we reached the "Public Relations" tent at Fort Maddalena, the British battle headquarters, a lean good-looking officer came forward to greet me, and I recognized Philip Astley—now Colonel Astley—the former husband of the movie actress Madeleine Carroll.

The headquarters were only a few hundred yards from the bases of R. A. F. fighting squadrons. Two battles of tanks were now in progress, one about twenty-two miles north, and the other south of Tobruk, where the attacking British columns were trying to join hands with the besieged garrison. Blenheim bombers escorted by fighters were used to hit the concentrations of German and Italian troops, tanks, and supplies. The bombers had their base somewhere in the rear. They roared over us, going forward and back. The fighter planes took off quite close to us, raising clouds of dust and sand. They left in orderly groups, then came back one by one, with victory rolls. The pilots were gay and excited, also tired, somewhat out of breath. They looked like jockeys after a winning race.

At sunset an English officer standing near me said casually, "Here come the French." A squadron of Blenheim bombers, each machine bearing the cross of Lorraine, passed over us in magnificent order, alongside a British squadron. The aircraft were returning to their base, their job successfully done. Because I saw these Free French planes in the sky, I, on the ground, suddenly felt stronger and less alone.

That night I was granted, as a special favor, the back seat of a military car to sleep in. I padded it with an inflated rubber mattress borrowed from Michael Wright. At the last minute Randolph Churchill heroically parted with a white sheepskin "Hebron" coat bought in a Jerusalem bazaar and lent it to me in spite of my protests. Around me British soldiers crawled into little trenches dug in the sand, to shelter themselves against the incredible cold of the night.

Exactly at dawn the "first light patrols" of the R. A. F. took off very close to me. I dreamed that somebody was knocking violently at my door—that was how the noise sounded, multiplied by a hundred. After I dressed I got a cup of scarce and precious water with which I cleaned my teeth, and my face and hands. Then I heard the polite voice of an English soldier saying, "Please . . may I have your water?" It was pooled with water from other cups and used to wash handkerchiefs and socks.

An R. A. F. press officer by the name of Houghton suggested to me that we should take a car and drive up north. There was no front. We soon crossed the Libyan border and what everybody called the Wire, or the Mussolini Wire. It was a strip of thick barbed wire about ten feet wide, three feet high, and two hundred miles long that Mussolini was said to have stretched along the Libyan border to prevent native tribes from fleeing Italian territory and the blessings of the Fascist rule. Its continuity was now interrupted by wide breaches and followed by telegraph poles set up by the British. It was a blessing for planes, tanks, trucks, or troops that had lost their way.

After about an hour we stopped. On the other side of the Wire stood two big lorries carrying German and Italian prisoners. When the short Italians saw us, smiles began to spread over their faces. They were delighted to find somebody to talk to. The tall Germans were sulking and speaking to no one. They were whispering among themselves and their faces were inscrutable. They wore light dull green uniforms, well suited for the desert, whereas the Italians were clad in blue heavy tunics. I asked one of the Italian privates why he had no shoes. He burst into laughter and said, "Oh, well, I ran so fast when the British offensive started that I just left my shoes behind."

I got to talk to a tall and fair German pilot, twenty-four years of age. He had taken part in the conquest of my country and spoke a little French. I had told him I was French, and after I had said good-by, he turned toward me and said severely, "May I know what Marshal Pétain would think of a Frenchwoman being here with the British? He would not be too pleased, I suppose!"

I softly explained that a great number of French people—among whom I was—did not recognize the armistice of Compiègne and would consider themselves at war with Germany until victory was won. These people were called Free French. Perhaps he had heard of them. If he had, he did not say so. He obviously did not want to speak with me any more. Had the war stopped after June, 1940, this young man would have been living now in Germany, or possibly in Paris, most delighted with a Nazified Europe. Today, though a prisoner of the British, he was not tired of instructing people.

Many months later I was to think again of him, so confident of Hitler's triumph. The evening papers announced a sweeping R. A. F. raid on Germany. I had asked that Nazi where his home was and he had deigned to answer, in his dry hostile voice: Cologne.

The British soldiers whom we met in scattered lorries or armored cars nearer the fighting area had not shaved, changed, or washed for days, had hardly had any sleep since the start of the offensive. They did no boasting—there was nothing to boast about yet—but on their tired faces I could read their unbreakable determination to beat the Nazis if it took twenty years.

We helped two bearded fellows whose lorry was stuck in the desert, its tires blown out by shrapnel. One was from Lancashire and the other from the Irish Free State. They had had no food for twenty-four hours. They had been in every single battle since 1939. And now they were for the first time on the offensive at last.

The Irishman said: "Each time we go into action against Jerries, I tell myself, 'These are the same Germans who saw me re-embark at Dunkirk; who made me evacuate from Crete. They have beaten me twice. That is enough. I just want to see *them* re-embark from somewhere." With a sudden timidity in his honest blue eyes, he stopped—as if afraid of having too plainly revealed how sick and tired he was of "strategical retreats." He added, almost apologetically, "As long as we defeat them in the end, it'll be all right, won't it?"

We gave them some tinned salmon, and they gave us a little water. Every time we met somebody in the sand, later in the day, there was an immediate exchange of water for food, army biscuits for gasoline, or an extra tire for a few rations of bully beef. The English soldiers would say, "Are you quite sure you can spare this? This is most kind of you," and wish us good luck.

We had left, now, the Mussolini Wire and were looking for a certain advanced air base. We were moving against the stream. Scattered groups of lorries were evacuating equipment and men in a hurry. One officer, of whom we asked our way, had the strange idea of jumping out of his army car and aiming his revolver straight at us. He made us exchange identification cards, for in the desert it could never be assumed that a British car carried Englishmen or a German truck Germans—for trucks, tanks, cars were captured, lost, recaptured, and passed from hand to hand.

We swerved to the right in order to get back to the Wire and keep from getting lost. We bumped into a concentration of South Africans, met hospital trucks and R. A. F. trucks, all going south. We then realized that the air base we were looking for had been evacuated. Houghton ordered the chauffeur to turn around and return to Maddalena. There we found everything packed up. An official warning had come to keep ready to leave at a half-hour's notice. A column of German and Italian tanks had been spotted as it crossed the Wire, moving speedily toward us. Naturally, it was still quite far away. The next morning, after breakfast, we learned that, after having come fairly near, it had suddenly veered away from us. British camps in different areas of the desert were now getting the order to be "ready to move at a half-hour's notice." An R. A. F. wing commander, whom we met just after he had seen General Auchinleck, summed up the situation thus: "The commander in chief shows complete confidence and has not the faintest idea where his troops are." I was to remember this as the most concrete description of the war in the Western Desert.

With Randolph Churchill and Russell Hill of the Herald Tribune I motored to the nearest R. A. F. station, Squadron 112. The pilots of that squadron invited us to stay for lunch. On this day of "confused operations" which had been definitely bad for the British, I felt completely safe, confident while sitting in the warm sun with a few young men, laughing at their silly jokes and talking nonsense with them. I think I was simply verifying this absolute law: that in a war the best men always happened to be at the front, either because they had asked to be sent there or because they had *not* asked *not* to be sent there.

When I got back to Cairo it had been arranged that I should visit the port in the Red Sea by which American and English war material was getting to the Middle East. The following morning I was driven along the well guarded road linking Cairo and the Suez Canal area. When we reached the completely smooth Red Sea, there was a big convoy of ships just arrived from Great Britain, via the Cape, bringing thousands of English and South African soldiers. A tiny tugboat, which had come from New York on the deck of a larger ship, took us to one of the American freighters. I recognized the Mauretania, now a transport ship painted gray; the Nieuw Amsterdam; and the huge Georgic.

The American captain insisted, with true Yankee hospitality, on giving us a breakfast of coffee, bread, butter, and cheese in his quarters. Then I watched the unloading. Crates of Chevrolet and Ford trucks were waltzing in the air amid shrieks and gnashing of chains. The skipper said proudly, "Quite a number of crates for democracy, eh?" This was the first time I had heard the word "democracy" since I had left America, and it had taken an American to pronounce it. On the second ship I visited—the Syros, from the Lykes Brothers Steamship Company in Galveston—gray-haired Captain William Zeiss loaded me with packages of cigarettes after I had fought desperately not to eat and drink too much of the good things he had offered. He kept repeating, "Please, do give these cigarettes to some of the British boys in the desert. And *please* don't fail to tell them that they are a present from the United States merchant marine."

THE day after this expedition I came down with malignant malaria and spent a week in bed. The first visitor who entered my room was General Georges Catroux, the delegate general of Free France in the Levant. Almost every day some friends in uniform, on leave in Cairo for a few hours, would come to see me and give me the latest gossip from the Western Desert. A peculiar conversation had taken place some days before between a Free Frenchman and a German prisoner. The *Feldwebel* had been dumfounded to discover that some Frenchmen were fighting side by side with the British. Dr. Goebbels' propaganda to the German troops had apparently never mentioned the existence of the Free French forces. The *Feldwebel* kept repeating, "But all of Europe is now fighting Bolshevism. The French are fighting with us too. You cannot be on both sides at the same time!"

The Alsatian tried to make it clear that the so-called "Anti-Bolshevik Legion" sent from Paris to the Russian front consisted of a few hundred mercenaries. Then he told about the small army formed by de Gaulle in England after the armistice. The German said, "But *why* do you do this?" The Alsatian answered, "For honor." The German insisted: "But *why?* You had an armistice. You had the luck to be at peace. How could you keep voluntarily at war against orders? I have been glad to fight for my country, and I believe Germany will win. But if I got orders to lay down my gun, I would do so."

"Orders" was the big word that separated the German and the Free Frenchman. When the command from the top had collapsed, however, the Free Frenchman had been able, all alone, to make his choice and his sacrifice. He had invented a simple order for himself: "I will fight for the freedom of France."

On Monday, December 8, at seven in the morning, we got the news of Pearl Harbor. I had arranged to go to Alexandria on Wednesday, December 10. I had an appointment there with three submarine commanders named Raw, Brown, and Woods. Commandant Raw was in charge of all the submarines operating in this area. These shy, silent men told me, in short understatements, about their life under water. When on a mission they did not even communicate by radio with the shore, in order to preserve complete secrecy on their movements. This silence lasted up to twenty-one days, "and," said one of the commanders, "if after forty-two days we go on being silent, it can be assumed that we are lost."

The "sub" crews often slept in the daytime while moving slowly under water, and they "worked" at night. They lived in air unrenewed for as long as twenty-four hours at a time. Neither did they see much: the periscope could be put out only occasionally for a few seconds. This whole business of manning a submarine, said the Englishmen, was "pretty awkward." When they sent a torpedo at a ship three or four miles away, it was "luck indeed" if the torpedo and the ship met. The worst of all was "to be vertical men, on two feet, bumping into other vertical men on vertical steps inside the narrow sub." One of the commanders declared with a grin, "Sometimes I simply have to come back to port. I just cannot stand my second officer any longer—meeting him all the time." The second officer was the commander's closest friend.

Commandant Woods told me briefly how he had found himself surrounded by ten Italian warships attempting to hit him with depth charges. Two hundred and twenty exploded in the water, some of them so close to the submerged vessel that it was thrown upward five or six yards and shaken all over. The crew stood the ordeal magnificently, and the submarine reached its base safely. "But we were frightened to death, believe me," said the commandant. I asked, "And what were you doing with your submarine, all alone under the Italian men-of-war?" The shy man laughed a little and replied, "Well, as a matter of fact, I was just getting ready to attack them."

I left Africa for Asia in an Egyptian plane. My first stay was in Damascus, at the home of General Catroux. I was almost drunk with happiness to have found again the France in which I believed. From morning till night I chatted with our officers and soldiers.

The new President of Syria, Sheik Tageddine el Hassani, said to me, "Hitler has been steadily promising independence and supremacy in the Levant to the Moslem Syrians. By creating the Republic of Syria, Free France and Great Britain have cut the efficiency of this Nazi propaganda by half." He defined Syria's position in the war: "We will be the allies of all countries fighting the Axis." Then he added, with many smiles on his round and affable face, "It is great luck that General Catroux should be the man with whom we shall try to solve our difficulties. What he will achieve here will also have repercussions in North Africa."

WHILE I visited our orderly military camps in Syria and Lebanon, I remembered exhausted and indignant Frenchmen whom I had seen, in the summer of 1940, as they landed in Britain after fantastic escapes. Many were determined to fight under any circumstances. They undoubtedly would have found means to do so even if de Gaulle had remained silent. But without de Gaulle, what foreign uniform would they be wearing? De Gaulle had made it possible for every French soldier, every civilian, to go on waging the war as a Frenchman, under a national leadership. He had ensured the continuity of France's belligerency in the war. All of us who saw the general in London in July, 1940, will forever remember that in this darkest of hours of our history he did not give up. He went right on training his handful of volunteers. People said, "De Gaulle is difficult." He was. He had a defiant, even an arrogant, way of being right. But what of it? He *was* right. What he had done could perhaps only have been attempted by a man with a temper.

General Catroux explained to me the necessity of the offensive action taken in May, 1941, by the British and the Free French in which Frenchmen had to shoot other Frenchmen who fought for Vichy. "We simply could not afford to see Syria and Lebanon gradually penetrated by the enemy," he said. "They command to a large extent the Middle Eastern area. They provide the best strategic line of resistance against German invasion from the north."

I learned that General Catroux had decided that no promotions or rewards should be granted for any deed accomplished by his men in that grievous battle. He felt that none would want a reward for fighting other Frenchmen. He also had ordered that the dead of both sides have the same epitaph carved on identical crosses: Mort pour la France (Died for France).

General Catroux lent me his car for the first part of my way to Iraq and Iran. We followed the shore of the Sea of Galilee to Nazareth. To motor, if I may say so, through the Old and the New Testaments made me strangely incapable of finding out for myself if the countryside was beautiful or banal. The meaning of the places I passed was everything. When thinking of Jesus' teachings, so tremendously powerful and yet so powerless, one felt a strange despair and the temptation to say sadly to Him: "You told us to be kind and forgiving, but for twenty solid centuries wretched, incorrigible men have gone on being merciless, full of violence and of hatred. Religious men and atheists alike have lived and ruled in a non-Christian way—and look at us now: we've never been in a worse mess!"

I stopped briefly in Jerusalem and went by plane to Teheran. There I learned that I could not get to know the Iranians in the political and journalistic circles without visiting cards. French friends rushed to have some engraved. That took two weeks.

It was amazing to be received by the modern-mad Shah in an office that could just as well have been located in Rockefeller Center, New York. The palace had squarely cut marble panels and indirect lights. Reza Shah Pahlevi is a thin tall boy of twenty-two. He wore an officer's pale green uniform. He had black curly hair, thick eyebrows. In his handsome face the eyes were very dark, sensitive, and proud, the features sharp, the nose high-bridged. He talked freely, intelligently, of conditions in Iran, France, England, Russia, and the United States, always coming back to the necessity of national unity in times of peril, of international unity at all times. He hoped that the nations leagued against Hitler would remain bound together after the war and would produce a coherent world policy that smaller countries such as Iran could follow. The young Shah asked me a few questions about President Roosevelt, and expressed the desire to establish the closest possible relations between Iran and America. His soft timid voice pronounced the word "democracy"—a word to which he was not yet really accustomed.

His wife, Queen Fazia, received me at tea. She looked like a lovely American debutante—with a round childish face, carefully made up, and brown hair that she wore à la Brenda Frazier. Her sky-blue silk jersey dress came from Paris. On her tiny feet she had precious and complicated sandals made for her in Switzerland. She was just twenty. She evidently missed Egypt, her family, and her palace on the banks of the Nile. She also missed France—for the dresses and the hats.

From Iran I flew north into the Russian winter. We landed at Baku on melting snow, in sight of a forest of slim pyramidal silhouettes—oil derricks—standing between the white ground and the blue sky. This was the city Adolf Hitler probably coveted the most in the whole world. We boarded an old bus and jolted along. Near the city the road became a street between low workshops with whole walls of glass panels. Then came larger workshops, then huge industrial buildings, some of them bearing over the front entrance enormous colored portraits of Stalin and his generals.

Next day I flew on to Kuybyshev. In the hotel there I learned to pile my two coats on my bed at night. I wrung a small gasoline stove from the manager, and a promise of a jug of hot water and a basin in the morning. I got used to ordering food from a very old waiter with a shaved head who looked like the grandfather of Erich von Stroheim and who understood a few words of German. There was plenty of food for us foreigners—plenty—and never once did I pass one of the long food queues in the icy street without feeling deeply ashamed of the privileged conditions I enjoyed. I never got used to the sly and insistent look of some of the hotel employees. I could not swear they had orders to spy on us, but I suppose they were so accustomed to spying on foreigners that they just could not stop doing it.

In Kuybyshev, as later on in Moscow, my overwhelming impressions were: (1) The people had very hard lives. (2) They absolutely did not care if their lives were hard. (3) Everybody worked. I never came across anybody who was, at the same time, healthy and idle. (4) The sole concern of all men and women was the war. To win the war, to help the soldiers of the Red Army who waged the war, the people were ready for any sacrifice Stalin would ask for.

I visited the military hospital on the outskirts of the town and talked to a General Korniev, a man in the fifties with a tired face that had retained an expression of formidable strength. He was recovering from serious head wounds. His cavalry division had taken part in the defense of Smolensk, and had for a time been surrounded by the Germans. The last thing he remembered after being wounded was that, realizing a withdrawal was inevitable, he had gathered the volunteers who were to remain behind the German lines to wage guerrilla warfare, given them his last instructions and wished them luck.

"You see," he told me, delivering each word slowly, so as to keep his head motionless, "I have known the Germans for a long time. I fought them in the last war."

I wanted to know what, in his opinion, were the most decisive elements in the defense of a country fighting a foreign invader. His answer was:

"When a nation defends her own soil, the morale of the soldiers, the valor of the chiefs, and the morale and co-operation of the civilians are the things which ultimately decide the issue. In the region of the front where I was in command, I could give orders to the civilians as well as to the soldiers. The evacuation of the civilians, for instance, was under my supervision. This co-ordination between the movements of the civilians and of the armed forces is absolutely essential."

Commissar Nelsine, to whom I next talked, spoke vigorously of his hatred of the Nazis and of his infinite contempt for them. He used the favorite insult of the modern Russians in accusing the Germans of being "uncultured." "If you saw the books and the pictures, the photographs that we find in their packs when we take them prisoners . . . only the lowest, the most common literature!" He added angrily, "Think how *ignorant* some of these Germans are! I have actually questioned some prisoners who did not know who Stalin was. Here, in Russia, there is not a peasant in Siberia who has not been told about Fascism, who is not aware of what it means."

With some other correspondents I visited a factory which had been evacuated from Moscow. It was part of a larger plant. One correspondent, a tall dark American, asked the secretary, "Where do your evacuated workers eat and sleep?"

Something then happened, which I mention only because I think it illustrates one of the typical misunderstandings between Russia at war and her Allied visitors. After a lengthy discussion in Russian with the interpreter, the factory manager answered reluctantly and in general terms. To tell us about shabby crowded rooms or about poor food was not part of the Party program. I wondered for a long time, though, why the Russian had not given the American a direct answer—something like this: "My dear fellow, we are struggling on a two-thousand-mile front, and the Germans are eight hundred miles deep in our country. While we were being attacked and bombed from each side, we have shifted our factory. We *don't* have proper accommodations for our workers. We don't even have proper meals yet for our workers. They suffer, and we know it. These same workers, though, go on making ball bearings at a higher rate of production than in peacetime. In a country that is a battlefield, this is a factory evacuated in a dreadful emergency. It is not an enterprise destined to convince you of the greatness of the Soviet regime."

I remember the words of Anthony Eden: between Russia and her allies there was "a legacy of suspicion on both sides." I could little by little see where the "suspicion" lay. The visitors from Allied countries were still thinking in terms of passing a final judgment on the Soviet way of life. The Russians knew that and skillfully played at the game of "Everything in the U. S. S. R. is better than anywhere else."

ONE Sunday I paid a visit to a very famous person—who also happened to be the one and only smartly dressed woman I met in the U. S. S. R. The twenty-five-year-old Mme. Olga Lepeshinskaya was perhaps the best, and certainly the second best, ballerina in the country, a classical dancer with an incomparable grace and first-class technique. She had been awarded, for the year 1941, the Stalin Prize of a hundred thousand rubles, the highest award that an artist could get. It was the policy of the government, she said, that artists should go on with their work. She begged me to come that night to a New Year's celebration for the children of the town, saying, "I am only doing a little bit in the show, but it is the kids that I really want you to see."

I went with Liuba Mieston, whom I had met the day before. She was a lieutenant in the Army, working at the Soviet Information Bureau—a short, plump, fresh-looking woman of thirty-five. Her father had won his rank during the Civil War. Her husband, a lieutenant colonel in the artillery, was at the front. She had spent three more years in the officers' school, learning tactics, strategy, discipline, and command. Then she had taken the oath in the Army. On the left side of her olive-green military tunic she wore the Award of Merit. Liuba was enthusiastic. She liked to laugh, and her simple, straightforward manner had quickly given me the impression that I had known her for years. She spoke very good French.

At the clubhouse we were told that in the last ten days forty thousand children had been entertained. A different show had been given each day for boys and girls under twelve years of age. The place was packed. At one end of the large ballroom downstairs was a military band of the Red Army, come to make the children dance. In the middle of the room was a glittering Christmas tree—or was it a New Year tree? Father Christmas had been banned from Russia, but replaced by "Father Winter." The band was playing, fortissimo, a peasant dance. A girl started dancing with a boy, singing as she danced.

The children were shy at first; then they tried to follow the leading couple, became all confused and mixed up, bumped into each other, and seemed to have lots of fun. They were almost all neatly dressed—much better than the grown-ups. During a Georgian dance a robust young soldier of the orchestra suddenly left his trumpet, jumped off his chair, and rushed to dance solo around the fir tree. The young audience immediately assembled in a circle and started clapping hands. The soldier danced wildly, with the assurance and gusto of a born artist. A woman near me said, "For sure, he is from Georgia. Only a man from Georgia could dance like that."

When Lepeshinskaya made her entrance, it was obvious these hundreds of children knew her very well. She herself looked like a happy child. The floor was rough, the spotlights were all wrong, and the piano accompaniment poor. But she danced the most difficult steps with a delighted smile.

There was an ovation that lasted and lasted. All I had to do now was to go backstage, to the dressing room of the star and say: "Mrs. Secretary of the Anti-Fascist Youth Committee, I congratulate you with all my heart."

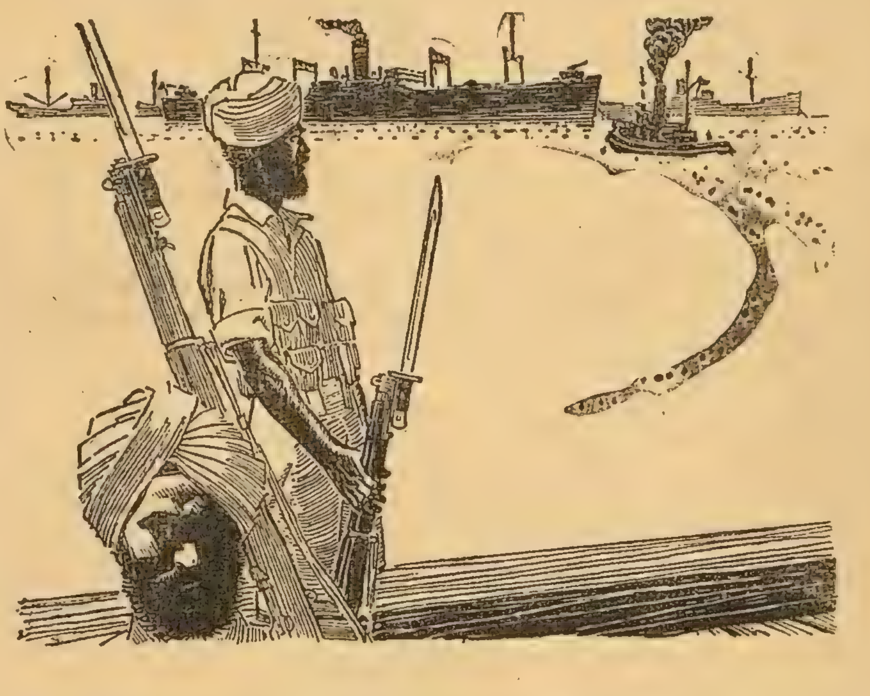
We walked back to the hotel, making plans. Mr. Lozovsky, the Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, had decided that I should not be requested to follow the routine imposed on other correspondents and that my trip to Russia should have an independent program. Lieutenant Mieston had just been attached to me for the length of my stay in the U. S. S. R. The next morning we left by plane for Moscow.

There were fifteen of us, mostly Russian officers. The only women were my companion and myself, and I was the only foreigner. I first tried to conceal how deadly cold I was, but then I made this important discovery: *the Russians were cold too,* just as cold as I. I just let myself shiver without shame.

At the Moscow airfield, while we were carrying our bags across the snow to a car, a Red Cross plane coming from the front landed only a few yards away from us. An ambulance drove up to it immediately. Suddenly the war was there, right close to me.

I knew that the enemy had come as near as thirty miles from the capital and was now only eighty miles away from it—that the town had been dreadfully threatened and repeatedly bombed. By comparison with the scars of London, the damage in Moscow seemed to me very slight.

Most of the shops were open, though their windows were boarded up. Liuba Mieston spent some time choosing books for her stepdaughter. Then she made an attempt to get some face powder and failed. She pouted and said, "Oh, well, we'll put powder on our faces after we win the war."



On Thursday, January 15, four of us—a Russian chauffeur, Colonel Boltin, Lieutenant Mieston, and myself—in a baby Ford of Russian make, camouflaged in white, started for the front. We drove in an unending procession of tanks, of armored cars and staff cars, of heavy and light guns, all Russian-built, rolling toward the battle. Jammed in open trucks were the fresh troops brought to the advancing armies. I had never seen healthier-looking and better-equipped men. Every single officer had a sheep's-wool-lined coat. Every man looked thick and fat in his army overcoat, worn over five or six other garments. The civilians' meat and butter were in the soldiers' rations, the wool was on their backs so that they could fight the Germans.

In front of a village church I noticed a solitary tank, medium weight, camouflaged in green and brown instead of the usual white. I wondered about that tank wearing a summer dress at a winter-sports party. The colonel said, "It is one of the new tanks from England."

After we had passed Talitza, the first village on the road that had been occupied by the Germans, the landscape changed entirely in character. Shells and bombs had destroyed the houses, damaged the factories. Explosives had annihilated the bridges. Of the houses to which the Germans had set fire before retreating, everything else but the large Russian stoves and the chimneys of red brick had been burned away. In one village, out of 141 houses, I counted five standing.

Most of the destroyed bridges that we passed had already been replaced by temporary wooden structures, well built, very strong. We saw the peasants and the soldiers toiling together on the new bridges. A group of peasants came along the road, dragging an empty little sleigh. They were wrapped in worn-out coats and shawls. There were three women, one old man, one child. One of the women had no shoes, only rags and bands of paper fastened around her feet. When they saw the officers' uniforms of my companions, they came nearer, eager to hear news from the front line and to tell us about the misery they had endured. In every place of the liberated zone of Russia I was to witness this spontaneous rallying of the peasants around anybody wearing the uniform of the Red Army. I could measure how deep was the mutual trust, how strong were the bonds between the people toiling on the land of Russia and the soldiers fighting for that land.

A young girl said to us that the only men among the invaders who had helped her family to some extent were Austrians in the German Army. She told it this way: "They would let us take a few warm things before fleeing to the forest. They would warn us not to go near their officers, lest these men attack us. At the beginning, when the Fascists were still sure of a quick victory, the Austrians were even saying to us, 'If you let them touch you, our officers will ship you back to Berlin after the peace is signed.' But that was superfluous advice. While the Germans were in the village we did not wash or comb our hair—we did everything we could think of to look older and be left alone."

When we left them I was saying to myself, "Russia happens to be the only place in Europe where today one can see towns, villages, and people liberated from the Germans. But the story I am hearing now is really the story of Europe. When the United Nations win the war, millions of witnesses will rise and give their implacable testimony. The survivors of a tortured Europe will welcome with tears of joy their liberators from across the seas. But what may happen then is this: These people will listen to the lenient talk, to the lenient and imprudent peace plans of their liberators. They will discover that the liberators have already settled everything, have rearranged Europe according to their own ideas. At such a time the persecuted people will say to their allies: "'You don't understand. *We* understand. We have had the German Army in our villages, on our land. We have had the German men in our houses.'"

WE met a procession of Russian soldiers coming back from the advanced positions for a period of rest. I looked at them for signs of exhaustion. I could not find any. They had the same wonderful equipment as the soldiers going to the front in fast-driving trucks and their uniforms were only a little shabbier and less clean. Every single man was neatly shaved, as for a parade.

There were women with the battalion—the first women I had seen on duty in the front zone. A few were army doctors and medical aides. Others were members of the auxiliary services; these probably held liaison jobs, such as telephonists or typists. Three of the women, wearing the same thick army coats as the men, were sitting in the open, on a gun carriage dragged by horses. They had pink healthy cheeks under their fur caps. As they passed our car they threw spontaneous and gay smiles in our direction—the smiles of nice-looking girls who had not in the least given up being pretty, despite the thirty degrees below zero—a flash of youth amid all this devastation.

When there was still one hour of daylight left, I asked Colonel Boltin if we could get nearer to the fighting. He consented to take us as far as Mikhailovka, a hamlet that had been retaken from the Germans only two days before. The roads were jammed with soldiers, trucks, and cars, with tanks in good condition, and also with German and Russian tanks helplessly stuck in the snow. Ambulance cars, some of them heated with coal stoves, were moving swiftly about. On a side road I could see heaps of booty: German helmets, German rifles, German machine guns, German bicycles.

On the main street, I saw a German prisoner, walking between two Russian soldiers. A child, perhaps seven years old, happened at that moment to come down the steep street on his skis. Without slowing down, he tried to hit the German with his long sticks as he passed him. He missed him, slid away, and vanished. The sentries made—too late—a clumsy move to protect the captive.

In front of us I began to hear Soviet artillery attacking enemy positions. We began to meet Russian soldiers coming back on foot to the army hospital after having received first aid in advanced positions.

In the zone that had been reconquered in the last two days, there were hundreds and hundreds of Germans freshly killed, lying in the snow, mixed up with dead horses and disabled guns. The falling snow gradually shrouded them all. The Nazis had retreated too fast to bury these soldiers—yet they had had time to mine many of the frozen corpses so that the Russians, when burying them, should be killed by the explosions. Colonel Boltin warned me not to touch any of the dead.

I GOT out of the car, and approached an abandoned tank. Three dead German soldiers were lying around it. Their uniforms told the whole drama of Germany's fight against the Russian winter. They were of thin wool, hardly warm enough for a man quartered in occupied France. The boots were of black leather, tight—the very thing that makes the cold unbearable. One of the men had wrapped around his waist, under his uniform coat, a woolen shawl which looked very much like those worn on the heads of Russian women.

Our car went nearer still to the fighting, and the shelling became very loud. We could see the position from where the Russian guns fired. But then we turned back. We had reached the invisible line beyond which a colonel of the Red Army did not want to take any foreigner, male or female. Only a few yards away from the German corpses, soldiers were repairing telegraph poles. Children from the hamlet of Mikhailovka, liberated only two days before, were skiing on the road and laughing. Somebody seemed to be living and working in every house that had not been destroyed.

Major General A. A. Vlasov, the commander in charge of this section of the front, made his home in one of the few houses that had escaped fire and shelling. When we arrived he was sleeping—for the first time in five days. His officers woke him up, for which I thought he would hate us. He didn't, though. He enthusiastically decided that we should stay for supper with him. We had hot tea, bread and butter, various *zakuski* (hors d'oeuvres), and other food that no money could have bought for a civilian anywhere in the capital. There were five of us around the table: the general, Colonel Boltin, Lieutenant Mieston, the woman army doctor in charge of that region of the front, and myself. While we were finishing, the general cleared one side of the table, unfolded a large map, took a pencil, and started explaining to me what had been going on in his region and why he had not had a chance to sleep for so long. He obviously considered Stalin not only as the political leader of Russia but also as the generalissimo of the troops. Time and again he said, "Stalin's orders are . . ." or "Stalin's plan is . . ." as if the man in the Kremlin were his commander in chief, his direct superior.

As we parted, late in the evening, and as I was telling General Vlasov how very useless civilians like myself felt when they were meeting officers and soldiers on active duty, fighting our common enemy, he answered with a warm and direct sincerity that made his face and his voice very moving, "My blood belongs to my fatherland."

I got an idea of the spirit that prevailed in the factories of the war zone when I visited one of the modern plants of the Moscow region and chatted with some of the women workers making hand grenades. I asked, "Where did you seek shelter when Moscow was bombed?" They looked surprised. They said, "Shelter? We were not supposed to seek shelter. We were supposed to keep the machine tools at work, bombing or no bombs." (The manager, at this point, interrupted to say that twelve bombs had fallen in the vast factory grounds, doing little damage except breaking windows, and that the work had not been interrupted "even for two minutes." The women thanked him with a smile for the compliment.) I asked them, "Eleven hours a day, making grenades and mines, munitions, mine throwers . . . are you tired?" I shall never forget the way those Russian women and girls proudly shook their heads. "No, no, we are not tired—not tired." One of the women put forward what I had found was the motto of all Russian civilians at work: "Our men, the soldiers in the Red Army, fight night and day in the snow at the front, at forty below zero, and they are not tired. How should we *dare* be tired?" A young girl looked me straight in the eyes, and said boastfully, "We *like* it. We like working eleven hours."

THE manager and four engineers of the factory talked with me. With my incurable habit of speaking freely on any subject that I have at heart, I said, "The work you are doing is magnificent. The spirit in which you are doing it is magnificent. Don't you regret, in the light of present events, having underestimated Germany's strength in 1939, and having gone to so much trouble to weaken the countries—France and England—who, 'imperialistic' as they may have been, were nevertheless fighting your potential enemy, Hitler? I am wondering why you made the additional, superfluous move of slowing down the work in our war plants in the West. This seems to me worse than the Russian-German pact itself."

A dead silence fell. Liuba Mieston shot at me a funny disapproving look. Then the manager said coldly, "We know absolutely nothing of what the Communist parties in foreign countries such as England and France thought advisable to do when the war broke out, and we cannot endorse or disavow their actions. Between them and us there is no link of common responsibility."

His icy answer meant to me something like this: "Quite possibly the Comintern did give 'slowing down' instructions to the workers of France and England when you went to war. But I am certainly not going to approve your Communists for having obeyed such orders. What kind of people were they anyway, not to work overtime for the defense of their country in danger?"

I visited Tula, a town that had not yielded under the German attack lasting from October 29 until December 15, and had kept on battling the enemy under conditions that many military experts would have called "desperate." A town of 350,000 inhabitants had thus been saved, a large war industry center had been kept at work, a vital line of communication had been maintained.

That day something like one thousand representatives had come to Tula from every district of the region to exchange information and to study plans for repairing the damage suffered by Tula itself and by the towns and villages that had been temporarily occupied by the enemy and were now liberated. It was nearly eleven that evening before the Communist Party's secretary for that region could see me. He was a young tall man, quite handsome, with a motionless face. He sat very straight behind a bare desk. He spoke slowly and loudly, as if he were addressing a crowd. He never mentioned a single deed accomplished by one particular person. He wanted the whole population of Tula, the whole of the Red Army, and the whole of Soviet Russia to get the credit for any heroic action he mentioned. Many months later, during the epic battle for Stalingrad, I was to remember the way he answered my question, "How does one save a besieged city?"

"First, and before everything, one saves a besieged city by swearing that the enemy will not get into it. In a situation such as the one that faced us here in Tula, it is all-important to meet the issue squarely and be absolutely determined to die rather than yield. The greatest element of resistance is this very will to resist, unanimously shared by the responsible leaders and all the inhabitants of a town. We possessed this will in Tula. After resisting in turn Napoleon and Denikin, we certainly had no intention to hand Tula over to Hitler."

Next morning I was taken to visit the estate where Leo Tolstoy had lived the greater part of his life. To the left of it was the village, dominated by the square building of the modern Leo Tolstoy School. The school now had no roof and there were gaping windows in its high walls blackened by fire. A little farther away were a burned hospital and a burned home for old people. I could not understand the motive of the monotonous, systematic devastation that I had been watching everywhere in my trips to the liberated zone. *Why* destroy a place like this?

I felt, incidentally, that the phrase "scorched-earth policy" had been used indiscriminately in the Allied world when speaking of the Russian campaign. People had been made to believe that the units of the Red Army, when they retreated, left nothing but the bare soil behind them. This, of course, was not true. For one thing, the Russians would not have wrecked the houses where their people lived; in the deadly cold winter it would simply have meant death for the peasants. What was true was that the engineers of the Red Army had been destroying everything that could help the enemy: bridges, railroads, factories, stocks of supplies, and such tremendous works as the famous Dnieper Dam. They had made sensible, intelligent sacrifices, necessary for the war, and they had had the fortitude not to indulge in being sentimental about them. The real "scorched-earth policy" in all its barbarian horror had been pursued by the Germans, not by the Russians. Here was destruction for destruction's sake, destruction that could not influence the issue of the battle in the least. At what once had been Leo Tolstoy's home, the curator's sister told us that during the hours before the German retreat, on December 14, flames mounted from the schoolhouse, then from the teacher's home, then from the hospital, then from Tolstoy's own house. To do a quicker job, three Germans took a car and drove from place to place, lighting the fires on their way. They had previously destroyed the modern fire equipment of the museum, and Tolstoy's home was saved only through the desperate efforts of five members of the museum's staff. After the Germans departed, it was discovered that one book from Tolstoy's library was missing. A German officer had taken it. It was a volume of poetry by Heine—the Jew whose famous works were now banned from Nazi Germany.

TWO days later the foreign correspondents arrived in Moscow. Their railway carriage had been hitched by mistake to a slow train instead of a fast one, and they had spent six deadly cold days wandering between Kuybyshev and Moscow. I don't think they found it particularly comforting to be greeted at the Metropole Hotel by a woman, to a certain extent a rival, who had been able to fly from Kuybyshev to Moscow a week ahead of them, in four hours instead of six days—thanks, I think, to the name of Curie. When I happened to pay an "off the record" visit to the high official who could best deal with the situation, I abruptly asked why the American and English correspondents should have such difficulties in doing a good job in Russia. Here was a group of writers who belonged to countries at war, now allied with the Soviet Union, and who were certainly anxious to depict the Russian war effort with the utmost honesty, ability, and talent—many of them with real enthusiasm.

"Now that they are back in Moscow," he replied, "we are planning several trips for them that will enable them to do some first-class work." This proved, later on, to be true. "Secondly, you must consider that we are obliged to treat more or less alike all the journalists permanently accredited to our country. Almost all American and English writers are full of sympathy toward our war effort. One or two are not, and could not be relied upon to keep anything resembling a military secret. We feel compelled to treat the men whom we trust the most not much better than the men whom we don't trust at all.

"Thirdly, Mlle. Curie, we are not going to forget so quickly the way the Soviet Union has been calumniated, insulted, and attacked, day after day, month after month, for twenty-five solid years in the countries that are now

(Continued on page 45)

An average of 2,400 applicants visit the New York Office of the Army Emergency Relief each week.

Waiting for an allotment? Having a baby? No serviceman's dependent need ever be in a tough spot—thanks to the care, counsel, and hard cash handed out by Army Emergency Relief

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES K. HORWITZ

KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

THE draft has made it necessary for many families to become adjusted to separations, a reduced standard of living, and intensified emotional strain. Today when we speak of morale we mean not only the well-being of the men of our armed forces but the security and happiness of the loved ones they have left behind, the ones they are fighting for.

Recognizing that family morale is the basis of military morale, Army Emergency Relief was organized more than a year ago by direction of the Secretary of War. Major General Irving J. Phillipson is its executive director. Although financed by public contributions and the proceeds of such benefits as the highly successful soldier show This Is the Army, Army Emergency Relief is an integral part of the War Department and is administered as an Army activity. It is a streamlined, quick-acting organization, shorn of red tape, equipped to render speedy service in a personal way to soldiers and their dependents. Its aim is to free soldiers from worry over their personal affairs, thus enabling them to devote their full energy and attention to winning the war.

Army Emergency Relief wants every man in the Army and all his dependents to know how its facilities may be used, should an emergency arise. Soldiers in need of aid may apply to their commanding officers. Their dependents may apply to the nearest Army camp, the Red Cross, or direct to Army Emergency Relief, War Department, Washington, D. C. Each applicant is interviewed by an Army officer, and receives assistance in accordance with his needs. Eligibility is determined by relationship or previous financial dependency on the soldier.

Army Emergency Relief is concerned with anything which affects the soldier or his family. Examples are emergencies arising among dependents of casualties between the time when the allotment of pay is discontinued and insurance is received; cases where pay is expected but not received; cases where the sudden transfer or movement of the soldier from camp has caused hardship to his dependents; cases where induction into the service temporarily disrupts the family budget until the allotment and allowance money comes through; cases of a secret or confidential nature; cases of an emergency character which cannot be handled as expeditiously by the Red Cross due to lack of facilities, and cases which have been referred to Army Emergency Relief by other organizations.

Assistance given may be an outright money grant, relief in kind, a loan, or much needed service and advice. Relief in kind may be in the form of food, shelter, fuel, clothing, medical care, or hospitalization. Loans are made without security or interest and are considered to be the moral obligation of the borrower. Repayment may be in installments.

Assistance is furnished in securing allotments, allowances, arrears of pay, death gratuities, pensions, or insurance. Dependents are advised of their privileges under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1942; of their legal rights pertaining to rents, leases, installment payments, life-insurance premiums, income taxes. In short, Army Emergency Relief serves as a source of information on Army problems involving a soldier and his dependents.

In New York City, Army Emergency Relief is administered by Major General Thomas A. Terry, in charge of the Second Service Command. An average of 2,400 applicants visit the office each week. The growth of Army Emergency Relief in the New York area is shown by the disbursements of $62,504 for relief in a recent month.

Its Vocational Service has in its short period of existence registered some 6,193 dependents of soldiers for jobs. Work was found for 1,500 women alone—wives, sisters, and even mothers of service men, many of whom have never worked before.

Its Health Consultation Service, which recently got under way, has interviewed and advised 2,138 dependents of soldiers and has provided visiting nurse service to 446 families.

The Maternity Advisory Service, another new department of Army Emergency Relief in New York, saw 517 prospective mothers in April alone, arranging for prenatal care and hospitalization. This same group also provided layettes, baby carriages, cribs, and toys.

The Vocational Service, Health Consultation Service, and Maternity Advisory Service of New York City's Army Emergency Relief office have been staffed by a group of prominent women volunteers under the able chairmanship of Mrs. Preston Davie. Several professional social workers have functioned as consultants.

Here are some everyday illustrations of what Army Emergency Re-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Kent's secret investigation leads to a startling discovery, but a warning from the mysterious Fernandez thwarts the search that could have exposed the hidden menace on the island

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KAREN CHRISTENSEN, whose grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, and Eric Krause, both Danes, ran the inn, Wheel of Fortune, on St. John in the Virgin Islands, discovered a lifeboat on the beach. There was an emaciated young man in it, and when she bent over him he said:

"'M Alan Kent—first officer—tanker Shoshone—torpedoed—Atlantic—twe'-six days 'go—others dead."

Against Krause's wishes, she took Kent to the inn and cared for him. Krause was anything but cordial to Kent, and Kent didn't like Krause.

Karen had expected to marry Krause, mainly because her grandfather wanted her to—but Kent changed all that. One moonlit night she found herself in his arms whispering, "This is what I've wanted. Oh, Alan, I love you so!"

Krause saw them together and later told Kent that Karen was romantic—that she wasn't really in love. "She nursed you back to health," he said. "It would be strange, particularly in her case, if she didn't dramatize the situation into a shoddy little affair."

Kent knocked him down—and the next day wondered if he had been right to do it. For Karen herself told him she hadn't been serious.

"I guess I owe Eric an apology," he said.

"I guess you do," she replied.

That afternoon Mister Willie Marsh, a mulatto plantation owner, told Kent a strange thing about Krause. The dock and the Diesel plant which supplied the inn with electricity had been built by labor brought from outside. The maintenance yard was fenced in, and the gate was always locked.

Musing on this, Kent rode back to Wheel of Fortune, intending to leave at once, as Karen had asked him to. At the inn he received another surprise. Krause introduced three new guests—Mr. Slane and Mr. Forrest of New York, and Mr. Fernandez of San Juan.

Kent stopped short as he recognized the first two men. The captain of the U-boat which had sunk the Shoshone had had the lifeboat drawn close to question the survivors. These men had been on the sub's bridge. And the captain had addressed them as "Herr Vogel" and "Herr Bosch"!

KAREN cried out, "Alan!" warning him. Even then he noticed her use of his given name, sensed the concern in her tone. He breathed deeply and forced a smile.

She backed away from him. "No!" she gasped. "No, no, Alan! No!"

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

BY JOHN JENNINGS

"Sorry!" he said. "I—I'm a bit dizzy. I guess I'm not as strong as I thought I was."

He looked at Karen as he said it. That gave him the opportunity to pretend he had not seen Vogel's hand. When he looked back the hand had been withdrawn, and he was able to acknowledge the introductions with a nod. Evidently they did not recognize him. The soot and oil that had smeared his features that night in the boat explained that. Karen flushed at his glance and turned to Eric.

"Mr. Kent has a favor to ask," she said.

"So?" Krause's eyebrows rose.

Kent looked from him to Karen to the two Germans and back, and spoke on sudden impulse.

"I've changed my mind."

Karen went white. "You—" she began.

He made a little bow in her direction. Unreasonably he felt suddenly very much relieved, very gay and lighthearted. He said, "I think I'll stay."

He dared not look at Eric lest he laugh aloud. He kept his eyes fastened on Karen, who stared back at him in unbelief. There was a long silence. It was Fernandez who broke it.

"Well, since that is settled, shall we go on? I grow tired of standing, señores. I could do with a drink."

LOOKING at him then, Kent really saw him for the first time. He was short—shorter than Bosch—and not slender. At the same time he was not fat, only somewhat plump and with just a suggestion of hardness about him. His hands and feet were small, and his fine white linen suit was immaculately cut. His face was round and broad in the cheekbones. His eyes were dark, almost black, and bland; his mouth generous, full-lipped. Just now he was smiling as he looked from Karen to Kent and back, and his teeth flashed almost startlingly white against the black of his carefully trimmed mustache and the swart olive of his skin. It was a typically Latin face, Kent decided; suave, urbane, disingenuous, but quite harmless.

The other men were smiling too now, and Kent sensed with relief that they were attributing the scene to a lovers' quarrel. They were not at all suspicious. Only Krause looked grim.

They moved on up the path to the gallery, and while the others filed into the lobby Kent went on to his own room. He wanted time to figure this out.

He did not need to be told, of course, that in some way the appearance of Bosch and Vogel was connected with Karen's behavior of the afternoon. But how? What were they doing here anyway? And what was Eric's connection with them?

Calmly, after he had closed his door, he began to pace his room and try to reason the thing out. Yet the more he paced and the more he thought, the more confused the picture looked. The swift elation he had felt in the pathway when he had so abruptly decided to stay gave way to a deeper depression than he had felt after his quarrel with Karen.

From any angle it was a mess. If Karen's little act could be traced to the impending arrival of the two Germans, then the implication was clear that she knew them for what they were. And if that were true, then it was equally clear that she, along with Krause—yes, and even the good doctor—was involved in their game.

Was that possible? he asked himself. Were these people all traitors, then? He suddenly remembered the doctor's boast that he was yet a Dane. He remembered, too, how the news had come of the Nazi march into Denmark. Denmark had also had her Quislings, it seemed. Was that the answer? It was a sickening thought. It was a still more sickening thought that he had actually been in love with one of these.

Had? No! What was worst of all was that the past tense did not apply. He knew that in spite of himself he still loved Karen. His stomach almost rebelled at the thought of her in connection with those men. No, he told himself, over and over, there must be some other explanation. There must! And it was for him to discover what it was.

A knock at his door interrupted his reflections. He opened it and saw Karen standing outside on the gallery. His heart gave a little lurch within him, and he smiled half hopefully.

"Alan," she said, "Alan, I must talk to you."

His smile faded. There was nothing reassuring in her tone. Her face was pale and drawn, and her eyes were anxious. But she gave him no answering smile. Kent sensed a tension in her, as though she held herself back from a nervous outbreak only by sheer power of will.

Quietly he stepped out. In silence they went down into the garden and walked across it. He yearned to reach out his hand to touch her as he followed, but he restrained himself. Not till they were screened by a clump of fragrant ilang-ilang did she turn and face him.

"Why did you change your mind?" she asked.

"I had my reasons." He smiled grimly.

"It's no use, Alan," she said, twisting her handkerchief nervously. "I've told you it's no use. I'm sorry I hurt you, but that can't change things."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

She stamped her foot. "Of course I'm sure! I told you how I felt. Then why should you stay?"

"Because I don't believe you," he said tautly. Some of her tension had imparted itself to him. "How could I and still care? I'm staying because I love you, and because I mean to get to the bottom of this."

HIS voice shook with the intensity of his feeling, and all at once she seemed to surrender, to go to pieces in a great gust, as though the battering of his will and words was more than she could stand against. She swayed ever so slightly, and her eyes closed briefly as if in resignation. She brushed her hand wearily across her forehead.

For a moment Kent thought she was about to fall. He put out a hand to steady her, and she leaned against him. He could feel the trembling of her body against his. Then her hands crept up to clutch at the lapels of his coat and cling there. Her eyes lifted to his face hopefully.

"Please, Alan," she begged, "please! I can't fight against you. Won't you go for my sake? Please! Please!"

His arms half closed about her. Words of reassurance rose to his lips. In that instant he felt that he would do anything—anything in the world—to wash the fear from her eyes and ease the anxiety in her voice.

"Darling—" he began; then checked himself abruptly, all at once remembering. "I—I'm sorry," he went on harshly. "I can't now. Not even for you, Karen."

If he had slapped her he could not have startled her more. She stared up at him blankly for an instant, uncomprehending. Then exasperation at his stubbornness seemed to engulf her like a wave. She beat upon his chest with her small fists.

"You fool!"

He caught her fists and held them. "Maybe I am," he shrugged, "but there's something I have to find out."

She wrenched free. "Suppose I tell you that you must go? Suppose I tell you that you're not welcome here any more? Suppose I tell you that you can't stay? Will that make any difference?"

He shook his head.

"My dear, you forget that you are running a hotel. I can pay my way."

She turned without speaking—

(*Continued on page 62*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

WHAT WILL YOUR BABY

Whom does the baby look like? While relatives argue, science tells you facts—why your baby is bright or backward, homely or handsome, a future truck driver or mathematician

BY GRETTA PALMER

PHOTOS BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

WHAT will your baby look like? For it isn't likely that the current baby boom has completely passed you by. If you're not layette-shopping yourself, you're probably going to be an aunt or an uncle, a grandfather or a godmother to one of this year's bumper crop of babies. A million and a half of them were born in the first six months of 1943, putting the country's birth rate up one fifth since 1940. It will be a rare family next year which doesn't have a small child nestling somewhere among its branches.

Your baby's future is intimately tied up with the things scientists have been discovering about heredity in the past few years. The facts they have established can help you to make a very fair guess as to whether Junior will have the straight black hair of his father, or his mother's blond curls. They can tell you, too, whether the baby's chances of being a genius are greater because both his parents graduated from college, and whether it will help him, genetically, if he is a direct descendant of a Founding Father. On the more serious side, they can predict whether a child is apt to inherit a strain of insanity, alcoholism, or some other affliction.

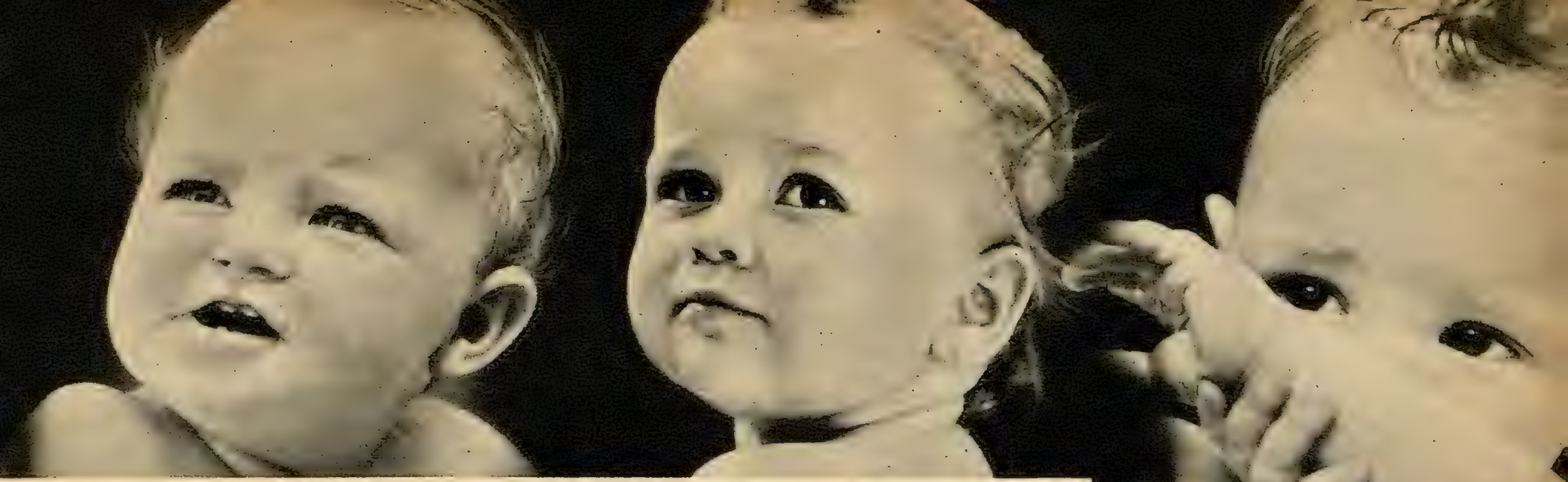
Ignorance of the simple facts of heredity has caused many parents unnecessary alarm and suffering. They have watched for the appearance of unhealthy symptoms in their child under circumstances when *the dreaded ailment could not possibly have been inherited.* Mothers, in other cases, have been upset by their child's failure to resemble either parent, and have even accused hospital authorities of changing babies, when a little knowledge of the laws of heredity would have set their minds at rest.

Let's get these matters straight: in many families there are some unhealthy "recessive" tendencies which range all the way from farsightedness through some types of diabetes to feeble-mindedness and certain forms of insanity. But these things cannot be inherited if they come from only one parent. Unless the same type of feeble-mindedness, say, has appeared in *both* the parents' families in recent generations, the child is probably as safe as if there were no unfortunate history behind him. (The same thing is true—for a somewhat different reason—of Negro babies born to white parents: if such a thing occurs, it means that both parents must have carried some Negro blood.)

Moreover, some kinds of insanity apparently develop, as a result of the stresses of life, in men and women with a quite normal inheritance. Relatives of such individuals need have no qualms over becoming parents, but they should probably write a eugenist first, to be quite sure theirs is such a situation.

But what about such defects as inherited farsightedness and the types of insanity and feeble-mindedness which are hereditary? Why must both parents' families have such a strain for the child to be in danger?

This is because these traits—like many others—are what scientists call "recessive," while normal eyesight or intelligence is "dominant." To understand these terms, you must know that every trait a baby inherits



INHERIT FROM YOU?

is carried by a "gene" (or group of "genes") from one of his parents. A gene is a minute body with a particular job to do in determining the baby's future characteristics.

There are eye-color genes and nose-shape genes, and genes which determine whether the child's wrists shall be large and his hair fine or coarse. The genes are specialists. Some of them regulate tendencies—such as baldness—which will not appear for many years after the baby is born.

Each parent provides a gene for every physical trait, so that there are always *two* candidates ready for the job of forming the baby's hair color or shaping his nostrils. Long before any baby is born there is a gigantic battle of the two contending genes over every item of his body and mind. This struggle decides whether the baby's hair, say, will follow the lines laid down by his mother's or his father's gene. In the matter of intelligence, temperament, and talents, there is the same struggle between mother-gene and father-gene; in this fight the mother's side may win out for one characteristic and the father's for another.

A "recessive" trait is one carried by a weakling gene, which always loses out in battle unless it is matched against *another* recessive gene. (In that case, either one may win.) That is why a mother whose family tree includes a feeble-minded cousin need not worry about her child, provided her husband's family has no such strain. Even if she *did* pass on a gene that might lead to feeble-mindedness, the healthy gene her husband provided would easily win the battle. And remember—the battle of the genes is a battle to the death. There is never a compromise or an "averaging" of traits. One of the genes wins a clear-cut victory, and the other has no say whatsoever over the baby's future.

Recessive genes are not by any means always carriers of abnormal traits. Blue eyes, for instance, are recessive. This means that a blue-eyed mother and a blue-eyed father *must* have a blue-eyed child, since there are no dominant dark-eyed genes present to subdue them. The greatest certainties we have, in studying heredity, are based on the fact that two parents sharing a recessive trait *must* pass it on to all their children. It is therefore important to know what some of these recessive characteristics are:

If both parents have straight hair, none of the children can have curly hair;

If both parents are blond, all their children will be blond;

If both parents are blue-eyed, all their children will be blue-eyed;

If they both have short eyelashes, none of their children will have long eyelashes;

If both parents have straight noses, no child will have a hooked nose;

If both parents have thin lips, their children's lips must be thin;

If both parents have 0 type blood, their children will also have 0 type;

If both parents are tall, their children will be tall;

If both parents have small eyes, their children's eyes will be small;

If both parents are thin, their children will be thin.

Once in a while these predictions are upset by an event which is not, strictly speaking, hereditary. A child of two thin parents may suffer a glandular upset which will make him fat. Or a birth injury can damage the healthy brain a child has inherited. But, as far as heredity alone goes, the above prophecies are believed to be dead sure.

There is one field, however, in which geneticists are wary of making prophecies, and that is as to the probable sex of an expected baby. It is known that many more boys than girls are conceived (the ratio has been put as high as 150 to 100), but boys-to-be are much less able to

(*Continued on page 43*)

Five hundred Regular Army men appear in the finale, This Is the Last Time.

Alan Hale, top sergeant, and his gang cavort in Ladies of the Chorus.

Jerry Jones (George Murphy), the director of Yip Yip, Yaphank, 1918.

Yip
Yip
Yaphank

George Murphy, as Jerry Jones, danc

THIS IS TH

Irving Berlin.

ON July 4, 1942, W
from California t
sion to spend a q
the Army (which open
to go to Army Emerge

Three hundred and
Louis) plus such civili
Tobias, Joan Leslie, Ge
the cast. This Is the
Berlin wrote as a succ
hank. Berlin produced
the spring of '42 at Ca
York on July 4 for a
then began a nation-w
for the President.

The movie version s
tion of Berlin's Yip Yi
Get Up in the Mornin

Generally the boys f
but they are all glad

The Yip Yip, Yaphank bo

YIP-YIP
YAPHANK
BOYS

star of the 1918 Ziegfeld Follies.

E ARMY

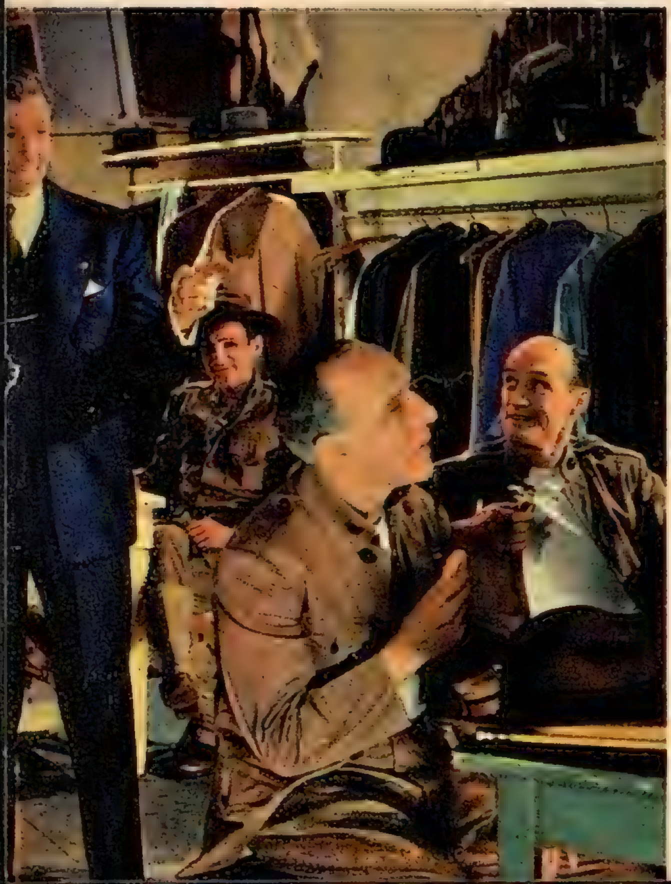
r Brothers made fourteen telephone calls
w York. They were trying to get permis-
er of a million dollars by making This Is
hat day on Broadway)—with all the profits
Relief. The deal was made.

U. S. soldiers (including Sergeant Joe
as Irving Berlin, George Murphy, George
de Niesen, and Frances Langford comprise
y (the movie) is about the show Irving
r to his 1918 soldier show Yip Yip, Yap-
A (as it soon became fondly known) in
Upton and then opened the show in New
-week engagement. It ran three months,
tour that included a special performance

in 1918 with the preparation and produc-
phank—complete with Oh, How I Hate to
nd then swings right into TITA.

was fun to play-act and make a movie—
t back to *real* work.

urn for a number in This Is the Army, 1942.



Ronald Reagan and Joan Leslie, the love interest of This Is the Army.

Poor Little Me, I'm on K. P., rendered by George Tobias and kitchen crew.

Frances Langford sings What Does He Look Like? for the boys in TITA.

SOO-FLAY—Continued from Page 17

since. Rochester consisted chiefly of a tooth-paste-ad smile in a patent-leather face, and his wardrobe was a pair of shorts from a Nip corpse. He carried a short Jap knife, and he would eat at any hour of the day or night, between meals vanishing into the jungle on food forays of his own. He had won Corporal Jones' susceptible heart by sharing a jungle fowl, raw, with Buster. And now—

"You hear me!" Sergeant Sweet was through. He circled the clearing and stopped briefly beside Lieutenant MacCracken. Corporal Jones saw Dike Leary look up, shake his head.

SERGEANT SWEET collected the unit. He did not look at Corporal Jones as they filed past the stove and crunched westward out of camp, at right angles to the direction of the snipers. One of the men said, "So long, Jonesy," and another murmured, "Bake us a pie, Matilda, and run the vacuum over the rug." And they were gone.

Corporal Jones sat down again and picked up his book. He turned the pages spiritlessly.

Dike Leary came over, bearing a mess kit. Dike Leary's left arm was bandaged from wrist to shoulder, with deep pink blotches sharing the dirt on the bandage, which was why Dike Leary had been left behind.

Leary held out the mess kit as Corporal Jones looked up. One glance was enough. Lieutenant MacCracken had taken a single bite from one of the two grayish pancakes. He had had perhaps two swallows of coffee. That was all.

"He ate some, anyhow," said Corporal Jones.

"He spit it out," said Dike Leary unfeelingly.

"How's he doing?"

"Tough." Dike Leary shook his red head. For a second there was full sympathy between them. The loot was a good guy. Fellows liked him. He was rugged. "He snapped outa that dee-lir-um for a spell," said Dike Leary. "He asked me had we took them snipers yet. I hadda tell him no. He tried to get up, but he was too puny. Kind of caved right in the minute he hit his feet. He's dreamin' again now."

"If we could just get some decent chow down him," said Corporal Jones positively, "he'd pick up." He seized his book with fresh purpose and flipped it open.

"He's got them snipers in his brain," said Dike Leary. He looked over Corporal Jones' shoulder. "Jonesy, you gonna carry that dam' thing everywhere with you?"

"I like to read it," said Corporal Jones without shame. "All these G. I. chow books start off with, 'Take a hundred seventy pounds of flour, eighty-four pounds of shortening— But this Fanny Merritt Farmer knows her stuff. Besides, my girl gave me this book. I figured I might find something in here that's special for invalids like the loot. . . . Say, Dike, lookit!"

Dike Leary bent his red head over the page—but only for a second.

"Are you nuts?" he demanded. "Where you gonna get— And what's a chicken suffle, anyhow?"

"Chicken soo-flay," corrected Corporal Jones. "Shut up!" He dropped to his knees, rooted like a pig in a box of odds and ends beside the stove. The odds and ends represented what rations had survived the mortar shell of the night before.

Dike Leary, impressed in spite of himself, seized the book and stared again at the item which had set Jonesy off.

"'Two cups scalded milk,'" read Dike Leary softly. "Where's your cow?"

Corporal Jones held up a packet of milk powder.

"'One eighth cup of butter,'" murmured Leary. He was aghast as Corporal Jones produced a package of the heavy Army butter which defies high temperatures. "Listen," said Leary ominously. "I heard you tell the sarge only this morning that we didn't have no—"

> **An assistant rushed into William S. Knudsen's office one day, very upset because a certain report was missing. How could they act?**
>
> **"There are two kinds of reports," Knudsen said calmly. "One says you can't do it. The other says it has been done. The first kind is no good. The second kind you don't need."—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.***

"I was saving it for emergencies," said Corporal Jones.

"Them pancakes this morning was an emergency," said Dike Leary hotly. "They was a crisis."

Corporal Jones, rooting deeper, ignored him. Dike Leary returned to the Boston Cooking School Book, and saliva flowed in his mouth.

"Flour we got," said Corporal Jones from the depths of the box. "Some."

"'Half cup soft bread crumbs,'" muttered Leary. "Say, Jonesy!" Reluctant enthusiasm touched his tone. Corporal Jones glanced up.

Dike Leary's good hand was crumbling one of the rejected pancakes. "Not bad crumbs," he said. "Not bad." He returned to the book. "Nope," he said sadly. "It says here salt and pepper. We ain't—"

Corporal Jones, in spite of himself, sneaked a glance in the direction lately taken by Sergeant Sweet. "Look," he whispered conspiratorially. He removed two cartridges from a cartridge belt. He put one to his mouth and worried the bullet out with his teeth.

"Gunpowder don't taste like salt or pepper," objected Dike Leary. "It just looks like 'em."

"Smell that." Bullet between his teeth, Corporal Jones tapped the cartridge gently on his palm. Fine blackish powder dribbled out. Dike Leary smelled, stifled a sneeze.

"There's salt in the other one," said Corporal Jones simply. "I been saving them for—"

"Emergencies," supplied Dike Leary with grim admiration. He went back to the legend: "'Yolks three eggs well beaten. Whites three eggs beaten stiff.' O. K., Houdini, shoot!"

"Egg powder," answered Corporal Jones. "It's kind of spilled around in the box, but I can scrape up enough. Put it in a canteen with a little water and shake it up."

"And I suppose," said Dike Leary, overwhelmed, "that you got 'two cups cold cooked chicken, finely chopped,' hid in your sock."

"I got dehydrated pork," said Corporal Jones with dignity, delving once more into the mess box. "A couple of packages. At least—"

Leary held his breath. There was panic in the corporal's voice now, panic in his movements. Corporal Jones had jumped up, was staring wildly about him. "It was there last night; put it there myself. Two rations. Pork." He circled the mess box and stove, inspecting the ground. Dike Leary looked, too. Corporal Jones worked his way around the mangrove tree. His tone, when he called, brought Leary hurrying.

THAT Buster should have chosen this moment to join his friends was his misfortune. Together they were staring at the mangled cardboard structures which had once contained two rations of pork. Buster thoughtlessly nosed into the wreckage to see if he had left any. He had not. He looked up greedily. "Mrrrooow," he said. Then, on a much higher note, "Yooooow!" He picked himself up, ears laid back, and glared at his erstwhile buddy, Corporal Jones. Corporal Jones had never kicked him before.

"That ——— of a cat," said Corporal Jones, a lump in his throat.

"It probably wouldn't ha' worked, anyhow," soothed Leary. He read aloud, "'Make a sauce of the first five in-gree-dents, add bread crumbs, and cook two minutes.' H'm. 'Remove from fire, add chicken, eggs, and parsley, then fold in whites of eggs. Turn in buttered baking dish and bake thirty-five minutes in slow oven.' Lord knows," he said, "that oven is slow enough—"

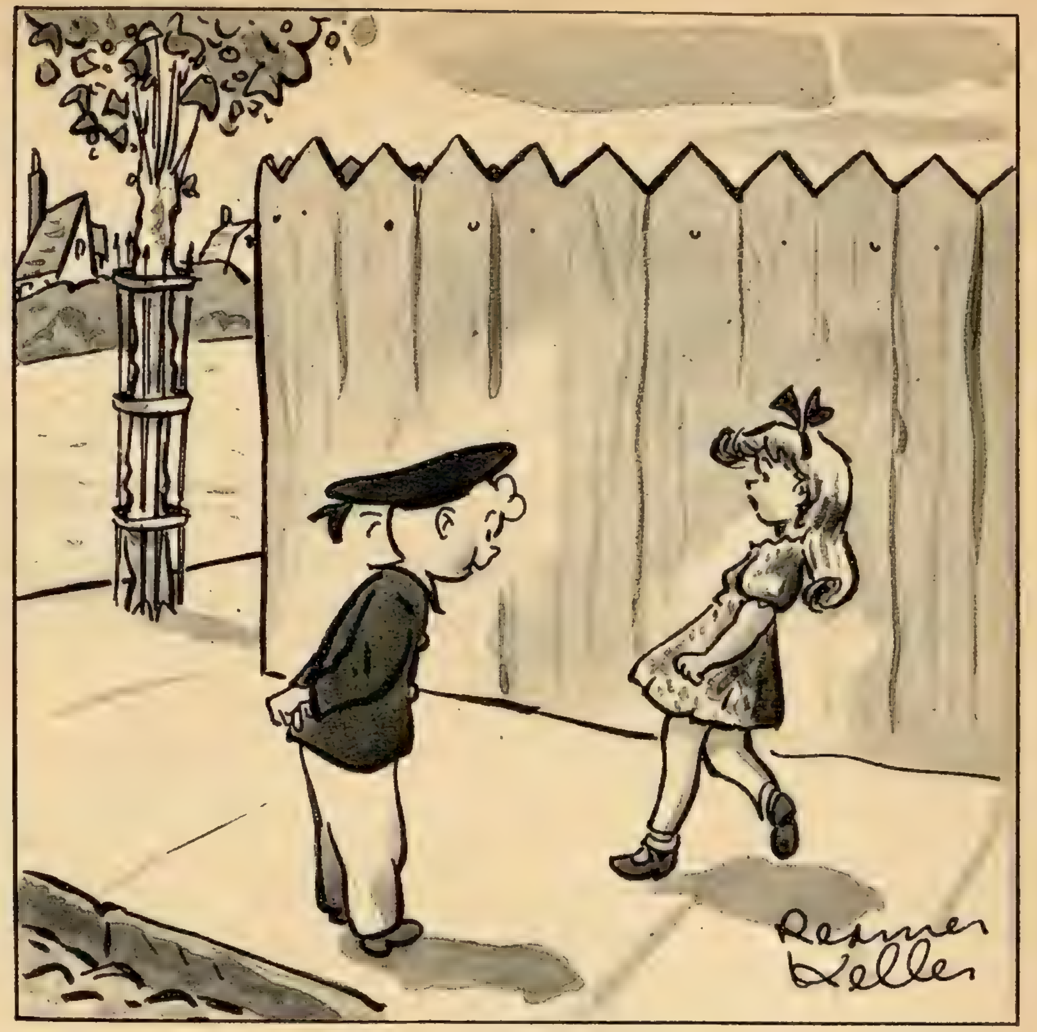
A small sound made them both look up suddenly.

"Hey, Rochester," called Leary softly, "go catchum mushrooms."

Rochester, squatting on the edge of camp, split his face in half with a grin. He sidled nearer.

Corporal Jones remembered. "Shoo!" he hissed. "Beat it. Go on, beat it!" He made motions. To Dike Leary he explained, "The

HARDTACK



"I understand you walk in your sleep. Ever get over to my neighborhood?"

sarge is sore on Rochester. Says to shoot him. But the sarge is just sore. He didn't mean anything."

Rochester sidled still nearer, eyes widening. He pointed to his cavernous mouth. Always hungry—like Buster, Corporal Jones thought. Rochester and Buster ought to—

"Say!"

For the last time, Corporal Leary looked up from the cookbook. "'Easily digestible. Desirable for invalids,'" he read. "Gee, if we could get a load of this mess down the loot, Jonesy, he'd come up fightin'." He paused. Corporal Jones' face was that of a man who has decided upon a supreme gamble.

Corporal Jones stroked Rochester's gleaming shoulder.

"Catch-um birds," he said. "Catch-um big birds, like give-um cat." He pointed to Buster. Rochester looked blank. "Birds," Corporal Jones breathed. "Birds." He pointed at a tree, flapped his arms, made low sounds vaguely imitative of jungle fowl. Rochester concentrated, frowning fiercely.

Corporal Jones thought he saw comprehension flickering in Rochester's shoe-button eyes. "Two bird," Jones said, holding up two fingers. "Two bird. Go catch-um." He pointed into the jungle. "Wring-um necks." He demonstrated gently on Rochester's neck. "Bring-um quick!" He shuffled his feet like a man in a hurry.

Rochester's smile returned like a bright dawn. He bobbed his frizzled head vigorously, patted his knife. Corporal Jones watched him bound away into the jungle, then turned purposefully on Corporal Leary, who had watched the pantomime open-mouthed.

"Get some water boiling," he told Leary. "Twigs. Nothing but dry ones. Plenty dry." He found his heart was pounding. His throat felt dry. The vision of Sergeant Sweet passed darkly across his mind. Across the clearing Lieutenant MacCracken twisted and mumbled.

"YOU mean you're gonna light up?" said Dike Leary slowly.

"Yep." Corporal Jones drew a breath. He'd have to boil those birds a couple hours before they'd be tender enough. "Get going," he ordered. "I command here."

The words came out brittle. Leary shuffled sulkily away. Buster wandered up and brushed forgivingly against Corporal Jones' ankle.

Corporal Jones spurned Buster, went over to the lieutenant. The boy licked his cracked lips. His fever-bright eyes burned. Suddenly there was reason in them. He made a move to get out of the hammock they had rigged for him. "Snipers," he said thickly. "Holding us up. Gotta get—" He fell back, exhausted, closed his eyes, resumed his delirious gabble.

Corporal Jones swallowed. MacCracken's ribs stood out skeletally. He held a canteen to MacCracken's lips, which were the color of dried mud. He got a swallow of the brackish water down him. MacCracken murmured something about "ice-cream soda."

"Nertz," whispered Jones. He meant Sergeant Sweet. But he did not feel confident. He pulled a dog-eared letter from his pocket as he went back to the stove. This was a habit of his when his courage needed starch. For perhaps the hundredth time, he read a certain passage. The handwriting was feminine, unformed and rather large.

"I'm sure glad you like the cookbook," the letter ran. "Maybe if you ever get to cook for a general it will come in handy. My brother was over yesterday, the one that works in a defense plant, the one you don't like. He says if he goes in the Army he hopes he can land a soft job like you, cooking. He says he ain't anxious to meet any bullets. I told him to shut his big mouth, that I was glad you weren't in danger, and he should be, too."

Corporal Jones folded the letter and stowed it away carefully. Annabelle was a swell girl, even if a trifle dumb. Wait till he got home. He'd tell her a few things that would make her big brown eyes bug out. About how he commanded the camp when the loot was sick, and how he fixed up the loot with fancy cooking. And if that brother of hers flapped his big mouth, he'd bust him in it. Talking about a cook that way!

A Zero fled overhead, its motor knocking. Corporal Jones, lips compressed, did not even look up. He reamed out the biscuit tins, cleared the gasoline-tin stove of ashes. Dike Leary returned with fire material. Corporal Jones inspected it closely, rejected nearly half, crammed the rest into the stove. Struck by a premonition that he would not be needing it any more, he took out Annabelle's letter, grimly shredded it, tucked the shreds under the twigs. A match flared palely in the sunlight. "Here goes!" he said. It was almost a prayer.

The paper burned cleanly. Corporal Jones half filled the biscuit tins with water, set them on the stove. Buster sauntered up, sat down. They watched the flames squirm up among the twigs. The flames were good. Only the barest trickle of smoke.

"Stoke her careful," warned Corporal Jones, as he scraped powdered milk into a mess kit, stirred in some water. "Now move one of those tins," he said, turning to Leary. "I'll set this on and scald it—"

"Watch that dam' cat!" cried Dike Leary. Corporal Jones heard the lapping sound at his elbow. He whirled. Buster, face in the milk mixture, was working fast, realizing that this was too good to last. He was quite right. He snatched a final swallow before he was hurled galley west. His hind feet, flailing desperately, flicked the biscuit tin as he sailed over the stove.

"My Lord!" Under his stubble and grime Leary turned fish-belly white. An icy finger traced the outline of Corporal Jones' sunburned spine. The biscuit tin jarred perilously, regained its balance. Barely a teaspoonful of water had slopped over the rim. But—

The twigs hissed ominously. The grayish white smoke rose like an Indian smoke signal.

Corporal Jones beat at the smoke with his palms, trying to dissipate it before it drew fire. So did Corporal Leary. No sense in damping the fire completely. That would only mean more smoke. The fire would steam itself free of water in a minute.

Buster sat down in the middle of the clearing and began to take a bath. Corporal Jones allowed himself a small luxury. He hurled a spare mess kit at Buster, and scored a direct hit. Buster, outraged, cursed him and fled into the jungle, tail erect, and furious. Corporal Jones had barely resumed his fanning when the interruption arrived.

"OH, mama!" murmured Dike Leary. Fragments of leaves fluttered down on them.

The rifle cracked twice more. More leaf particles. The Nips are notoriously high shooters, but persistent. But it was the sound of the rifles rather than the whine of lead that tempered Corporal Jones' glance at Leary.

"They've moved up," he said. Leary, sinking to the ground, nodded as he went. The snipers were much closer than they had been. Corporal Jones, also on his belly, looked at the stove. The smoke was about gone. "Maybe they'll quit in a minute," he whispered. "Firin' blind, I guess."

The next bullet threw dirt in his open mouth. The one after that nicked the stove and wailed off among the trees. Then Corporal Jones knew that the snipers—certainly the one directly ahead—could see them. They had them bracketed. To clinch this opinion, the sniper in front punctured a canteen beside MacCracken's hammock. Another *whap!* from the woods, and they saw MacCracken lurch, heard him cry out.

Corporal Leary, no longer pale, swore aloud as he incautiously jumped up and started forward empty-handed.

"Lie down!" Silence was no longer golden, and Corporal Jones yelled it. Corporal Leary looked numbly at him. "Down!" screeched Corporal Jones. Leary hesitated. Then the sniper in front solved his problem for him. Leary sat down abruptly and clutched his right ankle.

Corporal Jones dived into the sunlight, dragged his companion back to the shade, not too gently. "Can you make it over to the loot?" he said, as they panted in the lee of a mangrove root.

Leary, wheezing, inspected his ankle. "Yep." He looked shamefaced. "I thought it was worse," he said, "but—"

"Get over to the loot," said Corporal Jones. "Get him back into the bushes. And quick!"

Corporal Leary got to his knees. "Where you goin'?"

"Let's just call each other names."

"I'm gonna cut me a slice of that bird in front," said Corporal Jones. "The guy on the left is still shooting blind. Get going!"

THE jungle smell, rank and heady, received Corporal Jones. Twenty yards out of camp, he straightened up. His breath seemed short. He ducked around a gigantic tree bole and stumbled among creepers. The automatic at his hip felt heavy. He made sure the knife was in place on his other hip. He peered ahead. Any minute now—

Whap! The impact of the bullet in the jungle mold beside him settled one question. The Nip could still see him. He wished desperately that he had been able to observe the angle of the shot. Sometimes they fired from high in the trees, sometimes from the lower branches.

Barbed twigs tugged at Corporal Jones' beard like a dull razor as he flung himself sideways and bellied forward. He raised his head, squinted prayerfully. If he could just get a gander at that Nip!

To his left a rifle spoke twice. That was the sniper on the flank, hunting for MacCracken and Leary.

A curious refrain haunted Corporal Jones' mind. "Make a sauce of the first five ingredients," it ran. He gritted his teeth. "Add bread crumbs and cook two minutes—"

"Soo-flay," he said aloud and bitterly. The lump of responsibility in him swelled to smothering proportions. He scrambled ahead, heedless of noise, then plunged into a swampy depression. Ahead, the rifle barked a sharp warning, but he did not hear the bullet hit.

It was the very slightest quiver of movement that caught his eye. He wiped slushy mold from his face. He was in a clearing, a small one. On the far side bulked a mangrove with the girth of a small water tank, its branches semaphoring out not a dozen feet from the ground.

There was a greenish lump, a little deeper green than the bark, in the fork of a low branch. And not an arm's length to one side of it moved a lump that was glistening black.

The Nip's helmet net waved gently as he turned his head this way and that, looking for the man who had momentarily escaped him. The black object moved nearer.

"That dam' cat!" said Corporal Jones to himself. The scene had a queer clarity, a sharpness of outline that contrasted oddly with the confusion of a moment before. Corporal Jones watched, hypnotized, as Buster, neck outthrust, strolled along the trunklike branch toward the sniper.

Buster put his feet on the Jap's shoulder. "Mrrrooow!" he said.

There was a choking squawk, a sudden and patternless waving of arms and legs in the mangrove crotch. To his amazement, Corporal Jones found himself on his feet, bounding forward. A second later, to his utter and complete astonishment, he was gripping a handful of writhing and odorous human flesh. But his mind clicked evenly, like a metronome. "A real Jap," it kept saying. "You got a real one!"

It was a real Jap, all right. And on its shoulder, clawing and clinging frenziedly, rode Buster, ears down, eyes brassy yellow.

They all went down together, and the only voice was that of Buster. Corporal Jones had a brief, unsavory impression of bad breath. Instinctively he reverted to a lesson that a blue-jawed sergeant had drummed into him in base camp. His left knee jerked forward as his right hand skinned the knife from his hip. He was operating entirely on reflexes. Then he found himself on his feet, drawing up a heavy boot to smash the high-boned yellow face on the ground. But it was not necessary.

Buster, cowed, hugged the earth. The long hairs along his neck rose as the Jap heaved once, then lay quiet, the scarlet flood from the wound in his throat soaking quickly into the soft earth.

Corporal Jones licked his dry lips. Some measure of self-possession returned. He listened. His hand went out, stroked Buster's quivering flanks. He listened some more.

From the left there was no sound from the flanking sniper. Corporal Jones waited. He thought of Annabelle and her letter. Of Annabelle's brother, and his fingers itched. Still no sound from the other sniper. "Come on, Buster," he said at length, and turned back toward camp. Buster followed close. He had had enough for today.

"IT don't look so bad," admitted Leary. "Kind of mushy, though." "It's supposed to be mushy," said Corporal Jones severely, stirring. He added pepper, sneezed, glanced apprehensively westward. "Wonder where that other Nip got to." There had been no sound from the other sniper for a long while.

"Who cares?" said Leary gratefully. He bent over the bubbling biscuit tin and sniffed. "No kiddin', it don't smell bad. You sure you got those first five in-gree-dents in?"

"Yep. Now it's time Rochester was bringin' in the birds," said Corporal Jones. "We'll boil 'em tender, chop 'em up, then add them and the rest of the egg mess to this sauce. Bake thirty-five minutes in that other biscuit tin—and there you are!"

"If we only knew where that other sniper was," said Leary thoughtfully. "It ain't like a Nip to give up that easy. You sure there was two?"

"Yep." Corporal Jones' soul was above Nip snipers at this moment. "How's the loot?"

"Not bad," said Leary. "That bullet didn't do no more than graze him. Kind of did him good. He's been sort of better since. Keeps askin' about the snipers, though."

"You told him I got one?"

"Sure. He said he was kind of hungry."

Buster, a passionately interested onlooker, said, "Mrrrooow!"

Corporal Jones spooned some of the sauce onto the ground. Buster ate it hot, jerking his head. Corporal Leary said, "Ha!" Corporal Jones looked up. "You been long enough about it," he reproved Rochester. Rochester crossed an angle of the clearing hugging his burden to him.

"GIMME," said Corporal Jones, holding out his hands. "We got to get going here." Rochester proffered his burden, his teeth gleaming white. Corporal Leary, who had started across the clearing, stopped dead.

Corporal Jones, his round innocent face oddly contorted, held Rochester's gift only a paralyzed second before flinging it into the brush. He turned dazedly to Corporal Leary. "Tell the loot," he said, "that we ain't got any more to worry about from the snipers. Tell him they're washed up. Tell him Sweet and the boys'll be taking the mortars about now, and we'll be able to join the column in the morning."

Leary nodded, saucer-eyed. Corporal Jones turned to the puzzled Rochester. "Go catch-um birds," he ordered patiently. He made flapping motions with his arms. *"Birds,"* he repeated. He pointed into the brush where Rochester's gift now reposed. He shook his blond head. "Not that," he said gently. "No want-um Jap heads. No can use Jap heads." He pointed at the bubbling biscuit tin. "Birds," he said, and flapped his arms again.

Rochester grinned, nodded, and bounded away into the jungle.

"Wonder whatin'ell he'll bring in this time," said Corporal Jones softly to himself. He sat down, put his head in his hands.

Across the clearing rang Corporal Leary's warning shout:

"Watch out for that dam' cat!"

THE END

WHAT WILL YOUR BABY INHERIT FROM YOU?

Continued from Page 35

stand the rigors of prenatal life. Miscarriages of males in the early stages are almost four times as common as those of females, cutting down the original ratio so that at birth there are about 106 boys born to 100 girls. (In time of war this ratio usually climbs, so that around 110 or 112 boys are born to every 100 girls, but no one has yet found out why.)

SINCE boys-to-be are evidently more fragile, it seems reasonable to suppose that the healthier the condition of the mother, the more apt she is to bring a boy embryo to birth. Doctors know that many early miscarriages occur even before the mother has suspected her pregnancy, so that maternal health very often decides whether a woman bears the sons she has conceived or whether they are lost. But this consideration is of interest only *after* a baby has been conceived as a potential boy. The sex of the child-to-be was decided, once and for all, at the moment of conception. If the baby was fated to be female it doesn't matter how healthy the mother may be, her child will be a daughter.

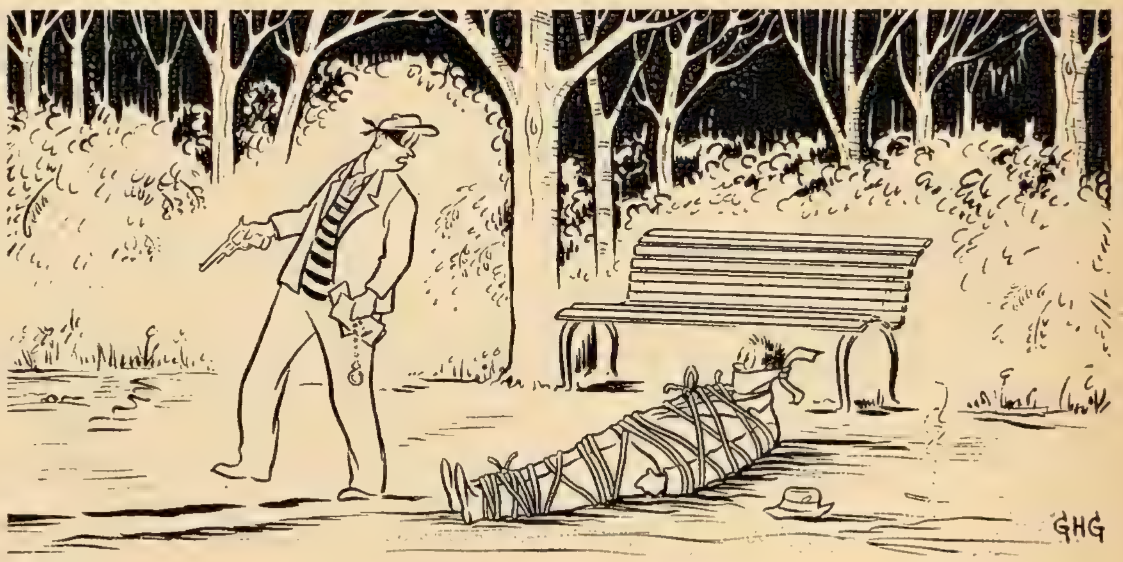
Characteristics are inherited, by both boys and girls, according to the same laws of heredity—except that, for a complex reason, boys are apt to inherit more traits from their mothers than girls do. But the laws of dominant and recessive genes still hold for either sex.

When only *one* parent of a boy or girl has a "recessive" trait, making predictions is a complicated matter. This is because each parent carries within himself *both* the genes, of every type which he inherits from his parents. The genes which lost out in the struggle to form his characteristics sleep quietly, biding their time, until he himself has a child. Then they may suddenly pop out of their hiding place and enter the battle again. That is one reason why we often see traits in a family "skipping" a generation: the gene which lost the battle over a child's trait may win in the case of a grandchild.

What happens to your inherited genes when you have a baby? Sheer mathematical chance determines whether you pass on the gene for a particular trait which came from your mother or the one from your father. The fact that one is dominant and the other recessive doesn't affect the odds. Your father's gene for dark hair may have subdued your mother's gene for blond hair, so that you have been a brunette all your life; but, at the moment of conception, you are just as apt to give your baby a blond-haired as a dark-haired gene out of your mixed supply. What the other parent contributes, of the stock of genes *his* parents left him, is just as much a matter of chance. Two dark-haired parents can thus have a blond child if *each* of them had a blond parent; in fact, the chances are just one out of four, under such circumstances, that the baby *will* be blond. In a mixed population such as ours, that is what happens: 25 per cent of all individuals have blond hair, 25 per cent blue eyes.

THE old objection to cousins marrying, then, has a sound biological basis if there are bad traits present; for even if both the parents are themselves normal the chances are one out of four that the unfortunate trait will be passed on to their child. But if the family is a sound one there is no reason why relatives shouldn't marry. In ancient Egypt even brothers and sisters intermarried, generation after generation, with no apparent bad effects.

Marriage to a relative increases the chances of your child's inheriting superior genes as well as bad ones. If you are a descendant of a general in the Revolutionary War, the chances of your baby's receiving any inheritance from him are about 4 to 3 against the possibility. But if the other parent is also descended from the same general, the baby's chances are twice as good, or 3 to 2 in his favor. With each generation that you go back through the family tree, the chances lengthen: it is 21 to 1 that your child will inherit *no*



"—and if you want to stay healthy, don't try to follow me."

genes from a single Mayflower ancestor on either side. This estimate is based on the mathematical chances that any of the Pilgrim's genes won *all* the battles which have occurred in your family since the Mayflower landed.

Many parents thus take pride in an inheritance that has probably been bred out of the family generations back, while others worry unnecessarily over handing on recessive traits which, as you have seen, cannot be transmitted from one parent alone. But even more parents have been confused—and suffered as a result—over the possibility of giving their children afflictions *which are not hereditary at all.*

One of the important scientific discoveries of the past half century is this: Acquired characteristics can never be handed on to your children through inheritance. No matter how expert you may become at the piano, say, it will not affect your child's musical talent or his lack of it. And if a mother attends a chamber-music session every day during her pregnancy the results on her baby will be exactly nil. Prenatal influence, like the inheritance of acquired skills, is an exploded myth.

WET PAINT
LEO GAREL

TO see why you cannot pass on to your children the suppleness of fingers you have acquired through piano-playing, take another look at the genes you inherited from your parents. These are distributed through every cell of your body, but exact replicas of each of them have been set aside, since you were born, for the sole purpose of parenthood. These genes are absolutely beyond your control, and nothing that you do affects them. You may become a drug addict or the winner of a Nobel Prize—you can contract a chronic disease or make yourself an international athlete—but your genes are still unchanged. For these carriers through which you pass characteristics to your children are the same today as they were at your birth.

You cannot pass on your acquired skills to your baby, which is too bad. But neither can you give him your bad habits, or the diseases you have contracted during your lifetime. An alcoholic parent does not pass on alcoholism to his children (though he may give them a nervous system which resists alcohol badly, so that they will be easily affected when they drink, or a mother, drunk during pregnancy, may poison the blood stream of her child).

Nobody ever inherited tuberculosis or kleptomania or an ungovernable temper or syphilis, for these things are not carried by any gene. A baby can *contract* syphilis from its mother, before birth, but only if she fails to take advantage of the medical care which would enable her to have a healthy child.

And so—since your baby inherits from you only what *you* inherited from your parents—the fact that you may have become the leading expert on cost accounting helps him not at all. What he *may,* however, get from you is the intelligence which has made your achievement possible.

The inheritance of intelligence follows much more complicated gene control than the inheritance of hair color. This fact has finally been established, to the satisfaction of scientists, by some very interesting recent studies. For years it seemed impossible to prove that intelligence was really passed from parent to child; for as soon as the baby was born, his environment began to mold him. And it seems probable that if a child is brought up by two professors he will make a better showing in an intelligence test than if he is brought up by two illiterates. So, said one school of scientists, perhaps intelligence is largely a matter of what kind of training the child's brain receives *after* birth.

But a series of experiments have shown that this group was mistaken. There *are* inherited differences in intelligence, and they exist from the moment of the baby's birth. A number of tests have been made of children adopted in infancy into the homes of highly intelligent couples who brought them up with their own children. The adopted children, from less intelligent stock, proved to be less bright than the intellectuals' own children in most cases. In other cases, twins of identical heredity have been separated at birth and brought up in very different homes. Their intelligences still matched closely, at every age, in the majority of cases.

Further studies indicate that different kinds of intelligence are separately inherited. Your baby may thank his forebears if he is clever at carpentry but dull at languages, good in arithmetic but a dub in appreciation of music. These things are believed to be largely determined by separate, inborn capacities.

But the fact that the limits of a baby's intelligence are settled at birth need not discourage parents from making every educational effort. The mere possession of a fine all-round brain is not the answer to all life's problems. Many men of mediocre natural ability have climbed to great heights because they made the best possible use of the intelligence they had. Many brilliant men and women have failed.

The same consideration applies to everything else about your brand-new baby. Not even the narrowest eugenist would say that the child's fate is already sealed. He may have inherited weak lungs—but whether he ever contracts tuberculosis will now be determined by the care he receives. He may start life with a fine and vigorous constitution—but giving him the wrong sort of food can make him a sickly child. Your baby may have remarkable talent for one of the arts—but if you don't encourage it, it can simply make him mischievous.

Unhappiness and neglect may destroy a child with the finest possible heredity; love and care and intelligent upbringing can overcome almost all the handicaps the baby suffers at birth.

AND so the genes have now done their work. On the day your baby is born he is—genetically speaking—a finished product. But as a human being he is the softest clay to your fingers. Your most important task as a parent lies ahead: what you feed the baby's mind and body over the next decade or two will decide whether his inborn capacities reach their full development, or wither away for lack of encouragement, or strike an average.

If the day-old baby could talk, he would probably say: "Thank you for the heredity you've given me, but that's finished business now, and anyway you had no control over it. Now let's see you go to work on the job of helping me to make the most of what the genes have given!"

THE END

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

Continued from Page 32

our allies—the way she is still attacked now by some sections of the Allied press. You ask me to be trustful. Trust is a two-way proposition. Trust cannot come so quickly. I hope it will come—in time."

Thereupon, in order to make me feel better toward my colleagues, I suppose, the "high official" neatly refused me the permission that I had come to ask him—to do in Russia what I wanted most: fly to Leningrad.

For about a week I had been told every day by the Russians who supervised my visits to the front zone: "There is a town . . . a *certain* town where we might be able to take you very shortly. That would be a wonderful place for you to see." But when I said, "Let us go, then!" the answer was, "Ah, wait a minute . . . we first must retake the town from the Germans."

The town was Mozhaisk, and a few hours after the Russians entered it, Colonel Boltin and Lieutenant Mieston were at work arranging our trip.

About forty miles west of Moscow we passed the limit of the greatest German advance and, farther on, lines after lines of Russian defenses: fields of barbed wire, antitank piles made of iron or wood, and ditches prepared to be filled with oil and set on fire. Mechanized weapons belonging to both camps were facing each other in the fields of snow. Squads of soldiers were frantically scrubbing the hard frozen surface of the road, leveling its bumps, and filling the bomb craters. Men were working on the bridges, straightening the telegraph poles, and stretching new wires. We passed a German cemetery with hundreds of crosses. I got glimpses of disabled cars, disabled guns, disabled tanks, crashed planes.

Hoping to find a warm stove and to save our noses, hands, and feet from being badly frozen, we entered a house that happened to be a drugstore. The chemist said to us:

"Look what they've done here. First, they were so cold that they drank everything in the drugstore that contained any alcohol and that was not labeled 'Poison,' as well as all the herb teas and diet drinks. Then they threw in the back yard most of the bottles, tubes, boxes, and drugs that were in these drawers here, all labeled and in very good order. It would have been more sensible to confiscate the drugs for themselves instead of throwing them away. There were piles of logs in the cellar, but they took the wood of the shelves and drawers of the shop and burned them."

We went later to the headquarters of Lieutenant General Govorov; both he and Brigade Commissar Adamov gave me a feeling of being "underdressed," if I may say so—so elegantly were they themselves clad in neat beautifully cut uniforms, severe-looking except for the glittering Soviet decorations. I told the general that some weeks before I had talked with German prisoners on the Libyan front and that I had found them confident and arrogant. The general gave an order to one of his officers outside. Then he turned to me and said:

"A few German prisoners whom we took today will be brought here to talk to you. They have not even had a chance yet to wash or shave."

Three men in German uniform were brought in. There was a corporal, about forty-five years old, a dark strong man of thirty with a black beard, and a fair boy, very young, with a bandaged head. All three wore those dreadfully thin uniforms. They had the look men get when their fatigue has become unbearable. When I left our group and went nearer to the Germans, a Red Army officer pulled me slightly away. Obviously he was afraid of epidemics or lice.

When I asked, "Do you think Hitler has been right, has acted for the good of the German nation, in attacking Russia?" the three Germans forgot what Dr. Goebbels had told them to say. The dark man said very slowly, "From what we see *now*, he was not right," and the corporal, in civil life a musician, gloomily approved him. The young boy with a bandaged head said in a low voice, "That's what I think, too. The Führer was not right."

It seemed that for these average German soldiers the only measure of right or wrong was failure or success.

On Monday, January 26, Lieutenant Mieston and I flew back to Kuybyshev. I aroused little sympathy among my Allied friends there with the story of my frostbitten nose, for in Kuybyshev the thermometer had gone down as low as forty-seven degrees below zero in the last two weeks, and it was still somewhere in the thirties now. That kind of weather made my arrangements for a trip to the steaming hot Far East seem completely unreal.

WHILE waiting for the Teheran plane, I spent as much time as I could at the Polish Embassy, where Ambassador Stanislaw Kot welcomed me as a member of the family and where I could speak Polish instead of my appalling pidgin Russian. In the quiet little house Polish officers and soldiers described to me the situation that had faced them following the German attack on the U. S. S. R. For strategic and political reasons, the Soviet Union and Poland had immediately become allies. The treaty signed in London had resulted in the arrival in Moscow, on August 6, 1941, of a Polish general who came from England to discuss a military agreement with the chief of the Red Army General Staff. Few conferences between new allies had ever had in history such a background of suffering, violence, and hatred. What the Polish general had to say to the Red Army marshal was something like this —in spirit, if not in words:

"I am here to find out what has become of the Polish people, men, women, and children, *more than one million of them,* whom your men arrested in Poland in 1939, then transferred into Russia's hinterland, and whom you have since kept in prison camps, labor camps, and jails of every sort. I am here to see to it that these people, *more than a million of them,* are liberated—allowed to volunteer to fight the Germans."

The Poles had a list of five thousand names of officers who they knew for sure were among the internees. It seemed impossible to find any trace of these men in the whole of Russia, and the Soviet bureaucrats were perhaps sincere when they said with apparent helplessness, "We simply don't know where they are." When I came back from the Far East, I was to hear that most of these officers had eventually been refound.

One day a well-known Polish writer arrived, just out of an internment camp. He was lean, unshaved, dirty, and seemed exhausted. His clothes—if such is the appropriate word—could have been designed by a Hollywood director for an actor playing the part of a destitute beggar.

Ambassador Kot, to hide from the liberated prisoner how sick he looked, said humorously, "Now let's see, my dear man—with a little effort we ought to make you look quite decent again. We must find you a pair of shoes—*where*, I don't know, but we *must* squeeze them out of somebody. Then trousers and coat—give us two days and I swear we'll make a perfect gentleman out of you—starting, I might say, from scratch! . . ."

The sick man entered into the spirit of the joke and said, "Ah, Mr. Ambassador, you must remember I left Warsaw rather quickly—and with only my tennis clothes."

It would be absurd to pretend that anything like a friendship had a chance to develop in the Soviet Union between the Russians and the liberated Poles. There were certain grim facts that only time could shroud in forgetfulness. But what did exist, I think, was a mutual respect—from one warrior to another.

I remembered General Sikorski saying to me in Teheran, on his return from Moscow: "Only one thing matters: the victory that will liberate Poland."

My plane for Teheran came presently, and I left Russia. Back in safe, nonbelligerent Iran I felt like shouting to every person I came across, "I don't *want* to have lunch. I don't care a damn if Mrs. So-and-so has asked me for cocktails. Tell me if you are going to do something about this war." Fortunately, however, I didn't shout any such thing. I felt, nevertheless, utterly miserable and depressed. Russia at war had made me drunk with enthusiasm, and after leaving it I had to walk and speak carefully, like a drunkard who is gradually getting sober.

I shall always remember the English diplomat, of the lazy and nerveless type, whom I asked if he believed I still had a chance to get to Singapore. He answered with genuine surprise, in his dull, aggravating voice, "Not unless you are a Jap." He wasn't even trying to make a joke. He simply accepted the situation for what it was: ghastly. The maddening thing was that, about Singapore, he was right. I gave up fighting for a reservation on the land plane to Bagdad, which was overcrowded. I cabled Cairo for a seat on the next Cairo-Singapore flying boat and, without waiting for the reply, I decided to go down by train to the Persian Gulf and to meet the seaplane in Basra, Iraq. This gave me a chance to travel on the famous Trans-Iranian Railway, to visit the Anglo-Iranian Company's refinery in Abadan, and to watch at Basra the arrival of Allied supplies in the Persian Gulf. I was able to see, "somewhere in Iraq," the place where the American Boston bombers were being unloaded from the ships and the workshops where they were being assembled.

After the formalities of our entry into India at Karachi, I went to my room in the hotel. I had not even laid my bag on the table or taken my beige turban off my head when there was a knock at the door. Three Indian men, with dark skins and burning eyes, entered and greeted me exuberantly. The youngest one, who wore a tropical suit, Hollywood style, with enormously padded shoulders, said they were Hindu journalists who had just spotted my name on the hotel register, and could they have a few minutes' interview for their papers? Without awaiting my answer they took their pads and pencils from their pockets and sat down.

We spoke about America, the Middle East, Russia, Japan. In order to stop being questioned, I put a question myself and asked, "How anxious are *you* for your country, in view of the Japanese advance?" The two younger men started to speak—no, to yell—at the same time, all the grievances of the Hindus against Britain. Hindu nationalism had exploded in my room like dynamite. Three hours later, at 11 P. M., I was still sitting on my bed, with my turban on my head, and trying to sort out the complaints of the Hindus, who were still yelling and arguing. I had had nothing to eat—and I was to be called at 2:45 A. M. in order to catch my next plane.

In Calcutta I found the Great Eastern Hotel noisy, very gay, and secretly stirred by an unhealthy agitation. Although the Japanese were far away, fear had already touched Calcutta. Several waiters of the hotel had vanished from the town, abandoning the pretentious dining room that offered forty different dishes to patrons in evening clothes. After four impatient days there I obtained a seat for Lashio, Burma, on the next plane of the Chinese National Airways Corporation flying from Calcutta to Chungking. From Lashio I could get down to Rangoon by car and by train. I was bound to meet the Japanese somewhere if I went far enough south: they were coming up like mad toward the north, along the Tenasserim coast. I left Thursday morning, February 12. The pilot of the aircraft was American, the co-pilot was Chinese, and there was a pretty Chinese stewardess who had slightly overdone her Americanization and looked like a Rockette.

After a night in Lashio I went on by taxi over the winding, now crowded road to Mandalay. Tom Healey, an Australian correspondent, shared the car. Our driver had taken along with him a tiny boy who turned out to be his brother, aged thirteen. The little fellow wore oversized Western clothes, à la Jackie Coogan. And he was a chain smoker. We steadily supplied him cigarettes. The older brother had a way of his own of letting the car roll downhill "on the brakes" with the motor cut off, while the dreamy child smoked and smoked, and Healey and I, in the back of the car, rebounded on the springless seat and softly moaned after the worst jerks.

At two minutes to 6 P. M. we rushed through one of the busiest streets in Mandalay and almost crashed into the railway station. Healey, who had decided to stay in Upper Burma for a while before getting down to the coast, helped me with my bags. I learned that Mr. Porter, the Northern Shan States commissioner, had telephoned from Lashio to get me a compartment on the Rangoon train. After paying hastily for my ticket, I climbed into a compartment which bore the inscription: MLLE. CURIE—LADY—KEEP CLEAN.

When, on the following morning—Saturday, February 14—the train entered the Rangoon railway station, I smelled at once the ghastly odor of defeat, of retreat, of fear. I drove along deserted avenues, between gardens full of bougainvillaeas in bloom, and again I recognized the emptiness, the unforgettable silence of the large cities in danger. Rangoon was a body struck with pernicious anemia.

REINFORCEMENTS had arrived by sea only the day before. I saw little of the troops while visiting the dockyards, but I did see the transport and cargo ships crowding the jetties, some of them empty, others still full of valuable war weapons that the Allies would never use. Trucks were being hastily loaded with crates of supplies that had been lying for weeks in the warehouses. The orders were to get the stuff out of Rangoon proper as quickly as possible, to move it, if only for a few miles, toward the north, on the Mandalay road. The greatest bulk of these crates, which had come all the way from the United States and England, was finally to be burned on these very docks by the retreating Allies, before Rangoon was surrendered to the Japanese.

In a military train, I left Rangoon with Captain Nyar, the Indian officer who was to escort me to the front. At our first stop, Kyaikto, I got numerous firsthand accounts of jungle battles. They proved unmistakably that the English and Indian soldiers alike were fighting stubbornly and bravely. The officers kept repeating that Rangoon would hold. I also heard speculations about expected Chinese and British reinforcements—from men who, I am sure, did not truly think that such reinforcements would arrive in time to change the odds of the battle. Captain Nyar and I took a reconnaissance drive in a station wagon, with a loaded tommy gun which we did not need to use, since we were four or five miles from the enemy.

Burmese peasants, sitting motionless on the porches of their bamboo huts of one village we passed looked at us with a complete and mysterious indifference. An English officer remarked to me, "To the Japanese they give or sell water, rice—any food or supplies they may have. They lend sampans to the enemy, to help him cross the rivers. They provide him with information about our movements." However, from what I heard at the front, as well as in Rangoon, I did not get the impression that the peasants who welcomed the Japanese were always doing so to serve any particular cause. Many of them were going over to the winning side for very material reasons of security and profit.

BACK in Rangoon the following day we learned that Singapore had fallen—fallen on the very day, February 15, that the Japanese diplomats in Kuybyshev had predicted for its capture, several weeks before, when I was in Russia. I had an appointment at ten o'clock with the Governor of Burma, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith. He told me that he was so closely watched by his Burmese servants that if he so much as moved a suitcase from one room to another, the rumor would spread like wildfire in Rangoon that he was abandoning the town. I witnessed from hour to hour how a large town can go to pieces like an individual having a nervous breakdown.

So many English combatants showed, without any question, the greatest bravery during the Burmese retreat that I hesitate to write what struck me the most in Rangoon. It was this: the majority of the Englishmen whom I met there had lived in the East for a long time and had not been back in the British Isles since the outbreak of the war. I had been through the blitzkrieg in London. When I passed near a stiff civil servant sipping his "gimlet" in a club, when I talked with an officer who still believed that it was smart to wage a war as one would run a dull business and to speak of patriotism with tongue in cheek, I felt like saying:

"Hey, mister! Your clock has stopped, and you must put it right. This is neither Chamberlain's England nor Chamberlain's war. This is Churchill's England. You look more outmoded, with your decayed snobbery and your laziness, than a woman wearing a silly hat designed two years ago."

On the train going back to Lashio a lean pilot of the American Volunteer Group talked to us. He had served for seven and a half years in the U. S. Army, where he was a lieutenant. In July, 1941, he had enlisted in the A. V. G. and had fought since under the Chinese flag. He wore canvas slacks, an open shirt, and a shabby dirty sweater.

"You don't need a uniform to fight the Japs," he said. "You need a plane, gasoline, and ammunition." He thought nothing of dive-bombing the enemy from 21,000 feet, but he loathed whatever resembled military discipline. "My idea of fighting," he said, "is each for himself and no orders. Above all, no inspections. Inspections are the hellish part of military life. *They* must have been busy with an inspection on the day when we got our licking in Pearl Harbor."

In Lashio I waited three days for a plane for Chungking. Some units of Chinese troops had already passed through and others were expected shortly. A banderole with the inscription WELCOME TO OUR GALLANT CHINESE TROOPS was floating across the main road of Old Lashio, close to the bamboo barriers where the Burma Road proper officially started and where the customs control of the China-bound supplies operated. My talks there with the Allied technicians in charge of the supply lines were moving and sad. The defeat in the south had nullified overnight the efforts that these men of good will had been making for months. Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, the Chinese supervisor of the Yunnan-Burma Railway, told me that he had been advocating the establishment of a railroad between Burma and China since 1935, mainly for strategical reasons. The British had shown little interest in the plan, finding it was too expensive and of no immediate usefulness. He described the routes that were now being prospected to link a blockaded China with the rest of the world, and he gave me my first lesson in Chinese perseverance.

"China was supplied first by way of Hong Kong. That line was cut off," he said lightly. "Then she was supplied by way of Indo-China—and that road was cut off too. Then she was supplied via Rangoon—and that road, in turn, is now being cut off. But each time a new route vanishes, Mlle. Curie, we will find another one, and again another one if necessary, so that China can go on fighting. Let us never say, when speaking of Burma or of any other place, 'This is the last road.' For it is our job, you see, to find a road to be used after the 'last.'"

I landed in Kunming in the middle of the night. The hotel could not give me a bed, but an elderly Englishman who lived there led me upstairs to a room almost entirely occupied by an old-fashioned bed in which a gray-haired lady was asleep. Her eyes blinked painfully when we put on the lights. No sooner had she understood what was happening than she found the most charming words to welcome me. She actually said, "I am delighted to have you here," which made us all roar with laughter. After the exiled husband had withdrawn, and I was in beside her, Mrs. Bernie's voice said philosophically, "If we ever meet again, on a street, I doubt whether we shall recognize each other."

At dawn I left for the airport. Kunming is 6,500 feet above sea level and the cutting wind made us well realize it. We waited for a long time. It was eight o'clock when we finally took off.

From then on I did nothing else but stare, from above, at the grandiose sight which is a revelation for any Westerner: the land of China, modeled inch by inch by the patient hands of the Chinese peasants, every slope terraced in a pattern which, conditioned as it was by the curves of the soil, seemed to have been designed by an artist for the sole pleasure of the eyes. Some of the fields looked like round sea shells with concentrical grooves. Others were shaped like crescents, like leaves, like the petals of flowers. Beans made them green, and rape seed made them a gay bright yellow. The paddy fields, sunk under irrigation water, were as shiny as mirrors, as pale as the sky they reflected. They made the slopes look like gigantic staircases of glass.

What I had come to find out in China, was how desperate were the people. Strategically, the country was in a greater danger now than it had ever been. My conversations with influential Chinese in Chungking confirmed to me that the word "despair" was conspicuously absent from their vocabulary.

GENERAL HO YING-CHIN, chief of the General Staff and Minister for Military Affairs, pointed out to me that China was "already the ally of Russia in the war against Germany and Italy," although Russia was not a belligerent in the Far East. He added that the co-operation between China and the U. S. S. R. was still "in an infantile stage."

He did not hide his personal anti-Communist feelings and took several cracks at the activities of the Chinese Communist armies in the border regions. Yet he said that Soviet-Japanese hostilities would make China fight "shoulder to shoulder" with Russia and would also "change the Chinese Communists for the better."

After meeting General Ho, I went to see one of the busiest men in the capital: the Minister of Communications, Mr. Chang Kia-ngau—by profession a successful banker. In his house I had my first elaborate Chinese dinner and came to know the refinements of Chinese hospitality. Mr. Chang—did he ever rest or sleep?—was responsible for the construction of highways and for the improvement of the ancient Chinese roads. Since the beginning of hostilities a total of 10,000 miles of roads had been either built or surfaced in China by a swarm of three million coolies.

"Remember," he said, "it is never a waste to secure new lines of communications in Asia. We are in for a long war. In one or two years from now the United Nations might desperately need some of the highways that I want to build in Free China and in which, today, they are hardly interested."

I visited some factories with the man who had evacuated them into the interior, Mr. Ling Chi-lung, the director of the Business Department of the Industrial and Mining Readjustment Administration. In one I noticed raw cotton being washed with machines made in Massachusetts. The color of the Chinese clothes made the scene in the workshops truly beautiful: all the women and girls wore blue cotton gowns. Many had their dark hair bobbed. It made them look like comical modernistic dolls.

When I visited Mr. Ling's boss, Mr. C. C. Chien, vice-president of the National Resources Commission, which controlled the government-sponsored industry in Free China, Mr. Chien's tiny boy, after repeatedly bowing to me, Chinese style, sang in my honor all the tunes he knew with a resolute piercing voice. He stood up very straight, like a little soldier, and looked at me with devastating eagerness to make sure that I appreciated his performance, on which he had worked very hard. When he was through, his mother, who spoke only Chinese, presented me with a rolled parchment document tied with a ribbon on which she had expressed in Chinese ideographs what my family, what Marie Curie, meant to her and how happy she was to have me in her home. There is no place in the world where a visitor sensitive to human kindness and to an exquisite graciousness of manner feels quite as happy as among Chinese friends. I remembered what my mother used to say to me in Paris about her pupils from the East, her Chinese laboratory workers: "They make me self-conscious. They are so much more civilized than we."

I TOOK a trip to Chengtu, and visited the school for noncommissioned officers. The black buildings were decorated on the outside with enormous ideographs painted in gold—war slogans:

> ONCE YOU KNOW WHAT IS RIGHT, ACT WITH COURAGE.
> DON'T RETREAT WHEN IN DIFFICULTY.
> EVERY SLOPE OF ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY PUTS OUR ARMED FORCES TO SHAME.
> BE STRONG. EITHER THE ENEMY WILL SURVIVE, OR YOU WILL.

Talking to some of the instructors and the students, I realized that here was a generation of Chinese in whom the liking for machines and mechanical ability were being born, and for whom the words "duty," "fatherland," "nation," and "discipline" had come to make sense. The profession of a soldier, of an officer, long despised in China, now appeared honorable. Never again would these sons of peasants go back to cultivate the rice fields. It was the skies over the fields that they were passionately eager to defend.

I visited also the dormitories of the "refugee universities" that had moved from the east to Chengtu. Hundreds of students from Nanking and Shanghai were sleeping on hard bunks, four in each room. At suppertime I spoke informally to the girls with bobbed hair and intelligent-looking faces. They asked me dozens of questions about the war, just as American girls would have done—almost in the same words. When I started asking *them* questions, they answered me without self-consciousness. One of them stood up and said, "Mlle. Curie, we, in China, believed that the Western Powers would wipe out Japan within a few days. Naturally, we are disappointed. Yet we are calm and determined to go on with our war of resistance."

Another girl rose and said, with a simple and touching faith—as if to comfort me, "This is what I wish to say: I believe strongly that the democracies will win."

My return trip from Chengtu to Chungking took two days in an exhausted car which got repeatedly stuck because of engine trouble. At one point an air force truck going back to Chengtu responded to our frantic waving signs and stopped by us. About ten young cadets gathered around while two air force mechanics took our motor apart and put it together again, after having added to the American-built machine a piece of tin cut out from an old can with embroidery scissors—the only useful tool that our own chauffeurs seemed to possess.

When I got back to Chungking I had a chance to meet the famous Communist general, Chou En-lai, who was the official liaison agent between the Eighth Route Army and the Central Government. Everybody knew that he was in Chungking—it was, in fact, his job to be there. At a New Life Movement tea, a most conservative Chinese lady had introduced me to "Mme. Chou En-lai, the wife of the Communist leader"—which was as if Mrs. Herbert Hoover had had me meet Mrs. Earl Browder. It all looked very tolerant and conciliatory. Yet when some American friends arranged for me to see Chou En-lai himself, they thought it necessary to shroud in mystery our visit to his headquarters. Chou En-lai had a mobile nervous face and very dark eyes. He lacked the Oriental poise and the typical Chinese sense of humor. From a marmalade of short sentences emerged the personality of a highly intelligent political leader, of a general with the smartness of a diplomat who could analyze a situation without sticking to the Party line.

The Communist chief somewhat clarified for me the attitude of the Reds toward Chiang Kai-shek: the Communists opposed the Kuomintang's "reactionary" rule, while nevertheless considering that the Generalissimo was an irreplaceable war leader, the present symbol of Chinese unity.

I happened to mention the war songs that the Chinese soldiers and guerrillas hummed on the roads, and asked which ones were the most popular. My host said with enthusiasm, "Wait! I shall ask the boys to sing for you."

No efforts of mine could stop him from waking up some soldiers who had fallen asleep on the floor in the next room—four Chinese boys from the Eighth Route Army in pale blue uniforms almost white with dust. They were extremely young—eighteen, seventeen. On their childish faces the fatigue, the hunger, the suffering had not yet drawn a single wrinkle. As they sang they leaned on the wall, their arms crossed, their heads proudly lifted:

"... We are millions with a single heart,
Ready to face the fire of the enemy guns! . . .

"Let's take our flesh and blood
And build a great new world. . . .
Arise! . . ."

ON Tuesday, March 10, I put on my afternoon dress, my camel's-hair coat, my eternal beige turban, and a relatively clean pair of gloves. I even dug out my high-heeled shoes that I had not worn for weeks. An American colleague of mine who met me in the courtyard at the hotel snapped, "Where are you off to in your Buckingham Palace outfit?" He did not really need to ask: he had already seen the official car waiting for me in the back alley. The car took me to Chiang Kai-shek's house on the hill. The Generalissimo and Madame had just returned to Chungking from Kunming, and Madame had kindly invited me for tea.

The residence of the leaders of China had no character whatsoever. The living room, with its dull armchairs all alike, could have been the pride of any bourgeois family of Europe or America. I waited there for a while, then Mme. Chiang came in—slim, smart, as neat as a Cartier jewel. She was even more attractive than in her pictures. With what unfailing grace, with what conviction she did her all-important job—that of China's First Propagandist! I was only one of the visitors whom she had to receive that afternoon. She knew everything about me. She knew what I had done and seen in China, and also what I had failed to see. She knew also who our mutual friends were in the States. She asked me questions—not entirely benevolent ones—about Russia and about the English.

While we were having tea, the door opened and the Generalissimo came in. He was smaller, leaner, older than I had expected. He wore a simple khaki uniform, without insignia of any kind. The short mustache and whatever hair he had—a fraction of an inch long—were grayish. The eyes too were gray, the color of dark steel. Chiang Kai-shek's pale ascetic face had fragile features which, strangely enough, revealed only strength, secrecy, and a formidable stubbornness. Who had ever dared suggest that it was Madame who ruled China from behind the scenes? Without the shadow of a doubt, here was the Boss. He was like a subtle, indecipherable Chinese book full of complicated ideographs which made no sense to the foreigner. Mme. Chiang was like a translation in English of the original text. She presented to the outside world a readable China—a China somewhat simplified, somewhat beautified—the China that any farmer in the American Middle West could understand and admire.

When the plane on which I started from Chungking for Calcutta stopped to refuel at Kunming, I saw Colonel Chennault for a few minutes. What an extraordinary face Chennault had—what a wonderful face! It could have been the face of a buccaneer, or of a sailor having spent all his life on the high seas between the sky and the water. But no. It belonged to an aviation-crazy American whose wife and eight children awaited him in his home town of Waterproof, Louisiana. In his black sparkling eyes there were enough will power and enthusiasm to lift the world. What was spellbinding about him was his entire concentration on his task. Proudly, like a coach speaking of his beloved team, he summed up the heavy damage that the Tigers had inflicted on the Japs in recent weeks. He also spoke frankly of the losses suffered by the Group, and of the obstacles he had found in his way, of various mishaps that had been bitter to swallow.

While we went on our way to Calcutta in rough weather, in a plane that shook all over and bumped us along, I took a last look at China's paddy fields, at her brown hills.

Calcutta appeared to me like a fat weak animal fascinated by the vicious snake of war and rendered powerless by it. A good many of its inhabitants had fled—but the city, although partially emptied, did not have a belligerent atmosphere.

Sir Guthrie Russell, who was in charge of the whole munitions production in India, had a staff officer take me through a rifle plant near town which employed 7,300 Indian workers and about 700 Englishmen. I wandered through the workshops swarming with Indians who wore either European shorts or their own *dhoti*—the floating cheesecloth twisted around their loins and brown legs. Most of the machine tools had traveled all the way from Leeds, Manchester, Coventry, Birmingham, Glasgow. A lesser number had been manufactured in India or the United States. Basic raw materials, such as iron and coal, came from mines about a hundred miles away, while the maple and walnut wood used for the rifles was brought from Kashmir. English and Australian wood was also being used, however, and so was copper from Canada and Rhodesia. The factory conveyed a striking picture of the perpetual exchanges between India and the rest of the Commonwealth: exchanges of machines, of raw materials, and of men.

IN a bookstore, where I wanted to buy Gandhi's and Nehru's works, a young Hindu who worked in a government office in New Delhi talked to me about the present fate of France. "India has survived oppression. So will France," he said. The implication was that he made no fundamental distinction between British domination (that, incidentally, he was helping to enforce in his daily work) and the iron rule of Nazi Germany. Yet here we were, talking about "oppression" in the largest bookstore in Calcutta—a bookstore where we could purchase, with British approval, all the works preaching nationalism to the Indians and advocating the overthrow of the present administration. The only Nationalists whom I found ready to collaborate in the war effort immediately and without conditions were those under Communist allegiance.

Everybody, in every house, spoke of Sir Stafford Cripps and—a memorable thing in the saga of the British in India—everybody, almost without exception, had favorable things to say of this Englishman. "Sir Stafford would not have endeavored to come to India, carrying proposals that we could not accept." The disturbing thing was that there was no unanimity whatsoever among them on what they considered acceptable.

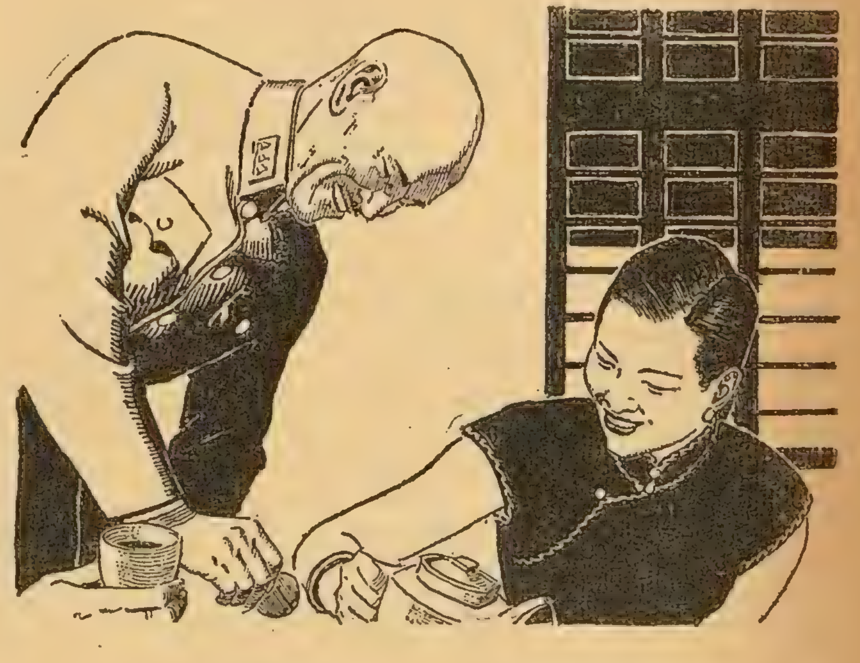
Sir John Herbert, the Governor of Bengal, and Lady Mary made my life extremely pleasant. And there were one or two Indian houses wnere I could always drop in for tea or dinner. I felt hopelessly unglamorous and homely in my dryly cut Western dresses when I found myself amid ten or twelve women of Bengal, each of them beautiful or at least made beautiful by the exquisite color and shape of her draped sari. India was the only country in the whole world that made a European woman ashamed of what she wore.

When I went to Delhi to see Jawaharlal Nehru, he met me at the train. He looked like a handsome prince in a fairy tale. Like the aristocrat that he was. He was slim and rather short, with dark beautiful eyes and regular features. On his very pale and sensitive face one could almost read his thoughts and guess what his mood was. His was a romantic face; also a witty one. It changed quickly, like the sky on a windy day.

He took no vulgar advantage of the paradoxical situation which made him—a political prisoner three months ago—the man that today the envoy of the War Cabinet was the most eager to meet in New Delhi. He spoke of Sir Stafford Cripps as of a personal friend for whom he had the highest esteem. When I asked him whether *even* the Nationalist leaders would eventually have the power to shake India's profound apathy toward the war, he confessed sadly, "I don't know. We will try." He constantly repeated: "The feeling of the Indians against Britain is stronger than their feeling against the Japanese. Unless this is being changed by a declaration of independence, we will be unable to rouse our people against the invaders." When I asked, "How do you react to the term *dominion status?*" he produced his most delightful smile and said, "It makes me slightly seasick."

In New Delhi I had a talk with another Socialist: Sir Stafford Cripps. One of the very first things he told me in his clear convincing voice was, "I am not here to appease momentarily, in an hour of danger, the feud between the Indian Nationalists and a conservative British government. The vision of the War Cabinet is greater and more constructive. My task is—if it is at all possible—to solve permanently, for war and for peace, the permanent problem of India."

I had never been in the habit of using indiscriminately, on every occasion, the word "democracy." But for once I felt like writing in my diary: "March 26, 1942. Met a truly democratic Englishman."



The first time I was asked to lunch with the Viceroy of India and Lady Linlithgow, I could not help being obsessed by irreverent thoughts. Were Sir Stafford to succeed in his negotiations—which meant, were England to succeed in dispossessing herself—what would happen to this solemn palace of fifty-four rooms? Should I come back there one day to see a half-naked Gandhi sipping his daily ration of goat's milk? To whom would we curtsy then? Would the delightful, Cambridge-educated Nehru be there, swimming in the pool, playing tennis, or holding joint audiences with his ferocious opponent of the Moslem League, Mr. Jinnah?

In the Secretariat offices—which I frequently visited to attend Sir Stafford Cripps' press conferences, to have my dispatches censored, or to keep appointments with civil servants who worked there—I was struck by the number of Indian names I saw posted on the office doors. I learned, with stupefaction, that Britain governed India by means of 1,185 members of the Indian Civil Service, 597 of them Indian and only 588 of them English. That was all: 588 Englishmen to rule a country numbering hundreds of millions of people! It takes a personnel three times as large to run the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. . . . To this, naturally, the Army had to be added: a maximum—in peacetime—of 60,000 British soldiers, plus 150,000 Indians officered by Englishmen.

I was glad I happened to follow the Cripps negotiations not from a house where politics came first but from one where it came last: that of General (later Field Marshal) Sir Archibald Wavell. Politics, whether in England or in India, was not Wavell's business, and he seldom said a word about it. With the Japanese advancing from the east and the Germans preparing for a spring offensive against Russia in the west, India was a central stronghold of vital importance. Whether 390,000,000 Indians finally turned for England or against England in case of a Japanese attack, Wavell's duty as commander in chief would remain the same: save India from Axis aggression.

Right then, with insufficient forces and inadequate equipment, he waged a delaying action in Burma, while hastily organizing India's strategical defenses and looking after the fast-growing Indian Army. He worked all the time, commuting frequently between New Delhi, Calcutta, northern Burma, and Assam. Not a desk general, he was in the habit of seeing things for himself, with complete indifference to danger or to the lack of comfort. In his vast silent house the atmosphere was different from that of any of the official buildings in New Delhi—simply because a man lived there who from morning to evening toiled tenaciously, angrily, at winning the war. One could constantly feel this singleness of purpose, this tenseness. He had a very fine head, silvery hair, and the healthy complexion of one who lived mostly out of doors. Because of his half-closed, expressionless left eye (that he had lost in the 1914 war) his face, at first, revealed little. But there was strength in it, reflection, kindness—and secrecy, the secrecy of a man who felt robust enough in his mind and body to carry the weight of his responsibilities and who shared his worries with no one. Without the least embarrassment (for him!) he could remain silent for hours in the presence of guests who bored him. Yet when asked a question, he answered with complete simplicity and frankness—sometimes with great charm.

THE best story about him was that of a military regulation concerning the equipment of infantry troops, which he had had changed in England before the war. Unable to convince the War Office that the regulation was absurd, he had suddenly given up arguing. Calling his division, he had ordered his men loaded with every single item of equipment the regulation required. Then he had taken them on maneuvers. After a few miles the exhausted soldiers had found themselves unable to make one more step. The division had come to a standstill, jamming a road for hours—and the regulation had been changed.

Friday, March 27, I did something which was without precedent. I took a telephone and from the house of the commander in chief I called Birla House, where Mr. Gandhi had his quarters. With a somewhat trembling voice I gave my name to the secretary who answered. I explained that I had a letter from Nehru introducing me to the Mahatma, and could I have an appointment with Mr. Gandhi. After a wait, the secretary asked, "Can you walk?"

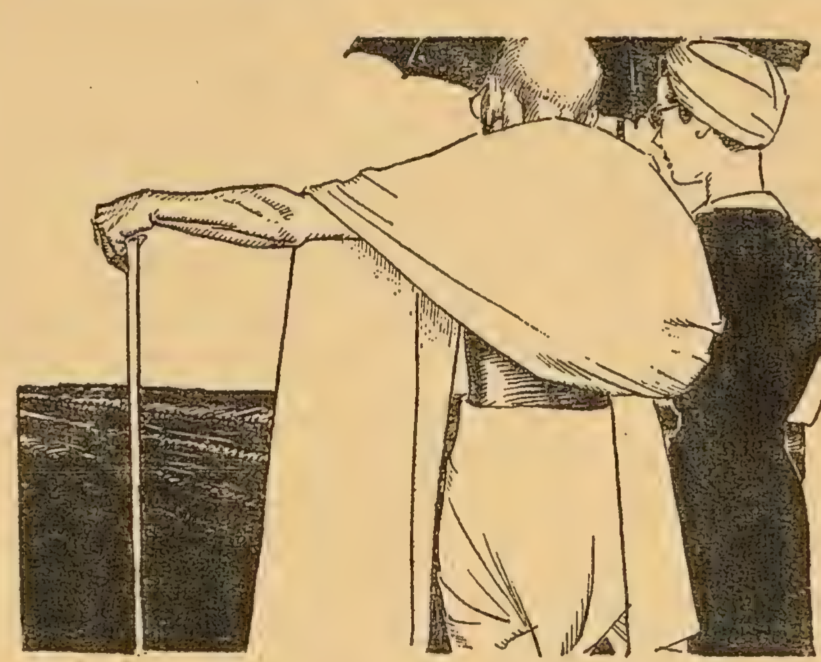
I could walk. I had, in fact, been walking for years.

"Well, then," said the secretary, "Mr. Gandhi will take his daily walk with you tomorrow morning at seven."

Excited and bursting with pride, I confided my news to my host. Wavell's single eye expressed an intense interest, pleasure, and a nuance of envy while he muttered in undertone, "I should like to see Gandhi!"

Undoubtedly he meant it. And in fact, the most useful exchange of views that could have taken place at this point of the British-Indian negotiations was probably one between the commander in chief of India's armed forces and the pacifist leader of India's "non-violent" crowds. It might, perhaps, have made Gandhi face squarely the danger in which India found herself.

Mr. Gandhi was even smaller, even leaner than I had expected. Somehow, resting half naked on a broad immaculate mattress, he looked like a very precious, dark, tiny animal—like an insect pinned on a cushion. He made me at once frightfully shy, giving me the feeling that he could read through me. Yet his clever eyes were friendly and witty. In his smile, too, there was kindness—and a wonderful sense of humor. The Mahatma had more charm than most anybody I had ever met.



To this stubborn pacifist I was bringing the point of view of the average citizen of the conquered countries of Europe, of one who profoundly believed that an Axis victory would inflict on India the horrible fate of Poland, of France. To my arguments, he raised this invariable motto, "I am against all wars, against the use of force. I believe in non-violence. I would like to think that India will be, through her non-violence, a messenger of peace to the whole world."

In a sense, it was utterly wrong to apply to Gandhi the word "pacifist." The little man who sat in front of me on his white mattress really was a fighter who, having invented a new weapon, had thereupon immediately rejected as no good the weapons previously in use. He resembled those enthusiastic adepts of aviation power who don't want to give one more thought to infantry battles. I wanted to verify that were Gandhi to have his way, the Indian Army as it now exists would be disbanded by a Free Indian government. He confirmed this.

I felt as if he and I were moving on different floors of the same house, he on the top floor and I on the ground floor. We never met. And how could I hope to win an argument over Mr. Gandhi? He was a saint—and I was not a saint. Also, he was a politician—and I was not a politician. His mystical conviction plus his lawyer's shrewdness was bound to defeat me. Last but not least, on this Saturday morning, March 28, he already knew the terms of the British proposals to India—and I did not. While Gandhi the Saint was reaffirming, with superb and convincing eloquence, his anti-all-war creed, Gandhi the Politician had, most probably, already made his decision on the Cripps plan. He was determined that the Congress Working Committee should reject it. I quoted to him the words of some of the British envoy's Indian friends, who had told me again and again that Sir Stafford would not have come to India unless he could bring "acceptable" proposals. The Mahatma said hastily, with a concealed irritation, "I haven't the right to speak to you of the Cripps plan. I have given my word to say nothing. But

I can tell you that the proposals are nothing to get excited about. They are, in fact, most disappointing." Immediately he retreated by muttering funnily, as if he were teasing himself, "Now, now—I am getting on dangerous ground," and he stopped referring to the taboo subject.

What struck me most in Gandhi was that it seemed more important to him to be "right" than to bring about real improvements of a given situation. Truth to him was an improvement and a blessing in itself, whatever its temporarily disastrous consequences.

Marching at Mr. Gandhi's side, talking with him, I called to my rescue the memory of one of the most peace-loving individuals I had known: my mother. She too had an absolute horror of violence—yet pacifism, in its political sense, had never won her over. When the Great War had broken out in 1914, an intense feeling of solidarity with France, her country of adoption, had made her want to work and struggle with the others. The humblest task was the one that, in wartime, she preferred; in the hours of great peril she did not care to argue—she cared to serve. I told that to Mr. Gandhi. And I suddenly asked him, in an undertone, "Are you not very proud—very conceited?"

He looked straight at me from behind his spectacles, like a greedy child who has been caught stealing sugar, and he said at once, "Yes—sometimes I do think that I have more pride than the people whom I accuse of being proud." With a coquettish smile that made him resemble a witty monkey, he remarked, "The hopeful thing is that I am aware of my pride. So I can try to reform. Only on the last day of my life will we know whether I succeeded."

On Sunday, March 29, I called on Mr. Gandhi's opponent, the president of the Moslem League, Mr. Jinnah. He was an extraordinary figure, and a handsome one, in his tight white trousers covered by a white coat that fell almost to his knees. There was a theatrical glamour about his ascetic face, his burning black eyes, his hair of three or four different shades of gray. At first sight, the emaciated, sixty-six-year-old leader looked like an actor. Listening to him, I discovered an eloquent, astute lawyer. I did not have a real conversation with Jinnah: he gave me a lecture. He defended his case—indeed brilliantly.

His whole reasoning was based on the postulate that although they lived in the same villages all over India and spoke more or less the same languages, the Moslems and the Hindus never had had and never would have any single thing in common. Like Mr. Gandhi, Jinnah already knew the contents of the British proposals, but he carefully concealed what he thought of them. A good guess was that he did not entirely dislike them and that he was impatiently wondering what would be the decision of the Congress leaders.

A FEW days more in New Delhi, and I started my trip back to New York, across the Near East and Africa, by the same route that I had come. When the British Airways seaplane landed "somewhere in India" for our first overnight stop, the local American consul asked me at once, "Do you care to come to a show tonight? There is one given jointly by members of the British and American forces." He added, "Didn't you know? This town is full of American soldiers." We went. On the stage, English Tommies were making cockney jokes, while the U. S. doughboys were singing, playing the ukulele, and jitterbugging madly. They looked like daring and exuberant children who had been let loose on the whole world. Somehow my eyes suddenly filled with tears. Just because they wore American uniforms and sang jolly tunes, the "Yanks" had reminded me of my childhood days in the France of 1917 that had been struggling for her life and bleeding for three long years; of those days when an immense rumor of hope had swept my wounded country from its smallest village to the muddy trenches at the front: *"Les Américains sont arrivés!"* (The Americans have arrived!), which meant that we were going to win the war.

Pan American Airways was operating all over Africa now. Khartoum was now a compromise between La Guardia Field and an American summer camp. The passengers who were rushing to India, Abyssinia, or the Atlantic coast could stop there for the night and get a regular American meal canned in California or Chicago. We stood in line to have our plane tickets checked by PAA employees in snappy uniforms who loudly called, "This way, please!" just as if we were provincial tourists in Radio City.

Because America was in the war, I could now get some Milwaukee beer in the Sudan and eat a sizzling hamburger, worthy of the best drive-in restaurants in the States, in a remote Nigeria airport. Both Pan American Airways and the U. S. Army resolutely ignored tropical food and African customs. There was no nonsense about "exotic dishes"; the Yanks wanted everything to be just as at home—just as in Iowa or Nebraska or Louisiana, just as in Brooklyn or San Francisco. . . .

Dynamic Americans! All the way from the Gold Coast to Egypt, American men were building runways, assembling prefabricated houses, drilling wells, clearing bushes, installing radio stations and antiaircraft guns, swearing against the mosquitoes, and humming Broadway songs. Our plane carried mostly ferry pilots who had been over this route dozens of times, back and forth. The dull trans-African trip was about as much a novelty to them as a bus ride. They didn't even look through the window; they read detective stories.

WE had shifted from our Douglas to a Clipper, which landed us "somewhere in Liberia." In a vast clearing, amid mango, cottonwood, and banyan trees, the Americans were building an air base. Before we left, one of the engineers handed me an unhoped-for gift: a copy of the New York Herald Tribune only five days old. "That is the good side of Liberia," said one of the PAA boys. "We are only three days by plane from the States, and Clippers go across constantly." At this point one of our companions remarked, "The world has become very small."

Small? Why this absurd, endlessly repeated cliché? The world was immense and varied. True, a few thousand people could fly in a week from Miami to India. True, a few million soldiers were being shipped right now to distant battlefields—and very soon, a long-range bomber based in Europe would be able to carry destruction and misery to any town, any village on earth. But even that did not mean that the world was small. The countless masses of "common men" with white, brown, black, or yellow skins did not travel in Clippers; nations did not move. An illiterate peasant in India still did not know what a farm in Iowa looked like. He did not even know that America existed.

I read my Herald Tribune from the first line to the last, including the women's page and the movie programs. I had to relearn about America now. And I had to make the words "United Nations" that I saw printed in every column or news dispatch fit with the rough unretouched picture of the Allied camp that I had in my head after my 40,000-mile voyage—my journey among warriors. Hard as I tried, I could not accept as true—not yet—this word "United." What I had seen was an association of very different peoples—different in race, color, religion, political regime, standard of living, wealth, and form of civilization—which fought side by side, but not "together," the same global war against the same enemies.

As the fast Clipper took me away from the world's battlefields, I felt for the first time in months full of anxiety, of fear. Why? I think I was humbly dreading not to be worthy, ever, of these soldiers. I was realizing the magnitude of the work that had been entrusted to us who did not fight, who did not risk our lives—the millions and millions of civilians in the United Nations. Protected as we were by the soldiers' guns, by the soldiers' bodies, did we wage our own war with a soldier's courage? The struggle, on the home front, did not solely consist in the great tasks of forging weapons in the factories, growing food on the farms, or in the women's enlisting for noncombatant duties. It did not consist only in buying bonds, in accepting rationing and refraining from driving cars for pleasure, in knitting sweaters and rolling bandages.

Public opinion waged the war. Statesmen, diplomats, government officials waged the war. To beat the Axis, it was not enough to win battles in the field, to kill millions of men. We also had to kill ideas that knew no frontiers and spread like disease. Did we *have* ideals—or were we only the unimaginative grandchildren of men who *had had* ideals? Were we, right now, consolidating our coalition, materially so strong, politically so fragile, while there was still time to do so—cynically speaking, while the imperative necessity of fighting side by side kept the Allies together? Were we building a coherent, workable plan for a new world that would even partly satisfy the hunger of 1,500,000,000 men for liberty, for security—and for bread?

Nobody, *nobody* I had seen on the battlefields wanted to go back to the past. Horrible as the war was, such a thing as the virtues of war did exist. The deadly struggle was forging a new generation of men, with cleaner souls and harder bodies than the ones they had had in their careless "normal lives"—men who were rediscovering hope beyond the smoke of the battle. They had learned by now that a nation could no more evade her responsibilities in peacetime than desert in combat in wartime, that wealth mattered little, that hunger mattered a great deal, that freedom was worth the maddest sacrifices. Yes, the erratic past was dead, as far as the men were concerned. Of all the soldiers with whom I had talked, the Americans were the only ones who did say, "I want to return to what I had"—with this exception, that they believed America could never again afford political isolation. This was perhaps because, as compared with that of their associates, their pre-war life *was* a very good one.

Right now we could just as well face the fact that though the military battle would stop and the guns cease to shoot, the battle for world co-operation would last much longer than our lifetime. In that war there would probably never be a complete victory, and what we had to worry about first was that there should not be a crashing defeat. We would have to start modestly, from the beginning—from what *all* the Allies wanted, different as they were: security from aggression. Here was a common denominator, a solid base. From there the United Nations could patiently work their way up toward other forms of co-operation, first among themselves and ultimately with their more or less reformed enemies. What perseverance they would need, what imagination, what severity for themselves—and also what humility in their approach to this formidable task!

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

CARLETON BEALS, who knows South America as well as the next man, and who has written several books of non-fiction about it, now dips into his knowledge and his imagination to write a novel about South America in the early 1950s. **Dawn Over the Amazon** (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, N. Y., $3) is the result, more than 500 pages of spectacular ideas and events.

The book opens after the second World War has ended with a compromise peace which has left both Germany and Japan strong enough to attempt an invasion of South America. This invasion begins just after the story opens and is repulsed just before its close. In between there are considerable action, intrigue, adventure, love (and lust) interest, and high politics. It is quite a brew and Mr. Beals stirs it vigorously, flavors it strongly.

Carleton Beals

For the most part the book concerns itself with Grant Hammond, a U. S. engineer and promoter who has a grandiose plan for turning the valley of the Amazon into the world's most productive area. In his drive to enlist all the countries of South America concerned, he meets the Reaper, a Peruvian reformer and revolutionary; Gabriela, the Reaper's beautiful sister, with whom he falls in love; a baron who is an unfailing magnet to the ladies; beautiful Marcela, mistress of General Montes, then president of Peru and, next to the Germans and Japs, the chief villain in the piece, and Melinda, Brazil's Joan of Arc.

Carroll Alcott

Hammond's spectacular design for the Amazon is, of course, held up until the pincers invasion of the continent by the Germans on the east and the Japs on the west coast is beaten off.

Hammond's great dream is then assured of fulfillment, but there is the personal problem of his wife (an unpleasant character, unhampered by loyalty) which remains to be cleared up—though Mr. Beals hints that all will be well and that Hammond and Gabriela will inevitably meet under the proper auspices.

A trifle overlong, a bit overwritten and ragged, it is undeniably an exhilarating ride on the melodramatic merry-go-round. It will give you as much action and excitement for your money as you are likely to find between the covers of any book these days.

TWO new books about the Japanese are worth your reading. The first is **Why Japan Was Strong**, by **John Patric** (Doubleday, Doran, N. Y., $2.50). It is one of the most informative and, I suspect, one of the truest books about Japan and the Japanese people since Lafcadio Hearn.

This is no tourist account. It is the story of a man who knows the country because he lived in it as its inhabitants do; because he talked with, ate with, and slept with its people—and was wise enough to make an effort to understand them. If you want to be truly informed about Japan, you'll read it.

CARROLL ALCOTT gives another account of the Japanese at war in his **My War with Japan** (Henry Holt, N. Y., $3). Mr. Alcott is the man who so successfully bothered the Japanese invaders of Shanghai and its environs by telling the truth in his news broadcasts from the time the Japs took over Shanghai until just before Pearl Harbor. He gives you an eye-witness account of their relentless brutality in occupying a conquered territory.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JAP CAMPS

Continued from Page 11

Army camp by mistake, for the barracks were built according to Regular Army design and construction. True, they were built hastily of green lumber which split apart. The floor boards are not close together, and the Japanese use the spaces between them for ash trays. When the Army first came to make the camp, they used great bulldozers to clear the desert. The land is silt, so when dust storms come, the dust seeps through the crevices into the barracks—"Arizona fog," the évacués call it. But the quarters were needed urgently and this could not be helped. Gradually the évacués are getting linoleum for their floors.

The barracks are in blocks. The buildings have been divided into "apartments," and about 260 men, women, and children live in an average block. The "apartments" are rooms twenty by twenty-five feet in size, and families of from two to five or more occupy each of them. In each block there are two latrines, one for men, one for women; one laundry room, one ironing room. In each block there is a mess hall—for food is supplied by the government through the Army Quartermaster Corps and eating is communal—and a recreation hall. There are seventy-two blocks in the Poston center.

IT is not quite so grim now as it was in the beginning. The évacués, young and old, hearty and frail, had come from the moderate West Coast climate to this desert when the temperature was 120 degrees. The government had offered them their rooms, cots, straw with which to make mattresses, and Army blankets. They had no furniture. They needed soap, brooms, pails, everything. Most of them had to make furniture out of scraps of lumber left when the barracks were finished. After a while those who still had furniture at home got some of it moved here. Some got plyboard from a mail-order house and partitioned their apartments. In some blocks the men secured air conditioners for the mess halls. The inevitable Japanese gardens began to bloom in window boxes and around the blocks and between them. Most of the comfort you see has been created by the Japanese themselves; it has not been donated by the government.

At best, this is not the lavish luxury in which many of us have heard that the War Relocation Authority has pillowed the Japanese. Except for the lack of privacy, it is, however, as much as many of them—especially the tenant farmers—had ever known. It is scarcely the way of life of the prosperous merchants and professional men in the group.

The water came into Poston on the Fourth of July a year ago. There is enough for 1,200 acres. The Japanese planted mulberry trees around a sign reading, "Here on July 4 stood the pioneers of Poston," to commemorate the coming of the water. There is a swimming pool which is merely a wide place in the ditch. From the uproar in Congress, I had expected a marble pool with umbrella-shaded tables beside it and liveried waiters serving champagne. But it's only a ditch and there is no alcoholic beverages of any sort; they are not allowed in Poston. Indeed, there isn't even any soft drink or candy to be had, as a rule.

And recreation is whatever the people make for themselves. There is a library, a movie—admission one cent—and a traditional Japanese drama occasionally for the older folks. That's all.

But then, the évacués don't have much money to spend for anything. The highly trained earn nineteen dollars a month, the unskilled sixteen dollars, and apprentices twelve dollars. This rate was based on Army pay. So long as enlisted men in the Army received only twenty-one dollars a month the Japanese were satisfied. When Army pay was increased to fifty dollars but theirs remained the same, they became resentful.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A newspaper is a circulating library with high blood pressure.

—*"Bugs" Baer.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In addition to their pay, each adult of sixteen or over is granted three dollars and fifty cents a month clothing allowance, and every youngster from eight to sixteen is allowed three dollars a month.

The shop has a scanty stock—but not much less than is to be found in small poor rural communities. In it the évacués can buy thread and shoes, a few dresses and baby clothes, men's hats, shirts, and khaki trousers; and there are always paper flowers for weddings and funerals.

The Japanese have established a few community enterprises. They now operate barbershops, watch-repair shops, shoe-repair establishments, and beauty parlors. The shoe-repair shops do an enormous business, for Poston is big and the évacués are not allowed to have automobiles. The seven beauty parlors are the greatest success. You can get a shampoo and finger wave for forty-five cents and a permanent wave for from a dollar ninety-five to two fifty; but you must make your appointment thirty days in advance.

The War Relocation Authority, responsible for these évacués, has tried to preserve every right consistent with military necessity. The Japanese are assured freedom of worship. They are guaranteed freedom of speech and freedom of the press. The Poston Chronicle is a mimeographed newspaper published in the camp, partly in English, partly in Japanese. Open meetings are held, and discussion is in both English and Japanese. No restrictions on what may be printed or spoken have been laid down. Nor has the right of assembly been curtailed. These Japanese citizens have not been disenfranchised. They have the right to vote in their former residences by absentee ballot, and they have not failed, according to the available evidence, to exercise that right.

THE authorities have tried to establish actual self-government. A community council of second-generation Japanese, composed of representatives from each block, has been formed. It is not truly a success, because the Japanese are new to actual self-government and reluctant to assume any real responsibility or leadership. Also, they are young and accustomed to having their elders give orders. The old folk are Japanese-born aliens and, according to WRA regulations, are prohibited from holding office. To pull the Issei, the first generation, into the organization, an Issei advisory council was established. Promptly political factions which make Washington look politically placid arose. However, the experiment offers opportunity for political activity and experience which never existed for the Japanese before.

Work presents the worst problem, for WRA policy has shifted like a weather vane. There are 17,000 people at Poston now. Before any of them were permitted to leave for jobs elsewhere, there were 18,200. About half of them are farmers. Most of the others were employed in various service occupations for the Japanese communities on the West Coast.

There are 100,000 acres available for agriculture at Poston, but thus far only a small portion of the land has been irrigated. At first the plan was that the Japanese should farm the land and grow produce both for themselves and for sale. Then the WRA changed its mind and ruled that there should be only subsistence farming and that any agricultural workers who wanted to farm for a living might get jobs outside. Consequently only a relatively small amount of the land is farmed. The farmers don't work very hard, and although some have gone out to the beet fields and potato fields, many who might be highly productive in the present shortage of farm labor work only a few hours a day. The Japanese are not used to working big farms, and they don't like it. They will be fed whether they work hard or not, and they get neither extra food nor extra money, so why trouble too much? Therefore, while the land is productive and while nothing is spoiling for lack of attention, the superintendents are always worried for fear they will not have enough labor from day to day.

By WRA rules, the Japanese are

not allowed to earn more than the government allots them. Exception is made for work in a camouflage factory which has been established on the reservation by a private company. The Japanese who work there may keep 60 per cent of their earnings; the remaining 40 per cent must go into a community fund.

The government will not employ the Japanese. Roads are being built on the reservation, but no Japanese may have jobs on the roads. Outside labor is brought in.

THE net result of this policy is that good farm laborers work far less than they had ever worked before. The young people resent the fact that they cannot make an independent living and get married under relatively normal circumstances. (They do marry, of course. There is a "honeymoon cottage" at Poston where young couples may stay for two weeks. It is almost always occupied.) Only the women have a fine time. Wives and mothers who always before had raised their children, kept their homes, and done stoop labor on the farm, now go to classes, learn English, cooking, dietetics, sewing, flower arrangement, and generally have a whirl.

Free schools for children have been established. Medical care is available. There is a hospital so good that it is on the American Medical Association's list of registered hospitals. It is staffed chiefly by Japanese doctors and nurses from among the évacués. True, a genito-urinary specialist is practicing general medicine, a lawyer is handling the vital statistics, and a Ph. D. in etymology is in charge of sanitation; but the service is good. The doctors do resent earning only nineteen dollars a month, for were they in the Army they would be commissioned.

Relatively few of those eligible for the Army have volunteered. Rightly or wrongly they maintain, "The draft is the privilege of American citizens. Why shouldn't we be drafted like every one else?" Told that they were offered a special privilege when granted the right to volunteer, they shake their solemn heads and repeat their statement.

Altogether, it is plain that, while the Japanese évacués at this fairly typical center have not been pampered, as many claim, neither have they been made to suffer any cruel or inhuman treatment. What, then, is their attitude? How do they feel about all this?

Well, they've had time to think. At first most of them understood the necessity for the evacuation, even though it was hastily and not too well done. They understood it was essential both for their own protection and for the national security. They realized that because a few out of their number were disloyal they must all suffer. They know that's the way of war.

Now they can leave, as some do, or they can stay on. Either way, their predominant emotion is fear. They are afraid to stay. Afraid they will stagnate. Afraid they will not have enough to eat. Afraid of the present and afraid of the future. What will happen to them if they get jobs outside in a hostile world? What will happen to them after the war if they have not established themselves and found a way to earn a normal living? They are afraid of communities where there are no other Japanese, and afraid to herd together for fear of violence.

The loyal Japanese citizens—and these comprise from 80 to 85 per cent, according to Milton Eisenhower, former WRA director—have never transferred their allegiance to Japan, but their faith in America has been shaken.

The old folk are also afraid. They have no desire to move. They want to stay in the centers until the war is over. Then they want to go back to California or Washington or Oregon.

Parents are afraid for the way their children will grow up. With no real homes, with community meals, they are losing control of their young people, who are developing bad manners and the habits of little toughs.

Professional men and women and merchants particularly worry about their futures. Will there ever again be Japanese communities? Will they be dispersed, and if so, how ever can they make their living? For white people never go to a Japanese doctor or a Japanese lawyer.

These fears color the lives of all the évacués who are still in the center. They regard the future with trepidation and the present with resentment.

The present policy of the War Relocation Authority is to encourage the American-born to leave for jobs in areas where they are permitted to go by the Army. But the first-generation must stay. If the young people go, it means the break-up of families. Sons and daughters must leave their parents. Often the young father must leave his family behind him until he becomes established.

This policy is, nevertheless, a good one—the only answer to the problem of the American citizens of Japanese parentage.

For those who stay in the centers, however, the situation leaves much to be desired. There is no reality in the centers. They are like big WPA projects. There is not enough real work to do. There is no economic compulsion or economic advantage in work. There is nothing to do and nothing to buy, and no one will starve or freeze or go without a doctor if he sits all day with folded hands.

The most serious valid criticism of the situation at Poston is that the government policy is confusing. It fluctuates too much. It offers little that is definite. No one is sure what the rules will be tomorrow.

The second criticism is that the centers deprive the Japanese, American and foreign-born alike, of the right to work as men outside work, with the prevailing wage for the job they do. This is at the heart of much resentment.

FINALLY, there is little excuse for keeping the American-born in the center. The FBI has satisfied itself that it has combed out all who were disloyal and interned them elsewhere for the duration. The rest should be allowed to go where they please, subject only to restrictions in the interest of their security.

On the whole, our government, through the War Relocation Authority, is trying steadfastly and not too ineptly to preserve the Constitutional rights of these people. That they were uprooted was a misfortune of war. They are not treated at Poston as enemies or as aliens.

The camp is not so bad as it might be. It can be improved for the benefit of those who will remain until the last gun is fired, and to the advantage of all of us who might benefit from the honest labors of hard-working men and women.

In a moving, revealing article in next week's Liberty, a Japanese-American girl tells what a Relocation Center actually looks and feels like to those who have been compelled to leave their homes and live in one.

"I suppose you're going to pull that old one about forgetting your wallet!"

AMERICA'S FLYING CIRCUS

Continued from Page 19

and that, eyes glued to gun sights, fingers on the trigger buttons. Their wings glinted in the slanting sunlight. They were no longer just plain workaday pursuits; instead, they were strange salmon-colored birds of prey out after geese.

The Junkers fled in mad haste this way and that. They blew up in mid-air, burst into flames and plunged seaward. They crash-landed in the shallows along near-by beaches. Terror-crazed men jumped out of them before they hit the water, or piled out of the wrecks, and ran, limped, and crawled across the sands in desperate attempts to escape with their lives. Eighty per cent of the planes shot down were flamers. At one time the wrecks and burning gasoline made the sea beneath seem a great sheet of fire.

The enemy fighters were paying the penalty, too, and both Warhawks and Junkers had to dodge them as they fell. Some were twisting, screaming derelicts. Others plummeted like spent rockets. Still others fluttered like leaves. A few MEs did get into the fray below, and Captain Curl got one of these, his wing man another. Lieutenant Robert "Rocky" Byrne of St. Louis got three 109s.

But the "goose shooting" was the main show. "They were so tightly packed I had three in my sights at the same time," said Lieutenant Duffey. "I even got two with one burst. Those two collided and fell into the sea. The next one also crashed into the water with its engines smoking, and the other two were flamers." Lieutenant John Stefanik of Chicopee, Massachusetts, accounted for three transports, while Flight Officer Bill Livesey of Madison, New Jersey, scored three and a half Junkers and damaged a fighter. Captain George "Pappy" Long, Exterminator veteran, destroyed two transports.

"I practically burned my guns out," said Lieutenant Colonel W. K. McNown of Lawrence, Kansas.

In the 1,700 miles of flying and moving from Alamein to Tunisia the Black Scorpions, Fighting Cocks, and Exterminators changed from the ordinary well trained but inexperienced group of American fighter pilots into a crack aggregation, so deadly that the lost and shot-down score stands more than three to one in their favor. And this despite the obvious limitations of their P-40 fighters, planes that are certainly neither the fastest nor the highest-flying fighters in this war.

The Jerries fought when they wanted to and stopped fighting when things were too hot—and still the Americans beat them. The British beat them too, some in equally antiquated Hurricanes—but the Americans are unique because they started from scratch after only a brief period of British tutelage. The 57th men were the only fighting Americans in that long trek the Eighth Army made to rid Egypt, Libya, and most of Tunisia of the Nazis. American bombers helped immeasurably, but they were in and out of action and used more permanent bases.

After the Eighth Army retreated to Alamein in June, 1942, it became only too apparent that if the war was to be won, the Middle East had to be cleared up. The U. S. high command sent American airmen—first the heavy bombardment group, then the fighters, then the medium bombers. It was the first experiment in Anglo-American co-operation in the field, and it has since borne added fruit in Tunisia.

That is how the 57th Fighter Group came to be in the African wars. The rest of the story is its own. It is a story of courage and skill which went a long way in maintaining Allied air dominance, a dominance that was a prime factor in the final victory.

The air echelon of the 57th Fighter Group left the United States on July 1, 1942, on a naval aircraft carrier from which the pilots flew the Warhawks when off the west coast of Africa. Landing at a coastal ferry route station, they refueled, then piloted their ships across central Africa to Khartoum, thence north to Cairo. Finally they were sent to stations in Palestine and Cyprus for training. They got more training where I saw them in the desert around Amyria, just outside Alexandria.

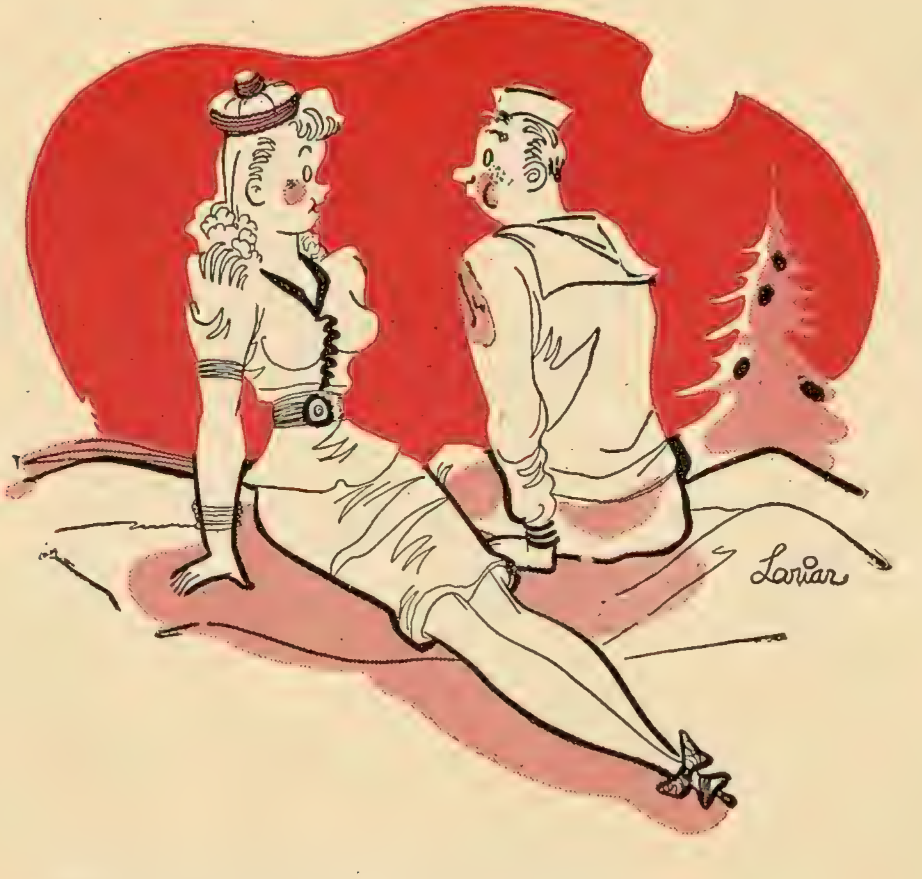
THESE men were not dubs even then. They were picked American pilots. But, naturally, they had never flown in combat. General A. C. Strickland could have stood on his patriotic dignity and thrown the Yanks in as thoroughly trained pilots to deal with the Luftwaffe "cold." But he thought men's lives were more important than false pride. So a nucleus of the 57th flew with the experienced R. A. F. and South African squadrons until they had learned about the "Hun in the sun" and what he might do. Then and only then did the 57th go into combat on its own. The pilots are still grateful to General Strickland, to their colonel, Arthur Salisbury of Sedalia, Missouri, and to Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham for the way they have been handled.

The result has been greater achievement with a lower casualty rate. Some squadrons on the Tunisian front lost half their strength in a few weeks, but after seven months the 57th had lost only about fifty planes and thirty-six pilots. It had destroyed 146 enemy planes, probably destroyed seventeen more, and damaged seventy-seven. The scores of the three squadrons remained about even, with the Exterminators out in front by thirteen planes. But the Black Scorpions proudly point out that thirty-three of their kills were enemy fighters—they didn't get quite their share during the "goose shoot." In any assessment of the work of the squadron, it must not be forgotten that bombing and strafing have been its chief jobs.

Almost from the start it was apparent that Warhawks were built for work near the ground. They were fast at low altitudes and big enough to carry a good load. And the desert air force had two prime jobs. One was to smash the road traffic that formed the supply life line of Rommel's army, and later to smash that army itself in retreat. The other was to beat down the enemy air force.

For these jobs the Hurricanes and P-40s in the Middle East were turned into fighter-bombers. Bear-

(*Continued on page 57*)



"Of course you're the first man I've ever kissed! Gosh, why do all you sailors ask that?"

TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS **Kleenex**
AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish
on why you like Kleenex* Tissues
better than any other brand.
Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I'm no fisherman!
Why fish for tissues so hard to get
out of ordinary boxes? With
KLEENEX* it's pull a tissue and
up pops another, ready for use!
(from a letter by M. T. T., Long Island, N. Y.)

WHAT! NO KLEENEX?

IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT
OF *KLEENEX*, PLEASE BE
PATIENT—HE'LL HAVE SOME SHORTLY.
QUANTITY IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED,
BUT WE ARE DETERMINED,
REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO,
TO MAINTAIN *KLEENEX QUALITY*
IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

VITTLES
FOR
VICTORY
No more
stained
dish towels
at canning time
since I wipe the top of each filled
jar with clean, absorbent **KLEENEX**!
(from a letter by C. F. C., Prineville, Ore.)

WHO CAN FORGET DELSEY*?
—SOFT LIKE KLEENEX

Hope there'll be
no shortages
after the war
(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

BABY SPECIALIST: Beautiful Constance Bannister, expert color photographer of babies and ballets, is also a top-notch hat designer and first-rate social butterfly. A Columbia movie of her at work taking pictures of small fry is due to be released in August—Babies by Bannister. Among the children who have recently turned her Central Park South studio into a merry-go-round are Phil Baker's quartet, two sons and two daughters. Miss B. says one of the little girls looks for all the world like a miniature Veronica Lake.

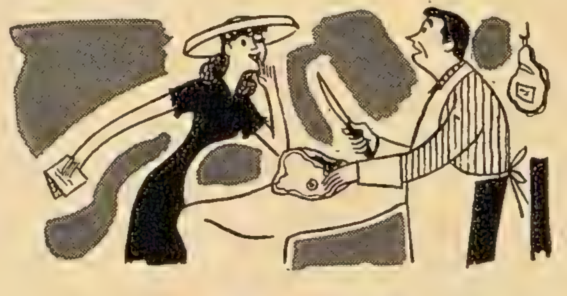
POINTLESS CHEATING: The greatest menace to the rationing program is the housewife who thinks it's smart to coax meat out of her faithful butcher without giving up the proper number of stamps. When she does that, she's cheating law-abiders by getting more than her share. Furthermore, she's jeopardizing a would-be honest merchant's reputation and lengthening the war by disrupting the food supply. The big-scale illegal meat slaughterer and racketeer is being stopped by fines and jail sentences. But the housewife is harder to stop because there are so many of her. And she feels so smug when she pulls a fast one and brings home the bacon plus all her red stamps intact.

VICIOUS CIRCLE: Statistics to chill the blood in your veins may be had by consulting marriage counseling bureaus now functioning in many of our cities. They have evolved a formula for predicting the chances of marital happiness. By asking innumerable and very personal questions of countless adjusted and maladjusted couples, they seem to have the right answers for many people who have not been able to make up their own minds as to whether they dare gallop to the altar. Said counselors suggest that even fifteen pounds of excess weight on momma may sink the ship of matrimony, or at least expedite a crack-up to which other factors contribute, such as sloppiness, mothers-in-law, restlessness, nagging, selfishness, coldness, shrewishness, and general complaints to the management. We wonder about the excess avoirdupois claim. Is it perhaps another case of which comes first, the chicken or the egg? Our suspicion is that frequently an unhappy marriage causes the excess baggage, instead of vice versa. For lots of people with grievances, petty worries, or a tendency to self-pity, overeat or overdrink or both. Helps them forget their troubles. But makes their troubles worse. Presto! Reno!

ATTAR OF PRIME RIBS
By any other name than *meat*
A roast would still smell just as sweet.

PERISH THE THOUGHT: Fanatics who believe everything German should be destroyed would do well to reconsider such drastic proposals as advocating no more Wagnerian opera. It's true Wagner is Hitler's favorite composer and that he loves to listen to Tannhäuser. But, as one sage-about-town observes, Hitler's favorite drink is water, his favorite sustenance food, his favorite atmosphere air. Shall we then go thirsty, hungry, and asphyxiate ourselves lest we follow Hitler's demoniac leadership?

SOUND HORN ROUNDING CURVES: Every day brings fresh assurance that poesy is not dead. A New York store's advertising copywriter was dancing barefoot on a bed of daffodils the day she edified New Yorkers with a girdle ad which read as follows, under the heading, Curtain Your Curves: "This is coolness . . . our summer curtains for curves, by Warner. How would you like to be a window dressed in sheerest net? How'd you like to have nothing but charm between you and a breeze? That's our intriguing new idea for summer comfort and flattery. . . . Be cool and lovely. Curtain your curves in the Corset Shop." Personally, I'd dearly love to be cool and lovely, but I do *not* care to be a window dressed in sheerest net.



(Continued from page 55)

ing one 500-pound bomb each, and later an addition of six forty-pound wing bombs, these fighters roved over enemy highways and raided enemy airdromes. When the Germans were at Alamein, fighter bombers of the 57th, flying alongside British squadrons, made the Axis fields around Fuka and Deba virtually useless. When the retreat had taken the enemy to Agheila, the Yank flyers were still doing their share. Their target then was Marble Arch. The result of this was that in all its long trek back, the Afrika Korps never had any effective air cover, and the Eighth Army never suffered seriously from enemy air attacks.

From the moment the Americans suffered their first casualty they had a new incentive, and every man who has been killed or captured since has added fuel to the flame of honest anger directed at the Nazis. New men sometimes wish they could be fighting Japan, but the veterans are quite happy to kill Germans.

THE Black Scorpions took their name when two sergeants found one of those deadly little monsters in their bed roll. On the desert, a scorpion is not just a figment of poetic imagination. His sting may well be fatal. The only inappropriate thing about him as an emblem is that if he gets in a tight spot he commits suicide—stings himself to death. But, at that, there may be something noble in his desire to keep out of enemy hands. One Black Scorpion pilot, since "gone west," flew his riddled Warhawk out to sea, vowing he would never be a prisoner. There wasn't any reason for thinking that damaged P-40, with over 100 bullet holes in it, would hang together. But it did, and the pilot, Lieutenant Gordon Ryerson of Green Pastures, New York—"Cowboy" they called him—nursed it home and landed safely. He had the kind of courage that has typified the men of the 57th, and all the thirty-six boys killed or captured have been that kind of men.

The Exterminators have a queer emblem which looks like a combination of Donald Duck, a goon, and Winston Churchill's cigar. The Fighting Cocks take their name from a gamecock mascot, "Uncle Bud," which they brought from New York.

If I write more about the Black Scorpions than about the other two squadrons of the group, it is only because I have lived and eaten with the Scorpions, watched them go out to do battle and come back again. But I've visited the others and I know they are all tops—and I'll wager that other squadrons flying Lightnings off Papuan or Tunisian airdromes are made up of the same kidding, roystering, deadly-serious-underneath-it-all kids.

Mr. Parr's account of the glorious deeds of America's Flying Circus and its squadrons will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Farewell

to Happiness!

You may be startled by this frankly-written story . . . But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did . . . she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who just stayed aloof and silent—and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

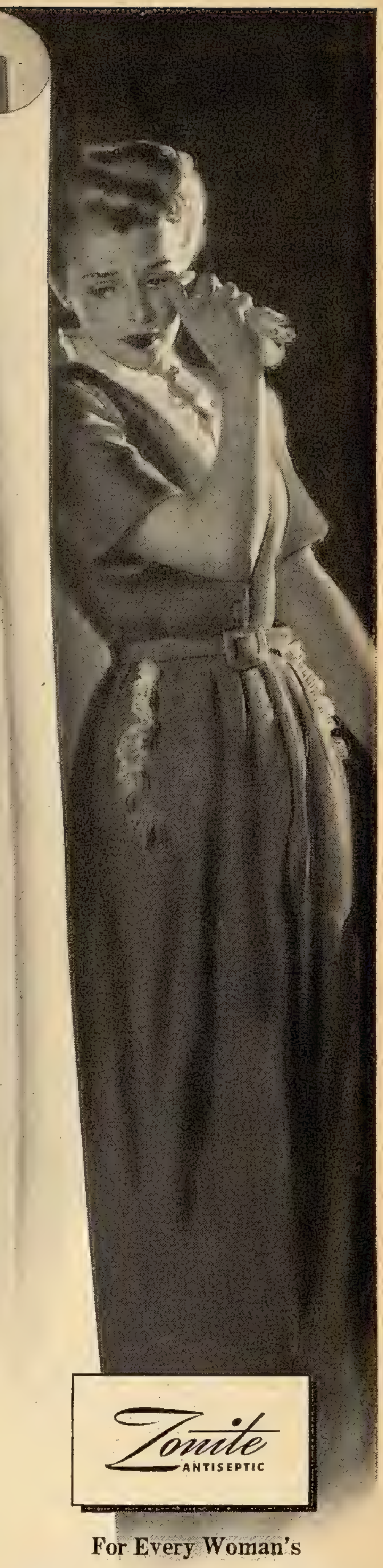
You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (*See free book offer below.*)

YOU SHOULD, however, be warned here about two definite threats to happiness. First, the danger of infection present every day in every woman's life. Second, *the most serious deodorization problem any woman has* . . . one which you may not suspect. And what to use, as a precaution, is so important. That's why you ought to know about Zonite antiseptic.

USED IN THE DOUCHE (as well as for a simple every-day routine of external protection) Zonite is both antiseptic and deodorant. Zonite deodorizes not by just masking, but by actually *destroying* odors. Leaves no tell-tale odor of its own.

Zonite also kills immediately all germs and bacteria on contact. Yet contains no poisons or acids. No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide is more powerful, yet so safe. Your druggist has Zonite.



Zonite
ANTISEPTIC

For Every Woman's
Most Serious Deodorant Problem

The Newer Knowledge of Modern Feminine Hygiene

FREE
BOOK
Just Published
Reveals new findings every woman should know about!

This new, frankly-written book reveals up-to-date findings about an intimate problem every woman should understand. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 744D, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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City............................State...............

KING SOLOMON KNEW WOMEN

Continued from Page 13

hand, flashing up imperatively, gestured them to halt; bade them neither retreat nor advance. His anger must have reached a point where he could actually welcome the humiliation of his daughters. Then the hand dropped and apparently they were forgotten.

Jed stopped in his tracks, very uncomfortable, and studied the two girls who faced their father's wrath—two girls unaware of any alien presences in the room. Naturally his eyes flashed to Dulcy at once. She was still the plump little creature whom he remembered as the object of his boyhood admiration, her hair as blonde as the breast of a duckling, her profile just as soft and vague. Then his glance moved to Elizabeth and he was caught in perplexity—no, a wild astonishment. Elizabeth had changed unbelievably.

Tall and slim as a rapier, she stood there, her black curls sculptured above the white nape of her neck. The silk of her skirts lay about her immobile, and he could see the rounded ivory of one arm. He found himself trying to remember the color of her eyes. Gray they had been, gray—with black lashes each as distinct as a saber. . . . With an effort he disengaged his eyes and his mind, and for the first time listened consciously to the sound of voices. The squire was talking.

"It was not for such brawls as these that I brought my daughters up to every advantage," he was saying venomously. "God above, all wenches should be drowned at birth, like kittens, before their eyes open and they begin to snatch at things! Now we shall settle this matter. I tell you this, Elizabeth, and you, Dulcina: whoever takes the Keniston cupboard takes no other dowry. Neither now nor later!"

He hesitated, appalled at his own dictum.

"I will be fair and give you another alternative. The cupboard shall be dumped in the bay," perspiration stood out on his brow, "and your dowries made equal otherwise. But if one of you takes the cupboard, she shall take nothing else—only such linens and fal-lals as may be crammed into it!"

A deadly silence hung in the room. Jed did not remember the squire well, but he knew determination when he heard it. Dulcy's bright relieved voice broke the pause:

"Father, you're very clever. The cupboard should be thrown into the bay. Don't you agree, Elizabeth?" The squire's heavy eyes swiveled toward his elder daughter, and Jed found himself hanging on her answer with a thumping heart.

"Certainly not," Elizabeth said coldly. "I shall take the cupboard." The squire crumpled a little. When he spoke again his voice was tired and empty.

He said, "This is a bitter pride in you, Elizabeth. Think again and make a different decision."

"I have made my decision." Elizabeth turned on her sister, and now Jed could see fully the delicate line of her profile. "Dulcy, why did you demand the cupboard in the first place, if you're willing to have it thrown into the bay?"

"Well, I didn't see why I should give it up to you," Dulcy stammered.

Suddenly Elizabeth moved toward her father, sank on her knees before him, in a soft susurrus of silk and lace.

"You accuse me of pride, father. It's only the pride you've taught me. The cupboard belonged to gentlefolk, sometimes rich, sometimes poor, but always gentle. Folk with manners and graciousness, with a love for beauty and the quiet ways of life—"

"The quiet ways of life!" The squire's snort was sardonic, but she persisted: "The cupboard means something — something a century away, thousands of miles away, but still there. I want to have it. I want my children to have it." She rose to her feet.

Dulcy wept a little. "This isn't fair, Elizabeth." She quieted as her sister's hand dropped on her shoulder affectionately.

"The decision is made, Dulcy. I'm not pleading; I'm simply explaining."

THE squire stood up and his eyes rested on Thomas Wibird's face sadly. "Well, Elizabeth, the Keniston cupboard is yours. But you have lost a husband. You must release Thomas. The Wibirds don't take dowerless brides." Jed could feel his cousin's shoulder stiffen, and as though the gesture stirred some mysterious reflex in Elizabeth, her chin lifted.

"I will release Tom gladly. He has always been in love with Dulcy anyway. But you"—she was scornful—"you were so tradition-bound that you must needs marry off your eldest first, willy-nilly."

"Dulcy is very young," the squire said with ominous quiet. "She can wait until my elder daughter has found a man who is willing to take a wife as dowerless as a milkmaid and as stubborn as the devil himself."

"You accuse me of stubbornness. Well, sir, you know from whence it came. I am your daughter."

As though with that final defiance her voice might dare hold tenderness again, she lifted her father's hand and touched her lips to it. "And proud of it, Squire Do-or-Die Keniston! So don't be troubled for me."

The squire's hand went out to touch the bent head and his eyes were wet. But he said nothing.

Elizabeth straightened and her lovely long arms circled Dulcy's waist. "It's good to be sisters again, isn't it?" Jed could hardly hear the maternal softness of that whisper. "Be kind to Tom, my dumpling. He hasn't known happiness these last few months, and he's far too gentle to fight for it."

As Dulcy gave a little mewing sob, Elizabeth turned to sweep out of the room. Now she saw Thomas and Jed for the first time. She did not pause,

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

SICKRETARY: When your office wife is home ill.

GOODBYCUSPID: Tooth pulled.

AERONAUGHTICS: Flying at ceiling zero.

GNAWSEOUS: A sick mouse.

CARESSTAURANT: Public eatinghouse where they coddle the eggs and the customers.

NIGHTROGLYCERIN: What the Nazis get after sundown.

BOATBLACK: Shoe-shiner on a ferry.

WEERIE: A tired ghost.

FIZZICS: The science of putting bubbles in water.

SINCERIAL: A continued true story.

the swift wind of her skirts did not falter; only the widening of her eyes showed her resentment and shock. The two men parted silently to allow her passage, and Jed was glad that the blaze of her stare had been fixed on Thomas. Suddenly it seemed to him that the twilit stretch of the Keniston gardens was the only proper sanctuary for a guest very badly in the way. And he made his escape.

For a moment he considered returning to the tavern, but he knew it wouldn't do. Tact demanded effacement, but courtesy held him from inglorious flight. The only compromise was to sit here in the summerhouse that overlooked the river—and wait. Strangely enough, his mind was dwelling on an old woodcut—a picture of King Solomon with his sword poised above a naked baby. Two women, as Jed remembered the Biblical story, had claimed to be mother of the child and the king had offered to divide its small body thus, to settle the dispute. One woman had agreed; but the true mother had wept and protested—and the king had given her the child. Jed, gravely pulling at his pipe, wondered if the squire, too, had remembered. . . .

THE SWIMMER

Joe often thought to write a primer
Devoted to "The Youthful Swimmer."
Said he, "I'll print a diagram
Of every stroke that I have swam!—

"Or do I mean symposium
Of every stroke that I have swum?"
Whereat he sank without a ripple,
Defeated by a participle.

—MARY WARD.

She came to him an hour or so later, when the moon's silhouette was still pale and uncertain in the last wash of daylight. He watched her moving down the path like a slim galleon in full canvas, and his cheeks were warm as he stood awaiting her. He knew why she had come. Some fatal witchery had been folded about him from the moment he had entered the drawing room, from the moment he had seen—far back in the gloom—the outlines of the Keniston cupboard. Even then it had seemed to be waiting complacently for some farther and more fantastic pilgrimage.

"Madam," he stammered, "you honor me." And bent over the girl's hand.

Elizabeth pulled it away.

"I am done with pretty speeches, Mr. Weare," she said. "I hear that you look for a wife, that you demand no dowry. As you know, my father will not hear of poor Dulcy marrying until I—" She hesitated, then said with apparent irrelevance, "I cannot milk a cow." The pause deepened and now her voice held a vexed note. "But I am a notable housewife with linens, Turkey work and such. And my gardens flourish." There was a flash of humor back of the starred lashes lifted so briefly. "Growing plants don't seem to mind a proud hand. . . . For the rest, I am healthy and strong and a full eighteen years of age."

"Your hands are so small and white," Jed thought aloud, utterly dazed.

Again that devastating upward fan of the lashes.

"Time will remedy that, sir. If you know some man of gentle breeding who lives far from Portsmouth—oh, very far from Portsmouth—and who would take him a wife whose only dowry is a cupboard—" Now her voice broke, and Jed, who had been listening as though in a dream, lifted her hand to his lips again. This time she did not halt him.

"I have always admired the Keniston cupboard and would be honored to have it in my family," he said gravely.

She stared at him, then laughed merrily. "That is probably the oddest proposal of marriage ever received by a female, Mr. Weare! But at least we start with honesty."

"Is that such a bad beginning for a marriage?"

"An excellent beginning. I marry you to keep a cupboard—"

"And I marry you to bring me sons or daughters." Let that bluntness punish her for having usurped a masculine prerogative!

But her voice was bland enough as she replied, "Daughters? I am such a woman as will bear only sons, sir."

And, by gad, Jed thought, trying to suppress amused and triumphant laughter—by gad, she is, too!

THE last mile of the trip to his homestead was a torment to Jed. He had not anticipated it so. Originally he had meant to wake Elizabeth when they entered the Tyng Grant; let her see how night might fall as softly over the forested hills as over the sea. But now, since the disaster, he only prayed that she would sleep until they reached the cabin. Every time her hand relaxed from his belt as though she might waken, every time the soft breast against his shoulder lost its steady rhythm, his heart turned over in dismay. He looked back at her as she rode pillion behind him, for it made him thoughtful and pitying to see how sleep had parted her lips to childhood's soft bloom. Those lips would tighten in anger when she learned of the catastrophe.

It had happened but an hour ago. The two horses had been jogging along together since late afternoon, Jed's spirited mare leading the way, with Elizabeth and himself on the pillioned saddle. Behind them, Charles, his bondsman, guided the patient nag which drew the cart—the cart where the cupboard stood in precarious state. For several minutes after they had entered the deeper forest, Jed had been aware of unquiet stirrings in the underbrush off the trail; hushed drunken titters not to be confused with the gurgling of the mountain brook far below. The sounds had not troubled him at first, for if the Pennacooks were thievish, they were also as inquisitive and harmless as children.

Then suddenly in the twilight thicket he saw a bright flash of color—a headdress alien to this region. Jed reined up and waited for the creaking cart to draw close. At his beckon, Charles vaulted the wheel and ran to Jed's stirrup. "I suppose, sir, they think we can't hear them—" he began, chuckling, but Jed interrupted.

"I saw a St. François headdress. He wasn't even pretending to hide. It's my guess that Sabatis is working down from the north on one of his trouble-making excursions."

"Good Lord, sir!"

"Hush. Don't waken Mrs. Weare. You're to take my place and ride on ahead with her. Wait for me by the great boulder. It may be safer than the cabin. I'll take over the cart."

Jed slid from the saddle, Charles took his place. "Ride like the devil," Jed said under his breath. He slapped the mare's rump, and with a startled toss of her head she flashed out of sight into the dusk beyond. Jed walked back to the cart, affecting a yawn. This unexpected transfer was, of course, the match to the explosion, and he felt no surprise when from several thickets a laughing, howling dozen of Pennacook braves came staggering toward the cart; began with jests and jostlings to examine the cupboard. Hand hooked casually into the horse's bridle, Jed stood there—made no move even when the braves began loosening the traces. His eyes and senses were alert for something else.

In a moment Sabatis, the St. François, stepped into the trail, like an actor who chooses his entrance. His oiled arrogant body was a contemptuous contrast to the decadent tribe he was visiting.

"Take horse," he ordered. Consternation registered on several faces. A peck of corn here, a bit of cloth there—the white man never missed them. But to lay hands on the white man's horse was to lay hands on the white man. There had been rumors. . . . But was the time come yet?

Jed turned to the old Pennacook chief. His voice was mild. "Does the mighty Pennacook take orders, then, from his guest?" he asked. "There have been full stomachs in your tribe these last three winters because of the white man and his horse and his fields of corn. There have been warm fires because of the great logs pulled through the snows. But remember—white man's horse does not hear Indian voice."

The chief's bleared eyes were crafty and he staggered a little as he hesitated. Then he straightened into an attempt at dignity and brushed his hands together in Pilate's immemorial gesture. "We take wagon," he decided. "Sabatis and white man make talk for horse—alone."

No one made a move toward the cart, however, and the drunken gigglings were stilled. Jed's left hand tightened on the bridle, his left knee bent a little, testing his balance, and he stared at Sabatis.

"I have no quarrel with the white man," Sabatis began smoothly, pretending to throw his hands out in protest. But there was a flash of metal in one palm as it swung into the air. Jed's right foot moved even more swiftly in a furious arc. A resounding crack echoed as his boot, topping the kick, struck Sabatis' forearm. The knife soared overhead and dropped soundlessly in the bushes. Then the two men were at each other's throats, rolling there in the gutted trail.

WHEN Jed rose, a few minutes later, he was trembling. It was well for him that Sabatis' right arm had been nearly useless, for the red devil had fought with the strength and slipperiness of a wildcat. Jed rolled the body off the trail, heard it slither and crash to the rocky stream below. Not until then did the singing stop in his ears; the singing of silence, it must have been, for cart and braves had disappeared. Only the patient horse stood there, shivering in the growing darkness.

By the great boulder he found Charles waiting, Elizabeth's head still resting against his shoulder as she slumped in the saddle.

"She hasn't wakened?" Jed asked incredulously, and felt rather than saw Charles' smile.

"Thank God you're back, sir. I was wondering how to tell her." Their voices were low and unhurried, content with the safe homecoming for the woman; though this was a man's duty, it was not always easy to accomplish. Once they had arrived at the cabin, Jed carried Elizabeth over the rushes that strewed the floor. He placed her gently in the armchair he had fashioned himself and then knelt to light the fire. Only when the first roar of flame shot up the chimney did she stir and open bewildered eyes. Almost immediately she knew where she was, and a faint smile parted her lips.

"Poor Jed, a new wife who must be carted about like a sack of flour! It's night already, I see. Never mind, tomorrow you shall show me everything." Her glance roved around, as guiltless of criticism as though she stood in the drawing room of a duchess. She said, "It is all very commodious. That alcove by the chimney was made for the cupboard." Then she stood up and clapped her hands to her ears in a gay gesture.

Legislators, in trying to discover some new kind of taxation by which the enormously growing amount of defense expenses may be covered, are hardly aware of similar situations in past times. Looking at Holland at the end of the seventeenth century, the British Ambassador Temple, in his Observations upon the United Provinces, 1672, says: "Who eats fish in this country has to pay thirty different taxes."

"Lud, I can still hear the creaking of the cart behind us, though it must have stopped long since. Could the cupboard not be brought in tonight? I must see it in its new home."

Jed looked at her helplessly. The moment had come.

"Elizabeth," he said, "the cupboard is gone. The Indians have stolen it."

She stood very still. "Perhaps you had better tell me all about it."

"If you will sit down?" She shook her head and he went on, his eyes holding hers with a steady pity. "It seems my friends, the Pennacooks, were entertaining a visitor for the night." His voice was grim. "Sabatis, a murdering St. François devil. He's gone now, but the damage has been done. He made the Pennacooks drunk, then egged them on to steal the cupboard—and the cart with it, naturally."

"Was Charles hurt?" The question was instant, and his mind scored a new credit for her.

"No." His lips closed on the monosyllable. Elizabeth's homecoming must not be marred still further by a story of treachery and violence. She paced the floor and he could see that she held her voice down with an effort.

"What is your intention? Or perhaps you have no intention? Perhaps the Keniston cupboard is less important than your relations with the Pennacooks!"

"Perhaps it is," Jed agreed gently. "In a week or two, when they have tired of the thing, I'll be able to get it back. Neither Charles nor I are cowards, Elizabeth, but it would be madness for us to go down there tonight while they're in liquor. If aught happened to us, what would happen to you?"

His words hung in the stillness, and then the tears began to roll down his wife's cheeks. He was glad to see them, glad to see her face crumple to mere childish grief. "My cupboard!" she wept, then quieted. "But you are right. Of course you are right." She picked up a candle from the table and moved toward the far door. "I find I am more weary than hungry after all. You will forgive me if I retire?"

She turned at the door and met his eyes.

"You were kind enough to realize the weariness and discomfort of the journey here," her voice was low, "and so you chose to call this our true wedding day, rather than that day in Portsmouth a week since. In fact, you have always been kind. It is I who have been cruel and thoughtless. I forced on you a wife with a pitiful dowry. I will not force on you a wife who has none. The courts will release you."

JED felt his lips twitch involuntarily. For all her airs here was a creature as young and charmingly ridiculous as a fawn. He stepped forward and took her into his arms for the first time. "A broken marriage so soon?" His eyes twinkled. "That doesn't sound like the tradition behind your cupboard, Elizabeth."

She drew a sobbing breath. "I haven't any cupboard. Good night, Mr. Weare."

"Not 'Jed'?"

"Good night, Jed." A moment later the door closed in his face and he heard the bolt drop. He stared at that door ruefully, then sank into the armchair and let his heavy eyelids have their way. Thirty-six hours of wakefulness had weighted them to lead.

When Charles roused him the fire had sunk to sprawling ashes and the room was cold. "I'm sorry, sir," the man's eyes were wild. "I heard a sound of some one passing my shed a half hour gone, but couldn't bring myself to full wakefulness. Is the lady—" But the door to Elizabeth's bedchamber yawned wide in answer. The room was empty. Jed and Charles looked at each other and then rushed out, Jed halting only long enough to seize his gun and assure himself that the hunting knife still hung at his belt. Down the slope, a quarter mile to their right, Lake Winnipiseogee coiled its midnight waters, but the glow of campfires still made a halo of amber above the trees.

Thoughts like tattered banners flashed before Jed's eyes as they ran. So Elizabeth had gone to the Pen-

"I believe I'd like it better over this way a few feet, Hassi."

nacook village alone. Oh, fool, blind little fool, to think that her arrogant London and Portsmouth ways would avail her now! No, the fault lay in him for not having laid the whole dangerous story before her. The man who lost his woman in this wise was unworthy of good powder.

They came to the final fringe of trees that ringed the clearing, and halted, dropping to their bellies.

The camp was noisy, but it was a clamor entirely confined to the women. Around the lesser fires the men lay in drunken sleep. Doubtless the squaws would have been stupefied too by now had they been allowed more than the mere dregs of the rum. As it was, the women milled, jostled, and shouted around the cart on which the cupboard still rested. Linen sheets, napery, and embroidery strewed the ground, but the cupboard itself had not been moved.

And in the cart, her hand resting on the cupboard, stood Elizabeth. Her arms were bare, and Jed, aghast, saw that her silk bodice now decorated one of the squaws. He started to his feet with an oath, but Charles' hand held his shoulder.

"Sir—no!" he whispered rapidly. "So far she is safe! She bargains with them, don't you see?"

And Jed saw, torn between murderous rage and dawning admiration. On the face of every squaw was greediness, slyness, and good humor, that at any moment might turn to something more ruthless. Now Elizabeth was removing her outer skirt, now her silk underpetticoat. With each move she made the bargaining and argument grew hotter between the squaws. And over it all, Elizabeth stood smiling, ignoring the jostling that bruised her arms against the cupboard. . . . Now she had come to her final garment, a brief shift that reached barely to her knees. She threw out empty hands and pointed to the cupboard in laughing question. But some of the squaws were still dissatisfied. There was a cold stir, the grumbling of a new and cruel minority.

ELIZABETH sensed it. She glanced around, saw an old crone leaning tipsily against the shaft of the cart. In a movement swift as lightning the girl leaped down, unclasped the garnet necklace that hung about her throat and fastened it around the old woman's skinny throat. Almost in the same gesture, it seemed, she seized the hag's filthy blanket and flung it about her own shoulders as she jumped back into the cart.

The comedy of the exchange enchanted the squaws. They found it particularly humorous, because this branch of the Pennacooks, unlike some tribes, had little respect for their elders; and Elizabeth, by her gift, had given the old woman an undying prestige. The crone fingered the necklace in sheepish rapture. Then an idea flickered through her senile brain. With a cackle she set herself between the shafts of the wagon and lifted them from the ground. It was a move that altered the whole psychology of the moment.

Instantly five or six squaws crowded between the shafts, giggling and shouting, and began to pull the cart, the cupboard, and Elizabeth back toward her cabin. Elizabeth laughed and shouted with them, her hair blowing like black satin about her watchful eyes. Once when a young squaw stumbled between the shafts, Elizabeth struck the woman smartly with the knotted end of her blanket. That effrontery was greeted with delighted yells by the women who trailed the cart.

Jed waited to see no more. Swiftly he and Charles dropped back and moved in a parallel line of march toward the cabin. They must not be seen, for this was a woman's game, a woman maneuvering against women. The two men were concealed close to the house when the procession entered the beaten enclosure. The long pull had wearied and sobered the squaws, but Elizabeth was not content. The cupboard must be carried into the house and set on the floor; and she actually cuffed the squaw whose carelessness dislodged a section of molding.

The sleepy giggling women were glad to be released finally, and in another three minutes the clearing was empty.

Jed strolled into the room and stood looking down at his wife as she crouched on the floor, trying to fit the broken molding into place. She glanced up at him, her cheeks a hot and rather smutted rose.

"Don't I deserve a single word of praise, sir?"

"You deserve a beating," he said gloomily, "and if you don't remove that blanket you are likely to be infested with vermin."

"Tush!" she muttered anxiously, and he could see she was paying no attention to him. "I cannot set it back properly." She pushed at the molding, her fingers tattoos of impatience. Suddenly the wood seemed to spring out at her, and there was the sound of something metallic falling to the floor. Jed looked down. It was a gold piece that lay there. Another followed it, another and another. Now Elizabeth had her hand in the secret drawer and was feverishly drawing out coin after coin. Finally five piles lay on the cupboard shelf.

Jed said coldly, "Did you know about this, madam?" He stirred the fire to a half-glow and sat down in the armchair, his back squarely to her. A minute later he felt her hand on his.

"I didn't know," she said very meekly, "but it was kind of father to give me a dowry after all. Perhaps, for all his loud words, he was pleased that the cupboard meant so much to me."

"I didn't marry a woman with a dowry," Jed mimicked sarcastically. "No doubt the courts will release you."

HER laugh was soft. And now he felt her lips on his hair and her two arms came around his neck and rested on his breast. "I don't wish to be released, Mr. Weare. If you don't care to use my dowry, we can save it for our sons' educations."

Jed stood up, his face scowling and sulking like a small boy's. How was a man to argue with such a brazen female?

"Will you throw that blanket into the yard for Charles to burn?" he bellowed. "I will fetch your shawl."

"The shawl would be sweeter-scented for a bride," she agreed blandly, "and I'll throw the blanket out. But I wish it well washed and sunned. Not burned. When it is thoroughly clean, it shall be laid away in the cupboard."

And now Jed finally exploded: "*Damn* the cupboard!"

Her look glinted up at him. She moved forward, rested against his breast. Her eyes were wide and innocent. "But, Jed, don't you see why I want the blanket put in it? It's time for the Keniston cupboard to grow an *American* pedigree!"

The lashes were lifted so high that for the first time he could see the full depth of roguish—yet somehow steady—gray eyes. And when his arms went about her so tightly and blindly, she seemed content to sigh; to be neither stubborn nor clever nor brazen. She seemed content—as he had always suspected—to be a woman.

THE END

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Continued from Page 35

apparently not trusting herself to speak—and walked a few steps. He paced along beside her. It was he who spoke first.

"Those men who came today—Slane and Forrest—do you know them?"

He heard her catch her breath in a quick gasp.

"Of course," she told him. "They're friends of Eric. They represent the people in New York who hold our mortgage."

"Do they?" he asked caustically. A sense of reckless anger flooded him. "It won't do, darling. You see, I know them too. I saw them once before, on the submarine that sank the Shoshone, and I tell you I'll see them hanged, if it's the last thing I do! That goes for any one else who's connected with them!"

She backed away from him one step, two, and began to shake her head. "No!" she gasped. "No, no, Alan! No!"

"Yes!" he said.

She turned away then and ran across the garden and into her own cottage, not looking back. He watched her until she was out of sight, and then wandered slowly back toward the hotel.

The fat was in the fire now. He shouldn't have given his hand away like that. For a moment he wondered why he had done it. Why was he staying, after all? Was it any of his business what went on on the island? When you came right down to it, he was a ship's officer, and his place was on the bridge of a tanker. The sensible thing for him to do would be to follow Karen's suggestion and go—go to St. Thomas and report to Lockridge and ask for his passage to New Orleans. He was recovered now, and there was no real reason why he should stay on.

But an instant's reflection showed him the weakness of that line of thought. After all, he was a ship's officer, and these men had been aboard the submarine that sank his ship! If that didn't make it his business, what would? And even if he hadn't been sure, if he had been only suspicious, wasn't it still his business? Because he was a ship's officer anything that affected shipping affected him; and because he was a loyal American citizen it was his business to investigate anything that looked like enemy activity. It was more than his business. It was his duty. It was his bounden duty to stay here and get to the bottom of things. And, besides, there was Karen!

Oddly enough, the thought that he might now be in danger did not dismay him in the least. In his present mood, danger, a fight, would suit him right down to the ground. The idea of trying to get word to the commissioner of his discovery occurred to him. He rejected it. He had no proof, and these people were undoubtedly too clever to be caught without it. No, he must first find out their game; get something definite to go on. Then, if he was still alive, it would be time enough to call for help.

THE sound of the dinner chimes reminded Kent that he had not eaten since breakfast. He wasted no time in responding. Even so, with the exception of Karen, the others were already in the dining room when he arrived there. Krause occupied a table with Bosch and Vogel. Fernandez sat alone. The doctor was in his usual seat. Kent wondered if it was the state of his own nerves or whether there really was an atmosphere of tension in the room. Krause looked in an ill humor. Vogel ate rapidly, his eyes fixed upon his plate, but with an air of alertness. Bosch's eyes kept roaming warily about the room, never resting long in one spot, but always sweeping on and swinging around and coming back to rest upon Kent curiously, as if he felt that he had seen him before but could not remember where. Kent was glad his face was clean. Bosch might know him otherwise.

Only Fernandez and the doctor seemed unconcerned. The Puerto Rican ate placidly, his napkin tucked under his chin. Once or twice he glanced up as he chewed, and his eyes met Kent's, but they were wholly bland, guileless. Invariably he smiled, with a flash of white teeth, and nodded. Kent wondered what his connection with the business might be, never doubting for an instant that there was a connection. But it was old Svend that Kent admired the most. He acted as if he knew nothing of what was afoot: as if he were absolutely unaware of anything out of the ordinary.

Kent's thoughts were interrupted by Karen's appearance. At sight of Kent in his usual place she hesitated, but he looked up at her in the doorway and smiled and nodded, to indicate that for the moment, at least, it was to be truce between them. Apparently reassured, she came forward and took her place. Kent finished his meal hastily, since it was evident that his presence made her uncomfortable, and then went out into the lobby.

Eric and the two Germans were the first to follow him out of the dining room. As they came through the door they glanced toward where he was sitting, reading one of the magazines that Krause had brought from St. Thomas. Vogel nodded to him with an attempt at affability.

"Would you care to take a hand at bridge, Mr. Kent?"

Kent shook his head.

"Never learned to play bridge, thanks," he said.

The German shrugged as if to say that was only what he had expected.

"What a pity!" he remarked.

Fernandez appeared in the doorway. Vogel turned to him.

"You play, do you not, señor?"

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"Sandwich?"

"No, thanks... I just ate three bottles of Pepsi-Cola!"

"Bridge?" said Fernandez. "But certainly."

"Good!" Vogel exclaimed. "Then here is our fourth. You will join us?"

"I should be delighted, señor." Fernandez bowed blandly. He cast a quick glance at Kent. "But perhaps Señor Kent—"

"No, no," said Vogel quickly. "Mr. Kent does not play."

They passed through the French doors that opened on the bar and sat down at a leather-topped chromium-legged table. Krause called for cards and brandy. Kent settled back once more with his magazine.

It was some time before Svend and Karen came through the doorway, the girl looking wan and haggard and the old doctor looming huge behind her. Kent tossed his magazine aside. It was in his mind to ask Karen to go for a walk with him; to apologize to her for his behavior of the afternoon; to assure her that, whatever the signs, he was sure that this was none of her doing; that there must be some explanation for it. He wanted to thrash it out with her. He wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her; to make her admit that she loved him and that she needed him now.

But he was not to have the opportunity. As she saw him coming she swung abruptly to her grandfather.

"I'm dreadfully tired, gramps," she said. "I'm going to bed."

The old man looked at her shrewdly.

"You have had a long day, my dear," he said. "Run along."

He bent to kiss her, but she shrank away, almost in a gesture of distaste, and turned quickly on her heel. Without a glance for Kent she crossed the lobby hurriedly and went out. Old Svend stood rooted in amazement, staring after her, every line of his face betraying bewilderment. Then he turned slowly, almost accusingly, to Kent.

"You saw? That is not like Karen. What ails the girl?"

Kent could only shrug. Svend's craggy old face set hard.

"Well, by heaven, I'll find out!" he growled.

He stabbed Kent with an angry glare, and stalked out.

After they were gone, Kent went in to sit up to the bar on a high stool and sip a highball. From there he could watch the players; see the cards as they flipped across the table. The game seemed to be going satisfactorily, but Kent had the impression that they were all waiting—waiting for something—for what?

Outside, the night was clear, with a slight drift of wind from the north. The moon was bright, but obscured from time to time by clouds that raced across its face. The sound of the Diesel plant came clearly from the cove beyond the ridge. Everything seemed natural as Kent had come to know it. Yet there was something he could not put his finger on that was different, something wrong and out of place. He sat quite still, listening idly to the beat of the engine, trying to think what it might be.

A game ended, and there was a buzz of talk, drowning out the sounds outside. The cards were shuffled and dealt again. The bidding went around and around once more, and it was not until the play-off began that silence settled again upon the room. When it did, it seemed to Kent that the sound of the engine was louder, and as he listened it seemed to grow gradually in volume.

He scarcely noticed it at first. When he did, he put it down to his imagination or some trick of the wind. He tried to concentrate on the players, for he felt that there, if anywhere, lay the solution to his feeling of strangeness. Yet time and again he found himself sitting with one ear cocked toward that throbbing beat. Then presently it seemed to him that the sound became irregular, as if it were being made not by one engine but by two or even three. Echo, he told himself impatiently. It irritated him that such a trivial thing should distract his attention and prevent him from riveting it where he wanted it.

The game and rubber ended. The players began to talk again. Bosch yawned. Vogel stretched. Krause lay back in his chair and watched Fernandez tally the score. Kent put his glass upon the bar and stood up.

"That light plant is making an infernal racket tonight," he said, glancing at Eric.

Bosch's yawn ended abruptly. His jaw clicked shut. Vogel swung his head and stared at Kent, his arms still raised. Fernandez' pencil poised in mid-air, and his head came up and around. Kent felt his eyes upon him, and they were not bland now, but curiously alert. Krause for an instant appeared startled. Then he shrugged.

"It's the wind," he said. "We always get it stronger when the wind's in the north!"

The others relaxed. Vogel's arms came down slowly. Bosch began to grin. The alertness left Fernandez' eyes and they were veiled again. His pencil began to move once more. Kent frowned.

"I saw Willie Marsh today. He was complaining about the noise of your engine. Said it kept them awake across the bay."

Krause's underlip shot forward.

"Blast Willie Marsh! What do I care if my engine keeps him awake?"

KENT shrugged. It was Vogel who spoke.

"Mr. Kent is right. It is not good business to antagonize one's neighbors. Perhaps something can be done about the engine?"

He spoke to Krause, but his hooded eyes were fixed searchingly on Kent. He did not smile.

Fernandez was looking up once more, listening, and again his eyes were alert. They flickered quickly from Krause to Vogel to Kent and back again.

"It's none of my business," Kent smiled. He turned.

"You are not leaving?" said Vogel.

"I thought I'd go out for a breath of air."

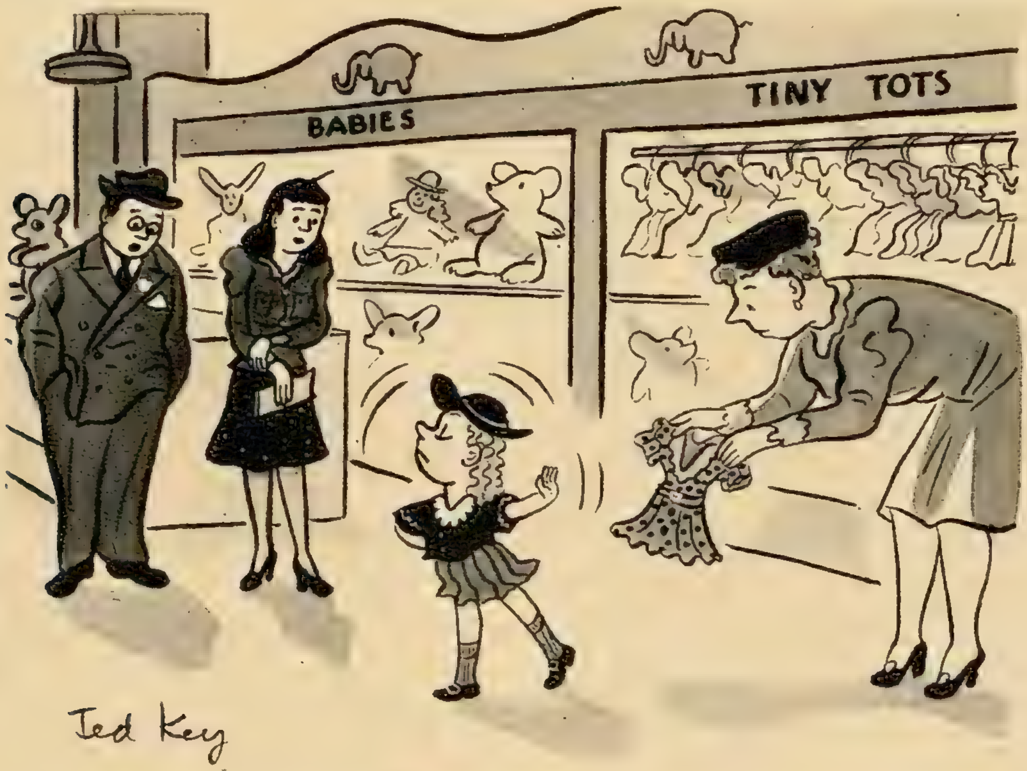
"Don't do that." It was almost, Kent thought, as if he were alarmed. He looked about at the others. "It is not right to exclude Mr. Kent. Perhaps there is some other game— You play poker, Mr. Kent?"

Fernandez stood up.

"Excuse me, señores. Poker I am not expert at. Besides, I am tired. You will forgive me?"

"Don't let me break up your game," Kent said. "I haven't said I'd play."

"No, no, Señor Kent," said Fernandez hastily. "Do not misunderstand. It is not that I do not wish to play—only that I am ready for bed. If you don't mind, please!"



"I'd hate to be the guy who marries her!"

Kent hesitated. All eyes were upon him, and he felt the tension in the room. It was clear that they did not want him to go outside. They wanted him to stay there, and something told him that insistence would be useless. They were prepared to deal with him now, if necessary, and he would have no chance. Bosch's hard yellow eyes told him that, and Vogel's hooded ones, and Krause's tense air of alertness. He shrugged.

"All right," he said.

THE tension seemed to flow out of the room. Vogel smiled. Krause relaxed. Fernandez beamed. Only Bosch seemed disappointed.

"That is fine, señor," Fernandez said. "Had you refused, I should have felt bound to continue the play. Now I can retire." He beamed about at all of them. "Good night, señores."

He turned and went out. Bosch's eyes followed him, then swung and swept curiously toward Vogel. The dark man paid him no heed.

"Sit down, Mr. Kent," he said. "Have a drink."

Kent moved into Fernandez' seat mechanically. Mentally he was kicking himself. He had muffed his chance. It might have been worth risking while they were all together. But now they had him bottled up. With Fernandez on guard outside there would be no chance now to find out what it was that they did not want him to know. The barman brought drinks, and they began to play—draw, with a dollar limit. Krause dealt.

As the cards went around, Vogel looked across at Kent:

THE HOME FRONT

F
F
CONTRACT
Larian

"But, gentlemen, it was just a lucky catch—and anyway, I've got a good job!"

"Did Mr. Marsh have any other complaints?"

Kent grinned and shot a look at Eric.

"He doesn't care for you, Krause," he said tauntingly. "He resents your importing the labor to build this place. He feels you ought to hire closer to home and buy more in the local market."

"Bah!" Krause shrugged. "Willie Marsh!"

"So?" said Vogel.

Bosch looked almost hungrily across the table at the dark man.

"Maybe we ought to talk to this Willie Marsh, eh, Franz-cis?" he said.

Kent noticed how he caught himself on the other's name. That was close! Vogel did not act as though he had heard. He continued to look at Kent.

"Was that all?"

Kent kicked himself again for a fool. Had he put Mister Willie's neck in a noose now as well as his own? He decided it was time to steer to safer subjects.

"That's all he said about Wheel of Fortune," he said. "He spent the rest of his time telling stories about the bay. Did you know that in the old days this was quite a refuge from hurricanes? Not so long ago, either, to hear him tell it. There were some submarines—"

He stopped abruptly. The word had touched a signal in his own mind. When he had heard the story that afternoon it had meant nothing. He hadn't known then that Bosch and Vogel would be here. And because he had only half listened at the time he had not thought of it again. Now it was the key to everything.

It evidently had rung some sort of warning for the others, too. The air was electric once again. They were all staring at him.

"Submarines?" said Vogel, and Kent could tell that now even he was excited—by the way he pronounced the word.

Kent stared intently at his cards.

"I can't open," he said. "About the subs. Willie said they came in here a number of years ago, during a blow, and rode it out in the Hole."

Again the tension seemed to ease. The others relaxed.

"That's right," said Eric. "Three submarines and a destroyer. It was in the hurricane of 1928."

Kent congratulated himself on having gotten well over that one. He tried now to concentrate on the game.

It was not easy, with his mind skipping about like a flea on a hot griddle. So that was it! He'd been a fool not to see it from the beginning. This was a port of inlet and outlet for their agents. They landed here and Eric ran them in the rest of the way in the hotel boat. Once in St. John they were as safe as in church. Once their jobs were finished they came back and were picked up. Doubtless the noise he had heard, the sound as of more than one motor, was the sub coming in. That was why they hadn't wanted him to go out. They were afraid he would see her and perhaps escape, to give their game away.

He played his cards automatically, and it was fortunate that they were all poor players, or he might have lost more than he could afford. As it was, he was holding his own when all at once the lights went out suddenly, blinked on, went out again, and then came on once more. Eric threw his hand down upon the table.

"That cursed engine!" he growled. "I shall have to go and look at it." He looked at Bosch and Vogel. "Would you gentlemen care to go with me?"

He ignored Kent, and it came over the latter that this was the signal they were awaiting.

Vogel nodded. "I should like very much to see this engine." He looked at Kent. "It has been a pleasant evening," he said. "Perhaps again tomorrow night, eh, Mr. Kent?"

By tomorrow you'll be miles from here, Kent thought. But he said, "Perhaps."

They went out, leaving him sitting there staring after them.

HIS first instinct was to jump up and follow them. But the barman was watching, and Kent had a hunch that he was Eric's man. Casually he moved to the bar and ordered a drink. When it came he raised it in the barman's direction.

"Well, *prosit!*" he said.

The barman gaped.

"Pros't," he mumbled in reply.

Kent tossed off the drink with a grin and set the glass down.

"Well, I'm for bed," he said. "Good night."

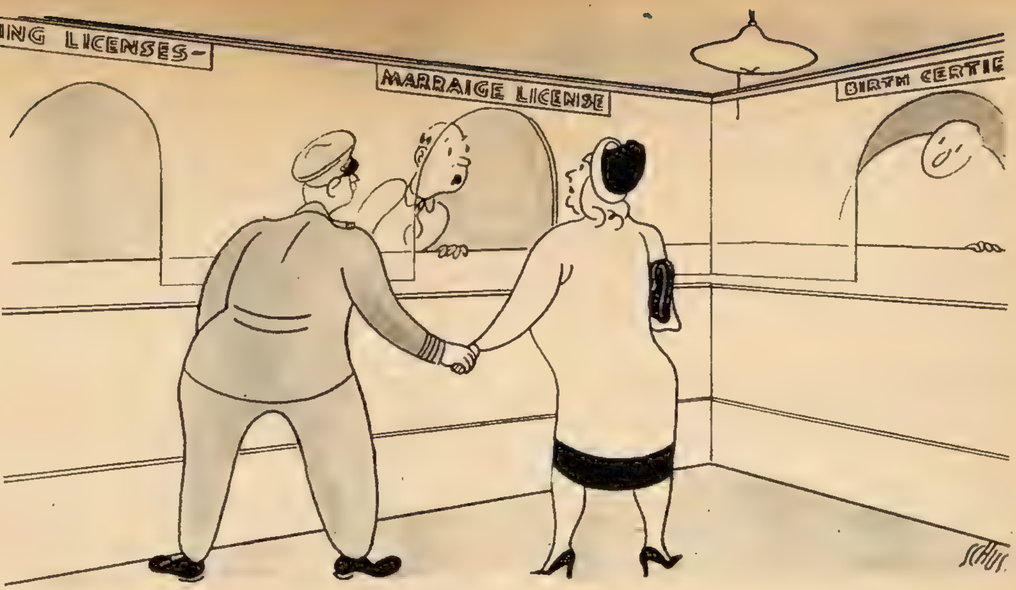
He was at the door when old Svend came storming in like an angry viking.

"This is—" he began furiously, then stopped abruptly and gazed around the room.

"Where is Eric?" he demanded, glaring at Kent.

"I think he went to look at the light plant," Kent told him.

Without a word the old man stalked out. Kent waited only a moment before he followed him.



"Mother!"

As he stepped through the door Kent half expected a gun in his ribs and a harsh command to go back. But nothing happened. There was no sign of life in the garden or on the gallery. The windows that ran along the face of the building were blank and dark. A thin mist, wispy silver in the moonlight, rose from the dewy plants in the garden, and the fragrance of the flowers was sweet and cloying. The steady mutter of the Diesel still came down the breeze.

Quickly, lest any one be watching, he stepped aside, out of the path of light from the door. As though he were retiring, he went along the gallery to his own room. Once inside, however, he did not pause, but went straight across to the window that looked out on the back of the hotel, opened it, and slipped out.

It was only a short drop to the ground. He landed lightly and took the shock in his knees. For an instant he rested, listening. Presently the sound of footsteps came to him, grinding on the path above; heavy footsteps, solid and purposeful, going away toward the gate. Kent did not need to be told whose they were. He gathered his feet beneath him quickly, and set off in pursuit.

The path that led up the hill was shadowed with clumps of trees that made pools of blackness amid the lighter growth. In the shadow it was difficult to make out the figure of the old man as he stalked ahead. But in the open spaces he seemed to swim forward through the moonlight, glancing neither right nor left.

Kent was glad then of the tennis shoes he wore. They were light and quiet and they enabled him to move swiftly and without sound.

It was no great distance up the hill to the gate. When he came to it, Kent expected that the old man would open it with a key. Instead, Svend marched straight up to the barrier and, seizing the heavy mesh in both hands, shook it violently. At the first thrust the gate swung inward, almost throwing the old man off his balance. Evidently the last man through had neglected to close it carefully, and the snap lock had not caught.

Crouched in the shelter of a clump of bushes beside the path, Kent could see plainly the old man's surprise. It was as though he, too, had expected to be blocked there. Hesitantly at first, as if he could not believe it, and then with resolution, as he realized the truth, Svend passed through and stalked up the hill beyond. But as he went his arm swung in a brisk arc, pushing the gate shut behind him with a slam that left it jerking and shaking on its hinges.

There was no question this time that the lock had caught and held, but just to make certain Kent moved from his cover when the old man had disappeared, and went to examine it. It was firmly locked. There would be no passing through that way for him.

He went a little way along the fence, first on one side of the gate, then on the other, half hoping that he might find some way over it. But there was none. No trees stood near enough to reach their branches over it.

Kent went back to the gate and listened.

He heard little out of the ordinary. The noise of the light plant was louder here, and there was an added curious whining hum, such as a ship's engines sometimes make. But that, too, might come from the generator in the power plant. Kent believed, however, that it might be a submarine charging her batteries.

Other clanking sounds came up to him on the wind; sounds unidentifiable, and now and again the murmur of voices. But beyond this, nothing. He was just about to turn away in disgust and return to the hotel, when he again heard a footstep on the path above.

Quickly he dived for cover, and he found a hiding place not an instant too soon, for scarcely had the branches ceased to move behind him when a figure appeared on the far side of the gate.

By the size and by the dress, by the shock of white hair which glinted in the moonlight, Kent knew that figure. But, except for those distinguishing characteristics, he would never have recognized Svend. The change that had come over the old man was astounding. For the first time since Kent had known him he looked his eighty years. His shoulders sagged. His feet dragged. His hands fumbled at the lock. And though in that light and at that distance Kent could not make out all his features, every line of his body indicated that he was a tired, haggard, disillusioned, and somewhat frightened old man.

As Kent watched, he came to the gate, and after a moment's fumbling opened it and stepped through. Kent caught his breath in an involuntary gasp, for as the old man turned away and shuffled off down the pathway toward the inn, the gate swung wide behind him. He had forgotten to close it.

When he was gone, Kent slipped from his hiding place and went to the gate. He hesitated there long enough to look down the path and then up. All was quiet.

Cautiously he put his hand on the gate, pushing it wider. One step he took and paused, listening, holding his breath. He heard nothing. Another step, and another, took him through, beyond the gate.

He was turning to close it behind him when the hand touched his sleeve and he almost cried out.

He whirled abruptly, and found himself staring down into the bland smiling eyes of Señor Fernandez.

"What—" he gasped.

The dapper little Puerto Rican was standing with his feet wide apart, his left hand still outstretched, his right hand thrust deep inside the pocket of his spotless white linen coat. The expression on his face was mildly reproving, but Kent scarcely saw it. His eyes were fastened on the point at which the other's right sleeve disappeared inside his pocket. There was no mistaking the meaning of that gesture.

It was a moment before Kent was aware that Fernandez was speaking—using his customary suave and courteous tone:

"I should not go up there, Señor Kent, if I were you," he was saying.

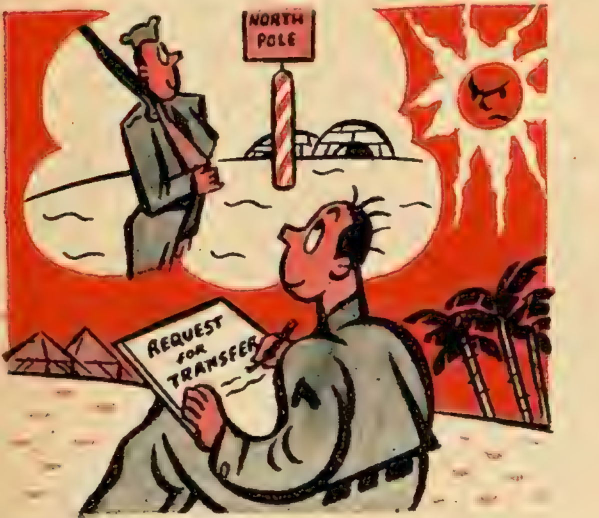
Is Fernandez working with the Germans? Can Kent manage, in spite of him, to find out what is going on down at the dock? Follow this tense novel of love and peril and treachery in Liberty next week.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHY is the grass always greener on the other side of the street? Or, to give it an Army twist, why do so many soldiers think they'd be better off in some outfit other than the one they're in?

Let's get this straight: *No transfers are made in wartime for the convenience of the soldier.* They are made for the benefit of the Army or not at all. So nix on these requests from soldiers who want to be transferred "nearer home" or "somewhere where it's nice and cool." As a matter of fact, you can't even request shipment to a war theater any more.



No transfers!

The War Department was flooded with such requests, and Secretary Stimson himself issued the "cease requesting" order.

The transfers that are permissible are those which shift a man to a spot where he would be more valuable to the Army. An ace machinist, for example, might well request a transfer to Ordnance. A construction worker, if not already assigned there, could probably get a break if he asked for the Engineers.

Such transfers must be handled "through channels." Your part in the process is simple. Just go to your commanding officer and the personnel adjutant of your outfit. Have all your qualifications at your fingertips or, better still, written down. They'll direct you through channels.

Transfers from one branch to another must be approved by the War Department. Your C. O. or Personnel Adjutant, if your transfer is for the benefit of the Army, will direct the request upward to WD, which will contact the outfit you want to transfer to and find out if you are needed. If so, the transfer will be approved.

But remember that request transfers are usually not in grades and you may lose your stripes if you have any.

Remember, too, that transfers aren't doled out wholesale. The Army can't be continually shuffling, and fighting a war too. And if your own C. O. turns down the transfer, don't have hard feelings about it. He's trained you—made an investment in you, so to speak. If he doesn't want to lose you, consider it a compliment, for it means he thinks you're valuable in his outfit.

Anyway, the grass may not be greener on the other side, as you'll realize some day when you get to be an—

OLD SARGE.

P.S. If you want more data on transfers, see War Department circular No. 308, of 1942, or AR 615-200.

* * *

Would appreciate your furnishing any information relative to whether the U. S. Navy or the government contemplates releasing men in the Navy who are now over thirty-eight years of age. The man I am inquiring for has been in the Navy since August, 1942, and is now over thirty-eight.

M. B. F., Miami, Fla.

What the Navy and the government contemplate, I do not know. All I can tell you are the facts as they now stand. The Navy does not, and has not up to this writing, released men over thirty-eight. The Army released men who became thirty-eight on or before February 28, 1943, provided they made application for release prior to July 1, 1943, and also provided they could show that they were returning to civilian jobs in war production or in agriculture.

* * *

Our son enlisted in the Air Corps last November. He immediately signed up for War Bonds, to be taken out of his pay. Until yesterday, we had neither seen nor heard a thing in regard to these bonds. Yesterday one arrived in the mail, with a notation attached saying this was his first bond. It was issued several months ago.

I would certainly like to know what has happened to the others, or the money which has been withheld from his pay. And I am not the only one that hasn't been able to figure out this bond-buying by the boys.

Mrs. D. R., South Bend, Ind.

Patience, dear lady, patience! Uncle Sam is the most reliable gent in the world if you'll only give him time. Anyway, the bonds don't mature for ten years, so what's the rush? The fact is, the delay is only due to clerical work—and I'm sure you'd admit that the Army has a few more urgent matters to put ahead of this routine bond issuance.

My prediction is that, having received the first one, the others will come along at regular intervals. But if you are still worried, write to the Chief of Finance, War Bonds Section, War Department, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Dog training is my specialty, so naturally I would like to help win the war by that method. Could you tell me what I have to do to get into the dog-training section of the Army? I have had wide experience in raising dogs and recently was raising Boxers. At present I'm in the Quartermaster Corps.

Pvt. F. H.,
Shenango Replacement Depot,
Greenville, Pa.

Dog training is done in your own branch of the Army, the Quartermaster Corps. Apply to your commanding officer for transfer to the K9 branch. (That's right, it's pronounced Kay-Nine, just like canine.)

* * *

Regarding prisoners of war, can you please tell me if under the rules of international law the captors are obliged to pay the wages of the prisoners? We've had some discussion on this point, and would like it cleared up.

Miss H. H., Bloomer, Wis.

Yes, prisoners of war are paid by their captors, by terms of the Geneva Convention, provided the prisoner's own country follows suit. Enlisted men are paid $3 a month and, if assigned to work projects other than maintenance of their own internment camp, are paid 80 cents a day extra.

MARKOW
YOUR TRANSFER TO K9 GRANTED

K9

Germany and Italy pay lieutenants and warrant officers $20 a month, captains $30 a month, and officers above the rank of captain $40 a month. The Japs originally signed the Geneva Convention but never ratified it. However, they pledged to the Red Cross early in the war that they would abide by it. Time will tell. Anyway, they've set up a scale of prisoners' pay similar to Germany and Italy, except that the officer pay runs $5 lower.

* * *

My son in the Navy has asked me

to find out from you if it is proper for a person to salute with his left hand. He thinks it is, but his chief petty officer and some of the men say it is not.

Which is right?

W. L., St. Louis, Mo.

The salute should be given with the right hand unless it is physically impossible, due to some injury. (I had one letter from a left-handed soldier, who wanted to know if he could give a left-handed salute because "it seemed more natural." Sorry, buddy, but your C. O. thinks it's a lot more natural with the right hand.)

* * *

Can you give me some information about the American "Rangers"? That sounds like the outfit I'd like to get into.

Pvt. W. F. H.,
Camp Pendleton, Va.

The "Rangers" have had a good deal of publicity, but the fact is that we have no regular Ranger organization in our armed forces. However, when task forces from the regular branches of the Army are assigned to do some particular job—usually along Commando lines—they are commonly referred to as "Rangers." You remember, for example, the participation of "Rangers" in the Dieppe raid.

In other words, you can't get into the "Rangers," since no such organization exists. But some day when you are in the thick of things you may hear a call for volunteers for some special task or be assigned for special training for some trick undertaking. Then you may find yourself a "Ranger" until the job is done.

* * *

I wish to learn what may be worn by a man now in the Army who served six years in the Navy. I was awarded the Second Nicaraguan Campaign bar while in the Navy, and I want to know if I have a right to wear it on my Army uniform? Also, how about service stripes for the Navy? Can they be worn on Army dress?

Pfc. C. L. K., Pacific Beach, Wash.

Yes, Private, you may wear those stripes and decorations—provided, however, you are credited on your Army service record with your previous time in the Navy and are getting the longevity pay you are entitled to. (And it would pay you to take care of those two items now, if you haven't already.) You are entitled to wear two hash-marks, one for each three years you put in with the Navy; also, to wear that Nicaraguan Campaign ribbon and any others you collected. Don't forget, we're all one big fighting force, after all.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

MENNEN BRUSHLESS WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Brushless Shave than any other brand ... more than the next two leading brands combined. The results:

MENNEN	25%
BRAND B	12%
BRAND C	10%
BRAND D	7%
BRAND E	6%

All other brands account for balance

This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Brushless. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in the care and treatment of the skin.

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NO BRUSH
MENNEN
Brushless
SHAVE

COMING UP: THE LIGHT-METAL AGE—Continued from Page 15

widely looped net in gold and silver and red and green. There were capes and shoes and hats, and even bathing suits, all made of aluminum. When these things come to the market, as come they will, the most modest shopgirl may possess a very fair approximation of gold lamé and cloth of silver for her gala evenings without straining her budget.

On the less dainty side, aluminum shingles for roofs have proved highly successful, fireproof of course, reflecting heat rays away from the house, and practically indestructible. Light-metal gutters and rain spouts, window frames and sashes need no paint, will not swell in wet weather nor warp in dry.

Aluminum paint is nothing particularly new, though until now it has been expensive. Its virtue lies, again, in its lightness. It is valuable, above all else, for bridges, which have definite limits to the loads which they may bear.

WHERE does stainless steel fit into the picture? This is a material which is 74 per cent steel, with 26 per cent of nickel and chromium added. Most of your experience with it, probably, has been with knives or scissors or other cutlery.

First off, stainless steel is three times as heavy as aluminum, and that would seem to rule it out as a light metal. But then it is also three times as stiff, three times as hard of surface. In short, for the uses to which it is appropriate, only one third as much of it is needed, and that brings the weights level.

Stainless steel, too, may be rolled very thin without impairing its strength—to the thickness, for example, of an ordinary piece of wrapping paper. With such material, several firms are already preparing for the manufacture of numerous household articles. Bathroom fixtures are a particular example. Bathtubs may be stamped from steel in a single piece. Which means that for transportation they may be nested together like teacups, occupying little space in the freight cars, and weighing far less than the familiar porcelain tub. But the really important uses of stainless steel lie in a larger field, to which we shall revert in due course.

Meantime—magnesium. This brilliant white metal, rather like aluminum in appearance, with perhaps a little more of metallic sheen, is stronger than aluminum. Yet it is only *half as heavy*. It cannot do everything that aluminum can. But when it can be used, its extraordinary lightness is a compelling factor.

Magnesium comes from the ocean. We owe its emergence as an important element in our national economy almost wholly to the late Dr. Herbert H. Dow, founder of the Dow Chemical Company. From wells of brine which he found in Michigan he wrought a great variety of chemicals and chemical compounds. And in the process he made some pure magnesium. By 1939 Dow was processing about 6,000,000 pounds of the metal a year at the Michigan plant. Then the company, seeing war ahead, decided it was time to produce magnesium in larger quantity than the inland wells could provide.

So in 1940 Dow opened a plant on the Gulf coast of Texas. Everybody knew that magnesium was present in sea water, and Dow proposed to take it out. Within ten months ingots of the pure metal were being produced. One month later the government asked Dow to double capacity. And within the next five months he was asked three times to double capacity again. Today Dow is producing about 200,000,000 pounds a year of pure magnesium.

How much magnesium is there? Well, in one cubic mile of sea water there are nearly 10,000,000 *tons* of it —and sea water covers about seven eighths of the earth's surface. Putting it another way: a single gallon of ocean water produces a cube of magnesium a little more than half an inch in each direction.

> **Love is the foe of the art of learning.**
> **—*Walter Pitkin.***

What can we use it for? The obvious answer is, "Anywhere the reduction of weight and preservation of strength are prime considerations." Baby carriages will be made of magnesium; vacuum cleaners and portable radios; furniture and curtain stretchers. Portable tools of every sort will be made from magnesium, as well as piano parts and typewriter parts, movable lighting units and pocket flashlights. We shall have magnesium luggage, lighter and yet far more durable than anything we now possess.

Magnesium, too, may be rolled to sheets of thinnest foil. And both magnesium and aluminum have one highly valuable quality in common. They may be, as the engineers put it, extruded. Which means that these metals may be forced through openings, fashioned to any required shape, as macaroni dough is forced.

The virtues of this quality, in speed and economy of production, are plain to any eye.

All three metals have properties, uses, peculiarities of their own. The respective producers of aluminum and magnesium and stainless steel recognize this. They are not jealous of one another, not planning any industrial war to dominate the field.

Aluminum is a better conductor of electricity than either magnesium or steel. Indeed, aluminum wire serves quite as well as copper in most installations. Aluminum is better for cooking utensils than magnesium, because the latter does not react favorably to salt water. Steel, of course, is stronger than the other two, and stainless steel is impervious to the elements. But it is not nearly so easy to work. Magnesium has the enormous value of lightness plus strength, when those are the prime considerations.

To make the point clear, let us move out of the domestic scene and regard the other great field for light metals—the field of transportation by train and airplane and motorcar. It has already been demonstrated with great clarity that light metals will play a dominant part in the new transportation system which we must build up after the war. They already dominate the transportation system of war itself.

The stainless-steel trains which the Budd Company built—before the war commandeered all of its facilities and output—gave a dollar-and-cents performance nothing short of remarkable. Each train paid for itself, in toto, within only two years of operation. The saving was in fuel —because the light, strong trains were hauled so much more cheaply; and in maintenance and upkeep— because there was no rusting, fewer broken parts, small difficulty in cleaning.

This prewar experience is enough to give us the clue to the future. If a train weighing half as much as the conventional express can make a given run in two thirds the time, with equal safety factors and with fewer hours of maintenance required at the terminal, then money has plainly been saved. That saving will appear in passenger fares and freight rates, because such matters are regulated by our government.

OF course, it is something of a misnomer to speak of a "stainless-steel" train. The outside shell of locomotive and cars is made of this impervious light metal, it is true, but inside, in countless trims and fixtures, aluminum and magnesium are the obvious metals to use.

Likewise with airplanes. With the coming of peace, something more than a million young men will return home, bringing with them an intimate experience of flying. They will be eager to share their experience, or at least their feeling for the air, with others. The demand for both inexpensive private planes and big transport ships on the public-carrier routes will be incalculably great.

These planes will be built of the same materials as are used now in the fighting planes, because those materials have been proven in the severest test of all. And those materials are aluminum, magnesium, and stainless steel. The great bulk of the three metals is being so used now. This year, for example, 99½ per cent of all the magnesium we produce is going into the air—an average of about 1,000 pounds a plane—in wheels, engine parts, gasoline tanks, cowlings, and trim. Planes have been built, for experimental purposes, using only stainless steel, only aluminum, only magnesium. But the best results have come from a judicious combination of the three.

On the other hand, we have heard fragmentary reports of a new sort of airplane, the Sikorsky helicopter, which can hover motionless in the air, take off from a table top, land on a modest front lawn. In such a plane, weight is the deciding factor between success and failure. And already plans are under way to make one entirely of magnesium. It would be just half the weight of an identical plane made entirely of aluminum.

ONLY a handful of years ago, Henry Ford startled the motor world by using aluminum piston heads in his engines. Aluminum was rather scarce then, and nobody felt very sure about its characteristics under stress. But nowadays any save an aluminum piston head in any engine is a curiosity. And other motor parts, from carburetors to electric connections, from flexible cables to water pumps, are now regularly made of aluminum. Now the engineers are thinking of more parts of engines to make of the metal, and also of using magnesium, which they never had before.

Small doubt, then, that tomorrow's automobiles will be designed, in the large part, about the light metals. They will give strength and looks and lightness, and the minimum of upkeep troubles. This will hold most particularly true in the case of trucks and buses. The present-day truck or bus generally weighs far more than any pay load it can expect to haul, so that most of the gasoline flowing through its engine is pulling dead weight, unprofitable weight. With every pound of reduction in that dead weight—so long as strength is not sacrificed—the operation of bus or truck becomes more economical. And as costs of operation go down, rates will go down, too.

To stand, as you and I are standing now, and peer into the postwar world of light metals is, I think, an extraordinary experience. For on that horizon a whole new frontier is opened up, not only as to the things we ourselves shall use, but as to the national economy. There will be new careers in which millions of our men and women will find work.

The upsurge of *new* employment will be something akin to that which occurred when the automobile first went to the production lines, when radios became a sudden, urgent necessity in every home. The fabrication of light metals is certain to play a critical part in the peacetime reconstruction which will be so vital to millions of demobilized soldiers, millions of men and women looking for productive work to do.

THE END

CHIP OFF THE OLD FARM BLOC

Continued from Page 24

anythin', they're just crazy. The farmers is mad, and they ain't foolin'."

Here's what he says the farmers want:

(*a*) Complete abandonment of the Triple A policy of scarcity and contingent subsidies, either for not growing crops or for growing more crops of special kinds.

(*b*) Absolute elimination of "ceiling prices" on all farm commodities.

It is Ralph's reasoning—Moore & Co.'s—that such steps would result in the following delightful deviations from the current norm:

(1) No more shortages of anything which can be grown in the United States.

(2) Inevitably lowered prices to food consumers as well as more money to the farmer, because volume production means lower production costs.

It was Leon Henderson's insistence to the contrary which resulted in the fact that the farm bloc, cheered by Ralph, Ltd., "got" Henderson. Ralph's delight at Henderson's retirement was chilled by the advent of Prentiss Brown. "We ah just gettin' over the smallpox," he mourned, "and now we ah gettin' the play-gue."

That night he was hardly able to digest a double steak, French fries, a special side of French-fried onions, two orders of coleslaw, and the leavings of his six or seven dinner guests. This was, of course, before he began reducing and in prerationing days.

IT used to be Ralph's custom to adjourn his cocktail-party gatherings of senators and the like to some special steak or spareribs house and dine them as well as wine them. Before his present affluence, this cost him considerable out of his own pocket, which necessitated frequent long-distance calls to Granger, where Mrs. Moore runs the farm. Ralph is forever "fixin' to bring my wife to Washington," but they haven't figured out what the farm would do without her.

Pinched for folding money, he used to call "Sugar" and suggest she sell off a few hogs and send him the proceeds. He spends little on himself. His living quarters and office combined is a reasonable room in a small hotel on Capitol Hill, and his own capacity for liquid refreshment is strictly limited. As he himself explains this:

"I'm a man that likes to eat, and when I take a couple drinks I get so hungry I just cain't stand it, so I've given up drinkin', mostly."

It is pertinent to record that Ralph is lucky. There were five pools on the last Kentucky Derby in Ralph's hotel. No horse player, he went in for a dollar on every one of them.

He drew Count Fleet five times.

THE END

How to Make a Wish

MANY folks used to wish on a Covered Bridge, but Covered Bridges are scarce these days. So if you want to make a wish, wherever you are, simply close your eyes and slowly put your wish into words. For example: "I wish this war would end soon and that we would win." Of course, the only sure way to make that wish come true is to buy plenty of War Bonds and Stamps regularly. No discredit to the wish-fulfilling prowess of Covered Bridges, understand, but War Bonds buy the bridges of ships and airplanes that carry destruction to the Axis. America will build 'em fast if you buy 'em fast. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

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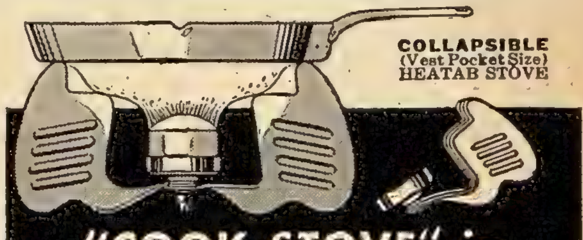

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lt. Davidson (Claudette Colbert) lands her nurses' corps on Bataan right in the midst of the battle.

Lt. Davidson stops a hair-tearing session between O'Doul (Paulette Goddard) and Olivia (Veronica Lake).

"Davey" helps remove a piece of shrapnel from her husband's leg during the evacuation from Bataan.

BY HARRIET GOULD

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

(Paramount)
Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard

THE idea for So Proudly We Hail was born in Chicago on May 6, 1942—the day the fall of Corregidor was announced. Claudette Colbert was headlining there in the Hollywood Victory Caravan, and with her were Mark Sandrich, director of the show, and Allan Scott, the writer. These three had worked together before—in the same capacities—on Skylark. They decided right then to make a picture about the nurses who had played such a heroic role in the desperate delaying action on Bataan, the first women in the front lines in our war history.

For the next six months they discussed plot, selected the cast, and wrote the scenario. The announcement in July that eight of the nurses had escaped and returned to the United States provided the happy ending to their story. Sandrich and Scott flew to Washington to interview the nurses—who were getting citations. The War Department opened their files to Scott—and the result is an authentic and stirring war film.

This vital saga of the war-front nurse is told in flashback by seven of the rescued nurses who are trying to explain the complete physical and mental collapse of their leader, Lieutenant Janet Davidson (Claudette Colbert).

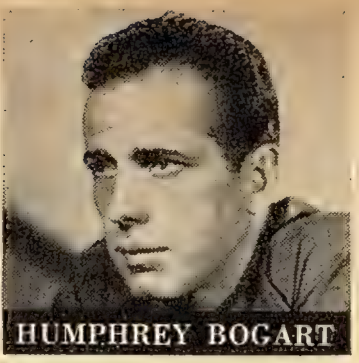
Their "adventure" began when the wanton torpedoing of their Philippine-bound convoy forcibly conveyed the news that we were at war. It continued through their landing on Bataan, their retreat with the army to Little Baguio; the "Dunkirk" evacuation to the Rock; and finally the rescue by plane that brought the sadly decimated group to Australia and rest.

The casting is just about perfect. In addition to Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard portrays a flip character known as O'Doul, and fragile Veronica Lake does a fine job as the sullen, unhappy Olivia who wants to kill every Jap she meets. Sonny Tufts, ex-football star, is a refreshing new comedy face, and Walter Abel and Barbara Britton head a swell supporting cast.

N. B.: Even with three of Hollywood's best clotheshorses in the cast, glamour goes by the board in So Proudly We Hail. The girls go through the entire 126 minutes of the picture wearing either stiff army uniforms or the begrimed khaki coveralls and the heavy G. I. shoes that actually became the working clothes of the Army nurses on Bataan.

MELVYN DOUGLAS

TERESA WRIGHT


HUMPHREY BOGART

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners) Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart	*Drama* (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war).	Thrilling story of the men who sail the ships—deliver the goods . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43)
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
HIT THE ICE (Universal) Abbott and Costello	*Comedy* (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting).	Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the Army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A DeMille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven	*Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons).	Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43)
STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast	*Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands).	A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters . . . superb direction. (5-1-43)

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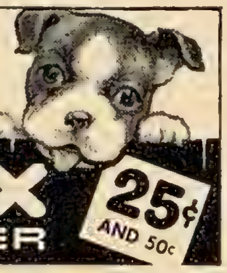

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KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Continued from Page 33

lief has been called upon to do in New York City:

Mr. A's old-age assistance, together with his son's income, had enabled the family to make ends meet. Then the son was inducted into the Army. Mr. A wanted a job. He was well on in years and physically handicapped, so this was not an easy assignment for Army Emergency Relief. Through the co-operation of the U. S. Employment Service, however, he obtained a job as a watchman. Army Emergency Relief granted temporary assistance pending receipt of the son's allotment.

Mrs. B was formerly a telegraph operator. A breakdown in her health necessitated her leaving her job. With her husband's induction there was the stark question of how she would manage. She owed bills for gas and electricity and was faced with a dispossess. Army Emergency Relief provided funds to settle with the utility company. Current rent was paid and the landlord agreed to withdraw action. Arrangements were worked out for Mrs. B to pay off her back rent in installments out of future monthly allowances. Contact was made with her former employer, which resulted in her getting medical care and "sick benefits."

Mrs. C was a young Negro with a year-old baby. She was not married to the soldier who was the father of her child. At the time of her introduction to Army Emergency Relief she was about to have another child. Through the American Red Cross, the soldier was contacted. Since he indicated his wish to marry the girl and legitimatize the children, arrangements were made for his furlough. He was granted a loan to defray the cost of the trip. With the coming of the second child, Army Emergency Relief financed the purchase of used furniture, paid a month's rent, and, in collaboration with one of the social agencies, helped Mrs. C to set up her own home. It also met her food needs temporarily and paved the way for the New York City Department of Welfare to take over pending receipt of her allowance.

MRS. D was formerly a stenographer. When her husband enlisted, leaving her to look after their five-year-old daughter and a string of debts, Mrs. D returned to work. However, there were no relatives with whom she could leave her child. A day nursery did not prove too satisfactory, because at the end of her working day Mrs. D found herself a tired mother. Her furnished room and her weary mind were hardly conducive to developing the best sort of relationship with her child. Mrs. D came to Army Emergency Relief not for financial assistance but for help in finding a "decent" home for her child. And it was found. She visits her daughter week-ends and both are in a happier frame of mind.

Mr. E was recently given an honorable discharge from the Army. Prior to his induction he was in the advertising business, but at this time he was anxious to get into some work that was more directly connected with the war effort. He found a job with one of the large plants in Detroit. There was, however, the question of the cost of transportation and the cost of maintenance pending the receipt of his first week's wages. The soldier came to Army Emergency Relief. After verifying his employment, it advanced him a loan for fare and food and lodging.

Mrs. F came to Army Emergency Relief because she was pregnant. Her husband had only recently enlisted, and her people were in no position to finance her forthcoming confinement. After reviewing the situation, Army Emergency Relief made arrangements with a neighborhood hospital for Mrs. F's care. Because her allotment would not be coming through for some time, it defrayed the cost of her confinement.

ARMY EMERGENCY RELIEF works closely with the American Red Cross, which is its official investigating agency. Whenever time permits, cases are first referred to the Red Cross for investigation.

AER's prime concern is to see that the emergency needs of people entitled to its help are promptly and adequately met. The Red Cross and AER are closely associated in this joint mission. There is no hesitancy in pooling the efforts and resources of both organizations if it appears to be to the best interests of the applicant. Effective accomplishment of the task at hand is the sole and guiding consideration.

Army Emergency Relief helps dependents of soldiers to help themselves, which in turn helps the soldiers in camp or at the front. It comes to the rescue when a serviceman's family is short of funds; when some dependent needs a job; when medical care has to be provided; when there is a threatened eviction or a dunning creditor. In many cities throughout the nation it is doing these things—and will do them until the boys come home.

If this war is to be won, there must be a continuous concern for the well-being of those "back home." To our fighting men the safety and protection of their families are of paramount importance. The knowledge that the folks back home are safe makes it easier for them to endure danger and hardship. Army Emergency Relief will continue to keep its guns trained on the many difficulties which jeopardize the security of families of fighting men.

THE END

Puzzle #775 8/7/43

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	■	4	5	6	■	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				■	14				
15							■	16				
■	17			■	18		19		■	20		
21			■	■	22			■	23			
24			25	26	■	27		28		■	■	■
29					30	■	31			32	33	34
■	■	■	35			36	■	37				
38	39	40		■	41		42	■	■	43		
44			■	45				■	46			■
47			48		■	49		50				51
52					■	53						
54					■	55			■	56		

HORIZONTAL

1 What's the last thing Cleopatra clasped to her bosom?
4 What's a baffled yet sheepish cry?
7 What once meant money and now means oodles?
12 Who was Vice-President from 1825-32?
14 Spanish architecture features a what?
15 What's the birth stone for May?
16 What comedian's real name is Sullivan (while the bags under his eyes are so big they need a porter to carry them)?
17 Us (German)
18 What metal's very tenacious, malleable, and ductile?
20 Automatic Tonsil Yankers (abbr.)
21 See Bible: 1 Chron. vii.7
22 At what point do tennis players fight hardest?
23 What's Pelion's pile?
24 In his Follies days what was Will Rogers' chief prop?
27 A dragonfly's what modeled what on the first French monoplane?
29 What's half of the name of the double-talk movie actress?
31 Degoated the sheep
35 A cartographer's specialty's what?
37 Conveyed intention
38 What's the American equivalent of a sixpenny bit?
41 A succubus is a what?
43 Shavetails (abbr.)
44 University of Decadent Idealists (abbr.)
45 You'd make a what of wattled brush?
46 Sea (Fr.)
47 In As You Like It, who was Rosalind's girl friend?
49 What's slang for marines?

B	U	C	K	S	■	Z	O	O	T	S	U	I	T	S
A	S	H	E	S	■	E	R	I	E	■	N	O	A	H
S	H	E	E	T	■	B	I	L	E	■	C	O	R	E
S	E	E	N	■	T	R	E	Y	■	B	L	O	N	D
O	R	S	■	M	O	A	N	■	F	E	E	■	■	■
■	■	E	D	D	Y	■	T	I	R	E	■	B	C	F
R	A	C	E	D	■	E	S	N	E	■	A	E	R	O
A	N	A	N	I	A	S	■	C	E	N	T	A	U	R
I	N	K	Y	■	I	T	C	H	■	E	T	U	D	E
D	E	E	■	A	R	E	A	■	P	O	U	T	■	■
■	■	■	M	R	S	■	R	A	I	N	■	I	C	H
C	A	M	E	L	■	E	R	S	E	■	E	C	R	U
O	V	A	L	■	C	R	I	S	■	A	L	I	A	S
M	O	R	E	■	O	G	E	E	■	C	L	A	N	K
A	N	C	E	S	T	O	R	S	■	T	A	N	K	S

Last week's answer

52 What are really motorized suits of armor?
53 What radio commentator is nicknamed Father Abraham?
54 During what state of unconsciousness is the nervous system depressed?
55 Supreme Court judges never do what to cases?
56 Society of Seraphic Stenographers (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1 Five erased Zeros make a flyer one what?
2 What Jap feudal military retainers wore two swords, were abolished after the fall of the shogunate?
3 What doctrine holds that all space is a plenum?
4 What snake's a good climber?
5 Fill in: Iphigenia in ----- (Euripides)
6 What man's name means strong and manly?
7 The Roeblings can toss a good what across a river?
8 What state once belonged to Mexico? (abbr.)
9 If Uncle Sam shoulders any more world burdens, what may his name be changed to?
10 Hay, eighteen-day, and Worms refer to what? (pl.)
11 What's a common Russian gal's name?
13 You mark time with what? (abbr., pl.)
19 Who was military governor of the Philippines during Aguinaldo's insurrection?
21 They (French)
23 What's said to bite their heads off and eat 'em alive?
25 Of indeterminate quantity
26 Name a South American linguistic stock
28 Fill in this French cussword —— d'un ——
30 What Frenchman compiled a manual dictionary for deaf-mutes?
32 What denomination coins may Judas have betrayed for?
33 Side dishes and in-between courses are whats?
34 What're ginucinations? (abbr.)
36 What's an antonym for thickset?
38 Santorini, Bellin, and Bartholin discovered what canals?
39 Fill: "Everything natural has its ----- fulfillment, and everything ----- its natural basis." (Santayana)
40 Who invented Christopher Robin?
42 What chicken has least chance in the South?
45 What U. S. carrier was lost off the Solomons?
46 What's the nickname of New York's opera house?
48 The Dwight in Eisenhower's pronounced how?
50 Name a former great American middle-distance runner
51 Shane's Rhetoric Staggers (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Please send, without obligation to me, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

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RED—ITCHY—SCALY

ECZEMA

Effective Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing medicated Zemo—a doctor's formula—promptly relieve the intense itching soreness and start *at once* to help heal the red, scaly skin. Amazingly successful for over 30 years! First trial of marvelous clean, stainless *liquid* Zemo convinces! All drug stores. Only 35¢. ZEMO

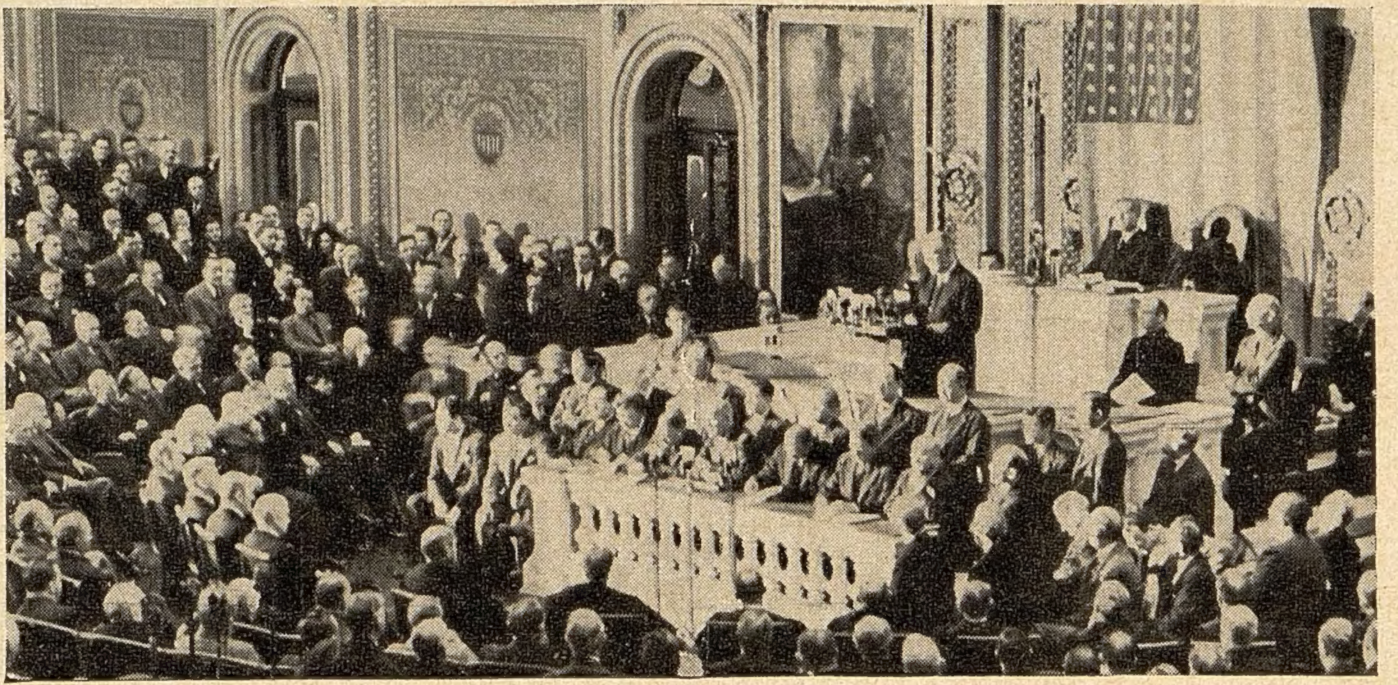
PSORIASIS NEWS

SULFANILAMIDE, the miracle drug, shows amazing results in Psoriasis treatment. Send 5c in stamps to cover mailing of special booklet describing this new, simple and effective treatment for Psoriasis. Nu-Basic Product Co., Dept. K-900, Royal Oak, Michigan.

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
Frontier Asthma Co. 431-K Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

AMERICA NEEDS A FOREIGN POLICY—NOW!



THE way America backs and fills on the subject of postwar international relations creates quite a problem for those nations who are united with us in this war. Whether we seek the role or not, they all look to us for leadership. The nations of the world, large as well as small, mark time waiting for us to make up our minds to what extent and in what form we will join with them in attempting to organize a better and more peaceful world.

Some of our statesmen, professional and amateur, are of the opinion we would be foolish to advance suggestions for postwar organization until we know what the other fellows have in mind. This may be cagey. It may be good "hoss sense." But it is not leadership. And leadership is what the world needs and wants from America. In fact, without American leadership the world doesn't know quite what to do. We have come to occupy such a key position, the hopes, dreams, and aspirations of practically every other nation must be integrated into the plans of the U. S. A.; otherwise they are founded on shifting sands.

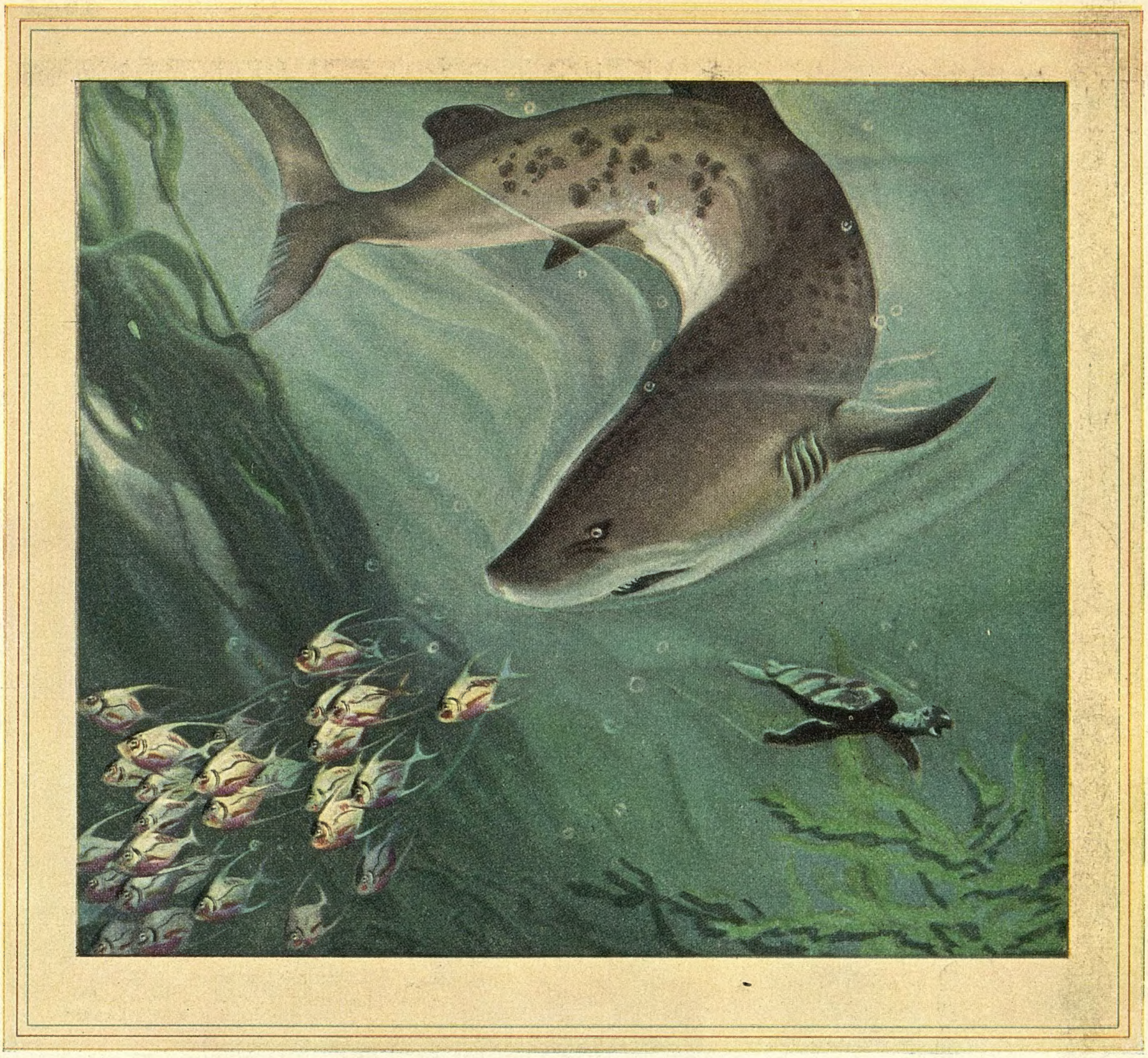
We owe the world a prompt expression of the will of the American people in this matter of postwar relations. If we want to make our own plans without regard to other nations, we ought to tell them so, so they can make theirs. If we elect to participate in some co-operative international order, we ought to make up our minds what kind and to what extent the other nations can count on us. Simply put: we have it in our power to lead the world in the direction we choose. We can take it into an era of close-knit co-operation into which other nations, no matter how recalcitrant, will have to fit themselves, or we can bring about another era of supernationalism, suspicion, and jealousy which will lead, eventually, to another war.

The world awaits our leadership, and this should come from the people of the United States expressed through Congress, rather than from the administration. The world knows all too well that the ideas on foreign policy of a U. S. President are often a long way from realization. It knows from past experience that Congress can and often does upset the best laid plans of President and State Department. But when Congress itself speaks on foreign policy in the form of a definite resolution in black and white, when, after exhaustive debate and with ears attuned to the voices of the folks back home, it expresses their will, the world knows that the policy laid down is the real McCoy.

The sooner the collective mind of America is made up on this matter, the sooner the growing tendency in each of our allies to look out chiefly for itself will be nipped in the bud. There are those who say harm will be done to the war effort by bringing the subject of postwar co-operation to the fore and thrashing it out now. However, it is quite possible if we do not do so promptly we may find the whole war effort will have been in vain.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Mr. Big—no Banquets!

There can't be feasts for the big or there'll be oblivion for the little—that's why needed things must be rationed.

That's why we have rules and restrictions, and curbs and quotas—in fairness to all.

And no American who wants to see this thing through is going to overbuy if it means that someone else may be underfed. Or that someone else may have to do without.

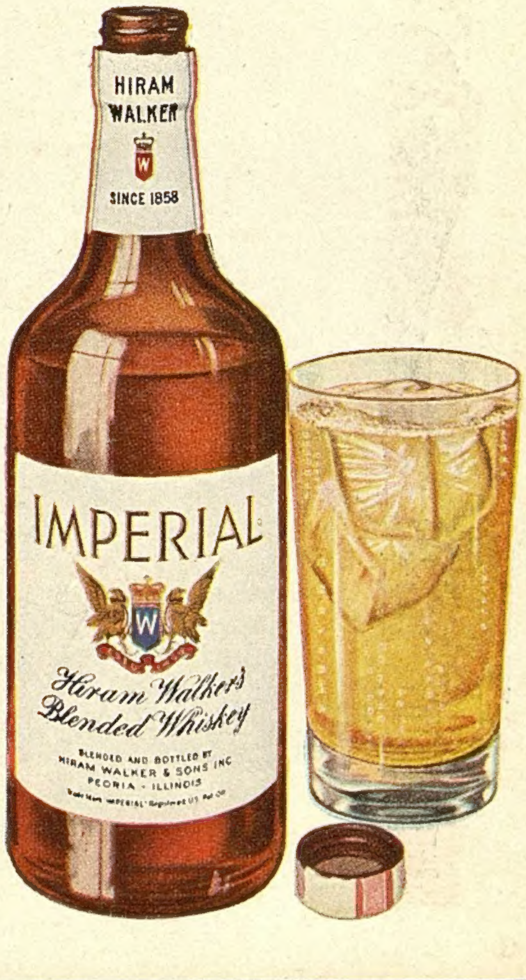
And he will understand—if his dealer limits him to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time—that this is an effort in fairness to all. An effort to distribute the available supply among as many as possible.

"No feasts" is the best assurance of no famine.

Blended whiskey. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Copr. 1943.

IMPERIAL... *it's "velveted"*

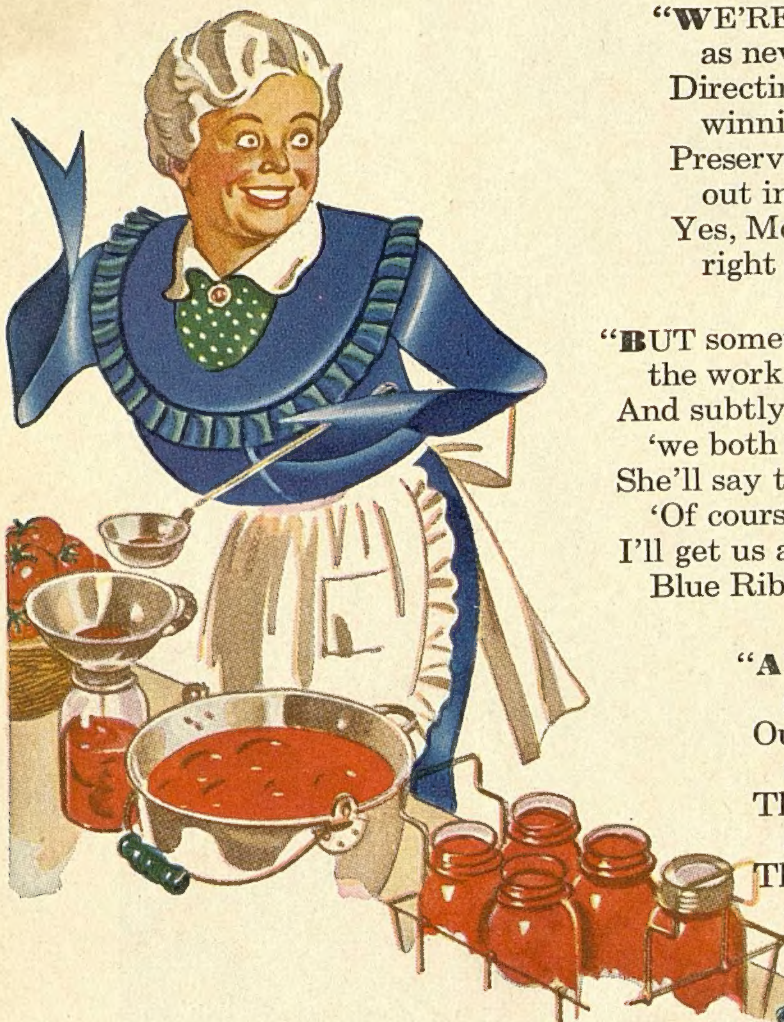
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

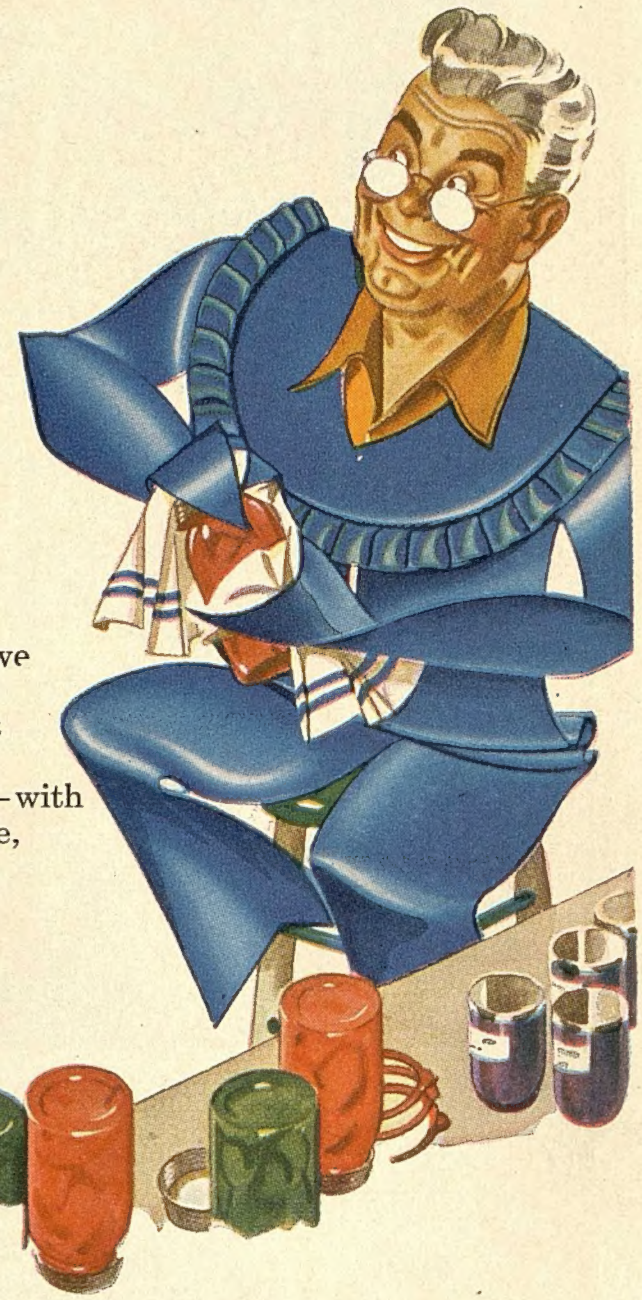

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA · ILLINOIS

This is the Dad

# of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

Who says—"Fill 'em up, Mom—I'll fasten 'em down"

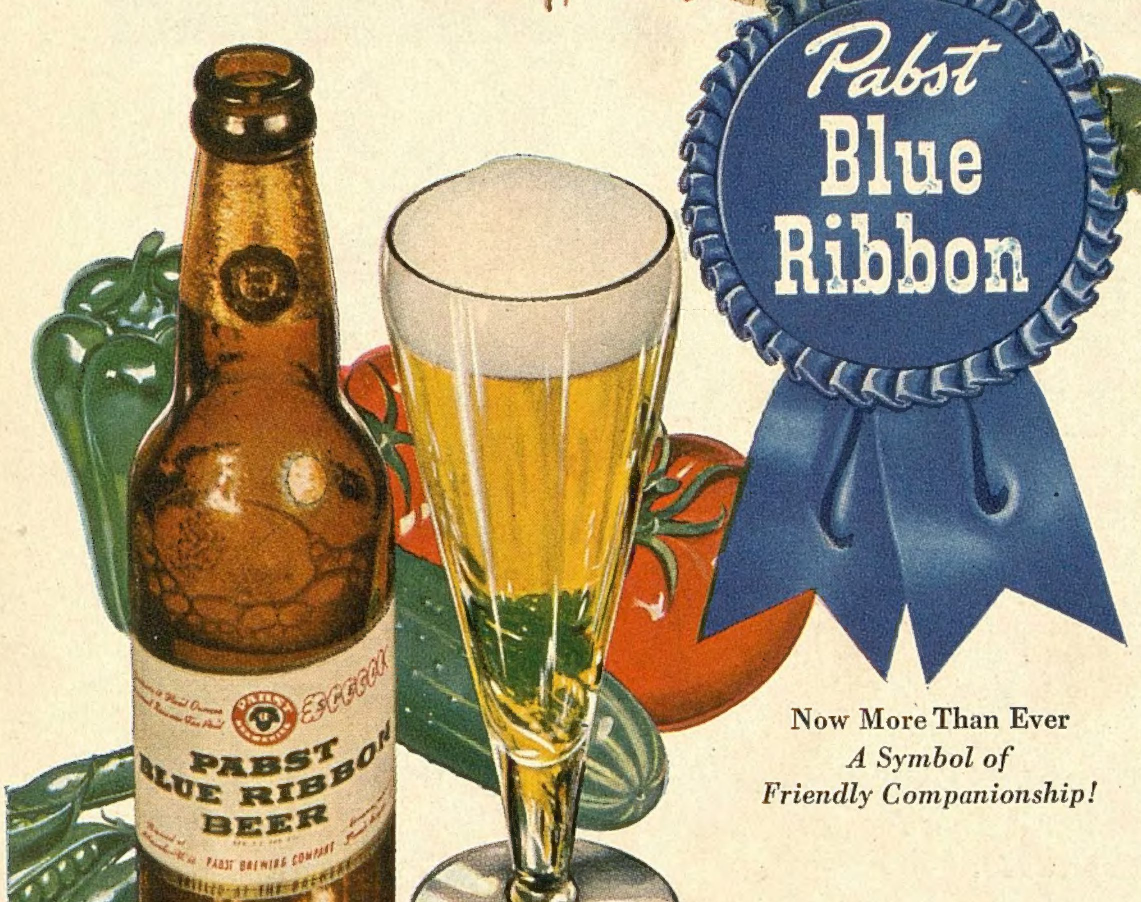




"WE'RE working together
as never before,
Directing our efforts toward
winning the war,
Preserving and canning things
out in the kitchen,
Yes, Mother and I have been
right in there pitchin'.

"BUT sometimes I pause when
the work gets too taxing
And subtly suggest that,
'we both need relaxing,'
She'll say to me, sweetly:
'Of course we do, dear,
I'll get us a sandwich and
Blue Ribbon Beer.'

"AND so for the moment we
gladly suspend,
Our efforts—and pour out
that *full-flavor* blend;
The beer they call Pabst—with
a taste matched by none,
The beer that is 33 brews
—all in *one!*"



Now More Than Ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship!

BY the way, if you are not able to get Pabst Blue Ribbon every time you want it—here's the reason: More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon these days—and under wartime conditions, there just isn't enough to go around. We are making every effort to see that your dealer gets a regular supply. If he is out of Pabst Blue Ribbon today, we suggest you ask again tomorrow.

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

TUNE IN THE LAUGH SHOW OF THE WEEK. GROUCHO MARX as your host of "BLUE RIBBON TOWN" Every Saturday Night... Coast-to-Coast CBS NETWORK